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THE GREEN INN

By Theodosia Garrison

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

I SICKEN of men's company—
The crowded tavern's din,
Where all day long with oath and song
Sit they who entrance win;
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse
Or ragged coat and poor,
But Silence waits within the gates,
And Peace beside the door;
The weary guest is welcomest,
The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine;
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden flecks and fine;
And swift and fleet, on noiseless feet
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store—
Great drinks mixed cunningly,
Wherein the scent of furze is blent
With odor of the sea,
As from a cup I drink it up
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn
Unvexed by man or ghost,
Yet ever fed and comforted,
Companioned by mine host,
And watched at night by that white light
High-swung from coast to coast.

Oh, you who in the House of Strife
Quarrel and game and sin,
Come out and see what cheer may be
For starveling souls and thin,
Who come at last from drought and fast
To sit in God's Green Inn!

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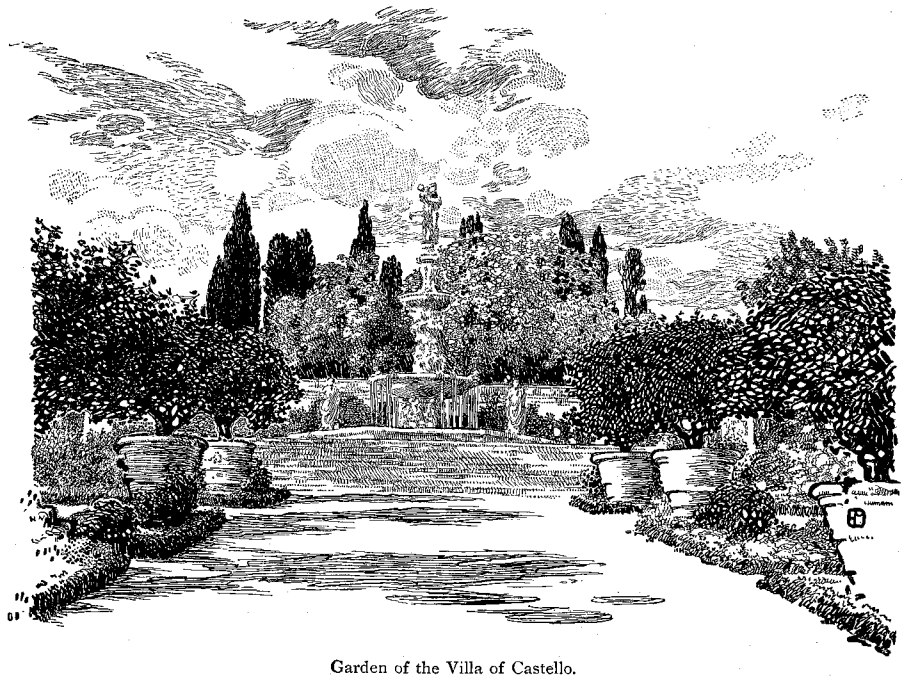

Garden of the Villa of Castello.

THE GARDEN AS A PICTURE

By Beatrix Jones

Illustrations by Henry McCarter

Garden literature of to-day, as we all know, does not confine itself merely to flowers, insects, and the weather, but is equally authoritative as to astronomy, cookery, philosophy, and even matrimony. Some quotations from old writings, however, come back over and over again, like the burden of a song, and we have grown so accustomed to them that we feel almost defrauded if a garden book does not open with the first sentence of Bacon's stately essay. These books have done much good in making people realize that gardens are not pieces of ground kept solely for the delight of gardeners of the old school, who seem to have spent their time in designing flower-beds of intricate pattern filled with bedding plants so atrocious in color that a kaleidoscope is Quakerish in comparison. They have also taught the great essential of gardening, that in order to have good gardens we must really care for the plants in them and know them individually as well as collectively. This is an important part of the technique of the garden-maker; he must know intimately the form and texture as well as the color of all the plants he uses; for plants are to the gardener what his palette is to a painter. The two arts of painting and garden design are closely related, except that the landscape gardener paints with actual color, line, and perspective to make a composition, as the maker of stained glass does, while the painter has but a flat surface on which to create his illusion; he has, however, the incalculable advantage that no sane person would think of going behind a picture to see if it were equally interesting from that point of view.

The painter has another great advantage over the gardener, because, as he cannot possibly transfer to canvas the millions of colors and shadows which make up the most ordinary landscape, he must eliminate so

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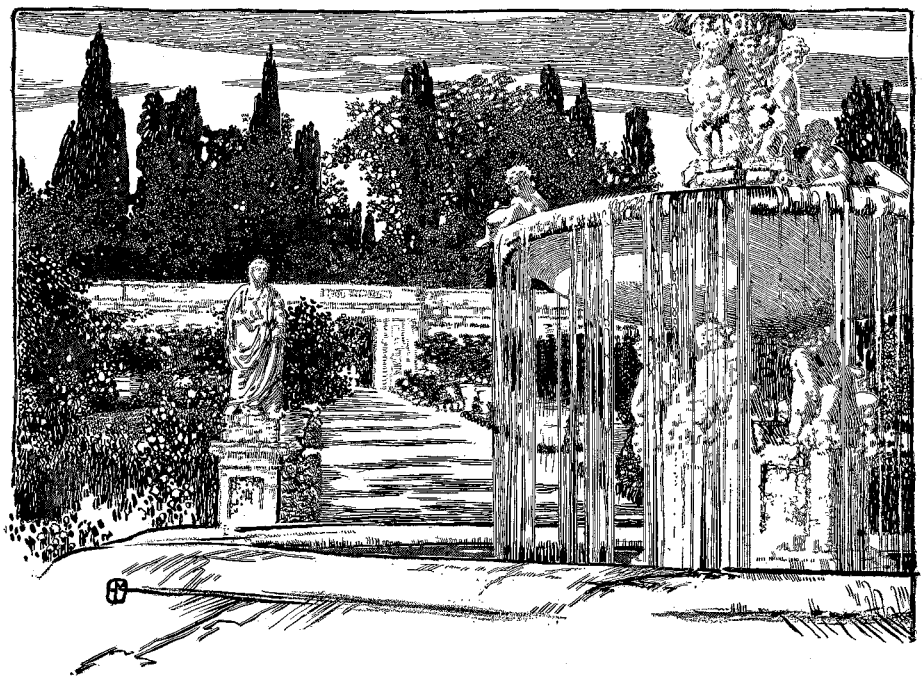
many that his presentment becomes more or less conventional, just as a playwright must recognize the conventions of the stage, and these limitations are taken for granted by the public, whereas the landscape gardener has to put his equally artificial landscape out in real light, among real trees, to be barred by real and moving shadows. The garden designer has no noncommittal canvas at the back of his picture, but must be prepared, like the sculptor, for criticism from any standpoint, and it would seem as though most people were irresistibly drawn to look at a composition from its least attractive side, as if, in a parallel case, they should criticise only the backs of statues, all of which are not so beautiful as that of the Venus of Syracuse.

The painter has yet another advantage hard to overestimate, in that his palette is really in great measure the creation of his personal artistic temperament, expressed with more or less variation in all that he does, while the landscape architect must take the elements given him by nature as the basis of his composition in each separate piece of work; this means that he cannot use the color, form, and texture suited to one place in another possibly only a few miles away. The painter also usually follows his own bent and seldom varies from marines to portraits, or from still life to landscape, and although some have run the whole gamut, the personality of the artist unconsciously translates his subjects into his own individual language.

The landscape artist, on the other hand, must subordinate himself to the elements given him, the climate and the soil, the character of the vegetation, and last but usually not least, the wishes of his client. The painter and the sculptor may finish their work and it can at once be judged as a whole, while the person who works with plants has to make up his mind to see the particular shrub he wanted in a special spot perversely die, while for years the shady groves of the future will decorate the scene like feather dusters on broomsticks.

Although each year an increasing number of people interest themselves in out-of-door life and the habits of birds, trees, and wild flowers, they may realize only the striking contrast between a landscape where deciduous trees predominate and another where evergreens give the characteristic note. Everyone can see the difference between the austerity of the rock-bound coast



Fountain in the Garden of Castello.

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of Maine, the quiet beauty of a Massachusetts intervale, and the sleepy luxuriance of the Pennsylvania pastoral country, but slight variations between these may often pass unnoticed; it is only in trying to copy the expression of a landscape, or rather to fit in with its character, that it is possible to realize how infinite and yet how minute these variations are. The quality of the light is perhaps the most important. There is a pellucid quality in the northern atmosphere which does not demand shade as do the richer colors and warmer light farther to the south. The recognition of the importance of the balance between light and shade was one of the chief elements in the composition of the great Italian garden artists. They used shadow as having the same value of accent as color. Their long and sunlit walks were relieved by patches of shade; their brilliant and sometimes glaring parterres, vibrating with light, were contrasted with the cool darkness of a little grove. This feeling for the balance between light and shade may not have been a faculty consciously exercised on their part, but it is unquestionably a feeling without which no artist can make a composition at all. We are apt to read into the people of a past time subtleties of which they probably knew nothing, on the principle of

> Critics who from Shakespeare drew
> More than Shakespeare ever knew.

The difference of the quality of light is no doubt what unconsciously affects the outdoor art of different countries, and the demand of the eye for contrasts may be what makes the English gardens so full of dark yews, which even on dull days make the bright flowers near them seem as if the sun were actually shining, whereas in Italy the dark laurels and bays are more apt to be used as a contrast to actual light and not color. It should also be remembered that the art of gardening at its best is as strongly national as that of painting or sculpture; in the England of old days gardens which were honestly supposed to be Italian were in reality British, just as the so-called "English gardens" of the eighteenth century were either French or Italian when they were made in one or the other country. One reason for this was that artists were not distracted by the multitude of photographs and rapid mental impressions of travel which with us make individuality so difficult to keep; for instance, a model seen in Rome is now often repeated in an alien American garden, merely because it looked well in the place for which it was intended. We cover more ground in a short holiday than our forefathers did in one of their solemn "tours," and can bring home any number of accurate records of what we have seen. Before photography was invented, if a traveller wanted to be sure of remembering a terrace or a summer-house he had to sketch it more or less accurately; now we snap a camera which reproduces every detail with a minuteness usually impossible in a drawing. When the old tourist returned and went to work again there was an exotic flavor in his design, but he had necessarily forgotten many minor points of decoration, as in mouldings and ornaments, so he replaced them by those with which he was familiar, and his neighbors took it as a matter of course. Now we are terribly cultivated and scrupulously accurate; we know just how everything all over the world looks, whether we have actually seen it or not, and if it is a work of art we think we know just "how it was done."

It is well to remember that many of the garden decorations imported from one country to another, as from Italy to England, look much better now than when they were first expatriated. Time and neglect will do wonders for inappropriate garden architecture; in our climate, for instance, chilly marble goddesses will soon lose their noses and fingers in spite of their hibernation in wooden sentry-boxes, and fountains will go to pieces if the gardener delays putting on them the little thatched capes which look oddly like the mackintoshes of the Japanese jinrikisha men.

A collection of flowers, no matter how beautiful they may be, does not make a garden, any more than the colors on a painter's palette make in themselves a picture. A real garden is just as artificial as a painting, and yet it has not the advantage of artificial surroundings. The landscape architect must put his composition down in the open air with the sky and the trees and the grass as a background, and must juggle with nature in order that his composition may not look out of place, keeping always in his mind the balance between masses of color and offsetting masses of green. It is perhaps for this reason that we unconsciously

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feel that a garden is best shut in, at any rate, in part, from the surrounding lines of the landscape. This enlcosure does not necessarily mean a wall, nor does it mean that a garden should have no outlook, but only that there should be some definite limit.

If one may use a musical expression, there is the same difference in quality of color between a landscape and a garden that there is between an old orchestra and a modern one of nearly double its size, where the parts are much more subdivided and the sound consequently more complicated. In the same way the vibrations of color from a garden, being more closely brought together, are much more exciting than in an ordinary landscape. This makes it necessary that the garden should be treated in a bolder manner; flowers must be used as color and interrupted by high lights and dark shadows to throw out contrasts.

If it is possible to give over any considerable part of a place to one special effect by massing rhododendrons, spring-flowering bulbs, or one particular flower, the result is incalculably greater than if the same number of plants are dotted about promiscuously, but it must be borne in mind that in order to get an effect like this planting must be done on a big scale; the artist must try to keep step with the great stride of Nature and copy as far as may be her breadth and simplicity. This can only be attempted where there is plenty of room. Ten barberry bushes in a front yard may be very good because they are simple, but they cannot even suggest the broad effect of which we have been speaking.

Shasta daisies in a border.

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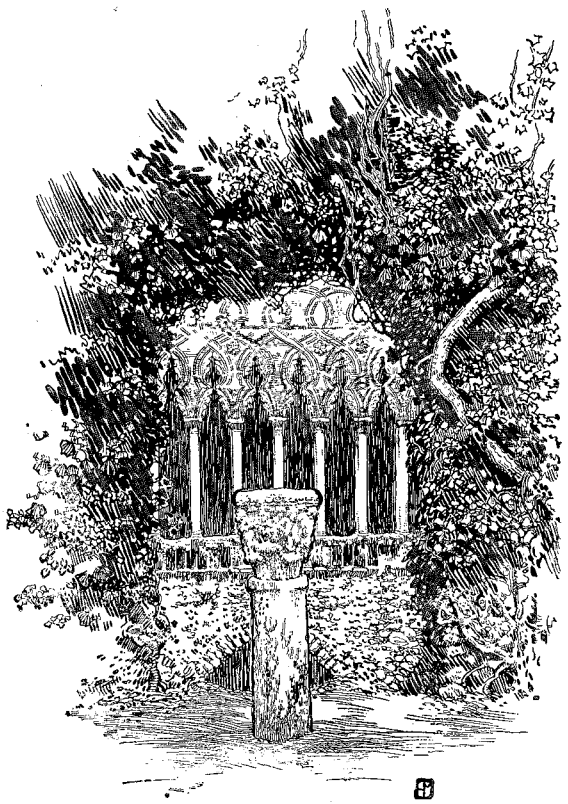
A garden, large or small, must be treated in the impressionist manner. Old paintings and colored prints are interesting from their quaintness, but they do not make one feel the real effect of a garden any more than if they were in black and white. They treat it as a part of the landscape and therefore subdue its coloring that it may not jar with the rest, whereas in reality a garden vibrates with color as the air rising over some reflecting surface on a summer day vibrates with heat.



Moorish fragment at Villa Reed.

The gardener must also consider the length of time in each year in which his work will be looked at. In the north it is difficult to keep one from being more or less unattractive during six months at least; therefore, if a country house is to be lived in for the larger part of the year it is better not to put the garden too close to the house, as in that case the owners will have for several months a dreary view of garden walks with puddles in them and flower-beds covered with manure, or at best with evergreen boughs and leaves. If, however, they only stay in the country for two or three months it is comparatively easy to arrange a mass of color like a Turkey carpet, in which flowers are laid in in broad washes. This brilliant effect can be held for a couple of months, and during that time there need be no holes where flowers have died which have served their usefulness and left not even a tuft of green leaves to cover the brown earth. If the garden has to be presentable from early spring to late autumn it will be impossible, unless it covers a considerable piece of ground, to do more than keep a continuous succession of bloom in small patches rather than in great masses. Breaks in the surface of the ground are also needed, like terraces, arbors to interrupt long walks by shadow, benches and balustrades. Here is where the old Italian gardens are so successful; their fountains and their statues, their benches and their vases,

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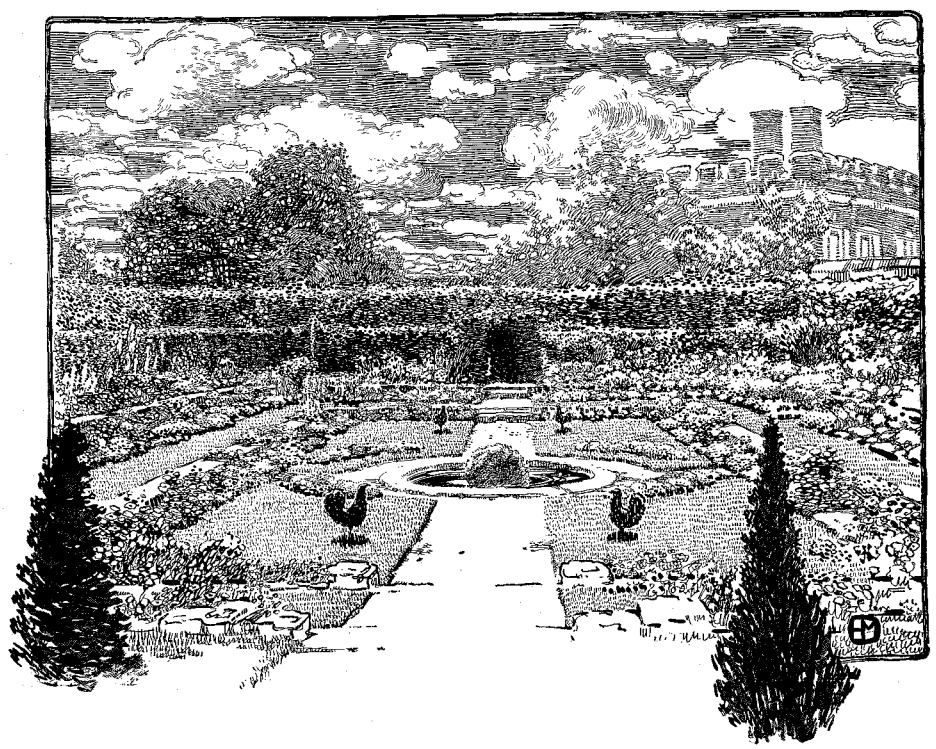
are used as emphasis to give height or light or variation to a part of the composition which might otherwise be uninteresting. In the great Italian garden of Castello the whole interest of the parterre is focussed at the centre by the splendid high bronze fountain of Hercules and Antæus by John of Bologna and Tribolo. It is difficult to put a rule into words which will serve as a guide in even one hypothetical place, perhaps for the same reason that no two people would paint exactly the same picture from the same subject, or tell the same story in the same words.



The pond garden at Hampton Court palace

In nature colors are set rather as an incident than as the principal feature of a landscape; the spring flowers in the Alps, even if they are not surrounded by trees and much grass, are covered by the simple expanse of the sky; the colors in an American autumn, the change of leaf in the trees, the golden-rod and asters, are all playing in a certain tone of color. The whole symphony of nature changes at that time to an entirely different key from that of summer; the tawny, the brown, the red and yellow and purple have completely changed the aspect of things from what it was in July, when there was nothing but slight gradations in a scheme with green as its key-note. Where colors do not change, as among the evergreens, the effect of the autumn coloring is much more than doubled, as they are the only objects in the landscape which have remained as they were. This unchanging quality of the evergreens is, of course, the basis for the well-known French saying that "Evergreens are the joy of winter and the mourning of summer." It cannot be too often repeated that a garden is an absolutely artificial thing, not only as to the congregation of flowers but principally as to color, and for this reason must be treated as such. One can seldom, if ever, command a setting as wide as nature's in which to place our work, and therefore we must tune up our settings to the key of the whole artificial composition. Writing in rhymed verse has been compared to dancing in fetters, and to apply that simile to gardening, it may be said that it is like composing in French

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alexandrines with their measured rhythm and subtle cæsura. We must keep time with Nature, and follow her forms of expression in different places while we carry out our own ideas or adaptations. Perhaps the so-called natural garden is the most difficult to fit in with its surroundings, because there is no set line to act as a backbone to the composition, and the whole effect must be obtained from masses of color, contrasting heights, and varieties of texture without any straight line as an axis, without any architectural accessory for emphasis, without anything but an inchoate mass of trees or shrubs of a nondescript shape in which to put something that will look like a thought-out compostion, and not a collection of flowers grown alphabetically on the principle of a nursery-man's catalogue. These gardens are very hard to design, far more so than the formal garden, and almost impossible to reproduce, as pictures of them are apt to look like views of a perennial border, and all the play of light and color, which is the making of the actual place, is translated only by a little more or less depth in the values of black and white. The planning of an informal garden must be more or less like the arrangement of a painter's palette; and as an artist would not think of putting a rosy pink and a violent yellow side by side, so the gardener must go through careful processes of choice and elimination. Each garden has one or more points from which it may be seen to more advantage than from others, and in a formal one these are comparatively easy to manage, but in the natural garden the grouping of color must be considered from every reasonable point of view, in order that there may be no jarring combinations.

Approach to a natural garden

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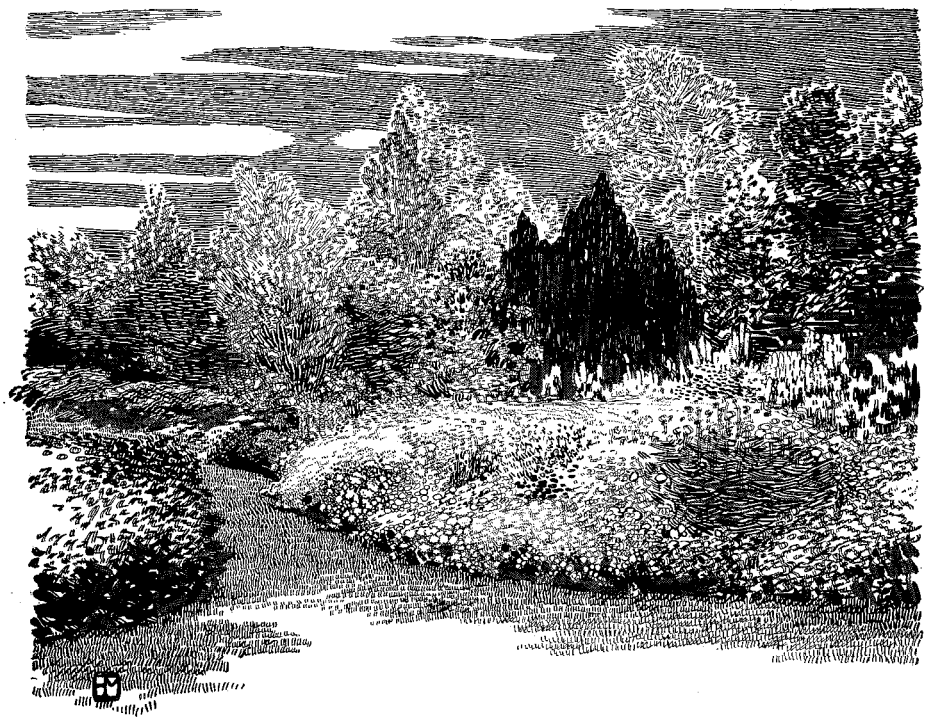
Perhaps it is a cowardly subterfuge, but it is one which is at least safe, to keep the bright yellows and the pinks absolutely separate in any place where masses of color are used. If you are going to make your garden in one of the very hot gamuts of color, you can use the deep oranges, the yellows and browns, the scarlets, and that wonderful unifier, blue, as seen in the larkspurs, but you cannot use a certain quality of pa-



An informal garden

pery white in some thick petaled flowers, like the white phloxes and the Shasta daisies, which seem to spring out of any group of other flowers in which they are placed, leaving the rest of their companions looking muddled and woolly beside the intensity of their perfectly untranslucent white.

In quiet colors, some of the misty whites, like gypsophila or antirrhinum, the faint blues, such as veronica spicata, the pale yellows of some of the evening primroses, with the dull violets of aconitum autumnale and the lilacs of hesperus matronalis, make a subdued harmony less exciting than the red of lychnis chalcedonica and the yellow of helianthus strumosus, but are more appealing and quite as effective in their own way. The blaze of the high colors may be compared to the brasses of an orchestra while the quieter shades are like the strings.

No splendid and complete garden, however, can afford to shut itself out from the high colors, any more than a composer writing an opera would omit all the horns and trombones. In some places where special effects are sought the gardener may leave out the fanfare of the yellows and scarlets; perhaps his garden will be looked at often from the house or terrace on hot summer nights, and then he may wish to get the peculiar floating effect of certain white flowers which seem to quiver in the air rather than to grow on stems. Then, too, at dusk the scheme changes again as the yellow of the daylight fades and with it takes the subtler colors, leaving only the whites and some of the yellows to prevail. The elimination of detail at night and the thick quality of the light change the effect and the apparent distance of colors entirely, and give a curiously submerged appearance to the garden.

One of the most important things that

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A water garden

the impressionist school has been trying to teach us is that shadow is a color and must be used as one, and the reason why the eye seeks relief from a flat surface is not only that it instinctively resents monotony, but that it feels the need of shadow. A flat country like Holland may be made beautiful and interesting by the cloud shadows which pass over it constantly from the ample vault of its sky, but it is not easy to imagine anything more dreary than a wide expanse of level earth with no shadows at all. This quality of shadow, which must be recognized as color, makes it one of the most important factors in outdoor composition. Who has not noticed the beauty of outline of the shadows of a group of trees thrown on a lawn by the later afternoon sun, the round-topped ones making gracious curves, and the pointed ones seeming stretched out to hurry on the dusk?

People must not hesitate to make gardens because they fancy the difficulties are too great; it is only by having them, living in them, and never ceasing to notice the changes that are constantly passing over them, the effects that are good and those that are bad, the shadows that come in the wrong places and the superfluity of high lights, that they will learn to see; and not only must they see but they must think. They must notice the different lights and shadows and see how they change the effect; they must remember the plants whose scent begins at dusk and those whose fragrance stops with the light. They must distinguish the flowers that are beautiful by night from those that are beautiful only by day; they must learn to know the sounds of the leaves on different sorts of trees; the rippling and pattering of the poplar, the rustling of the oak-leaves in winter, and the swishing of the evergreens. And by noticing they will also learn that plants are only one of the tools, although to be sure one of the most important, with which a garden is made. Then, too, they will learn to see that the garden, to be successful, must be in scale with its surroundings as well as appropriate to them, and also that it must be kept up, as a garden, if left to itself, will quickly make alterations in the original scheme; certain

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plants will become rampant, others will die out, and thus the delicate balance will be destroyed. The owner of a garden is like the leader of an orchestra; he must know which of his instruments to encourage and which to restrain. After all this notice and study and care many of us may feel that the more we learn about gardening the more there is left to know, but at any rate, we shall have gained a sort of working hypothesis on which to build the foundations of a good design.

THIS IS ANOTHER DAY

By Don Marquis

I AM mine own priest, and I shrive myself
Of all my wasted yesterdays. Though sin
And sloth and foolishness, and all ill weeds
Of error, evil, and neglect grow rank
And ugly there, I dare forgive myself
That error, sin, and sloth and foolishness.
God knows that yesterday I played the fool;
God knows that yesterday I played the knave;
But shall I therefore cloud this new dawn o'er
With fog of futile sighs and vain regrets?

This is another day! And flushed Hope walks
Adown the sunward slopes with golden shoon.
This is another day; and its young strength
Is laid upon the quivering hills until,
Like Egypt's Memnon, they grow quick with song.
This is another day, and the bold world
Leaps up and grasps its light, and laughs, as leapt
Prometheus up and wrenched the fire from Zeus.
This is another day—are its eyes blurred
With maudlin grief for any wasted past?
A thousand thousand failures shall not daunt!
Let dust clasp dust; death, death—I am alive!
And out of all the dust and death of mine
Old selves I dare to lift a singing heart
And living faith; my spirit dares drink deep
Of the red mirth mantling in the cup of morn.

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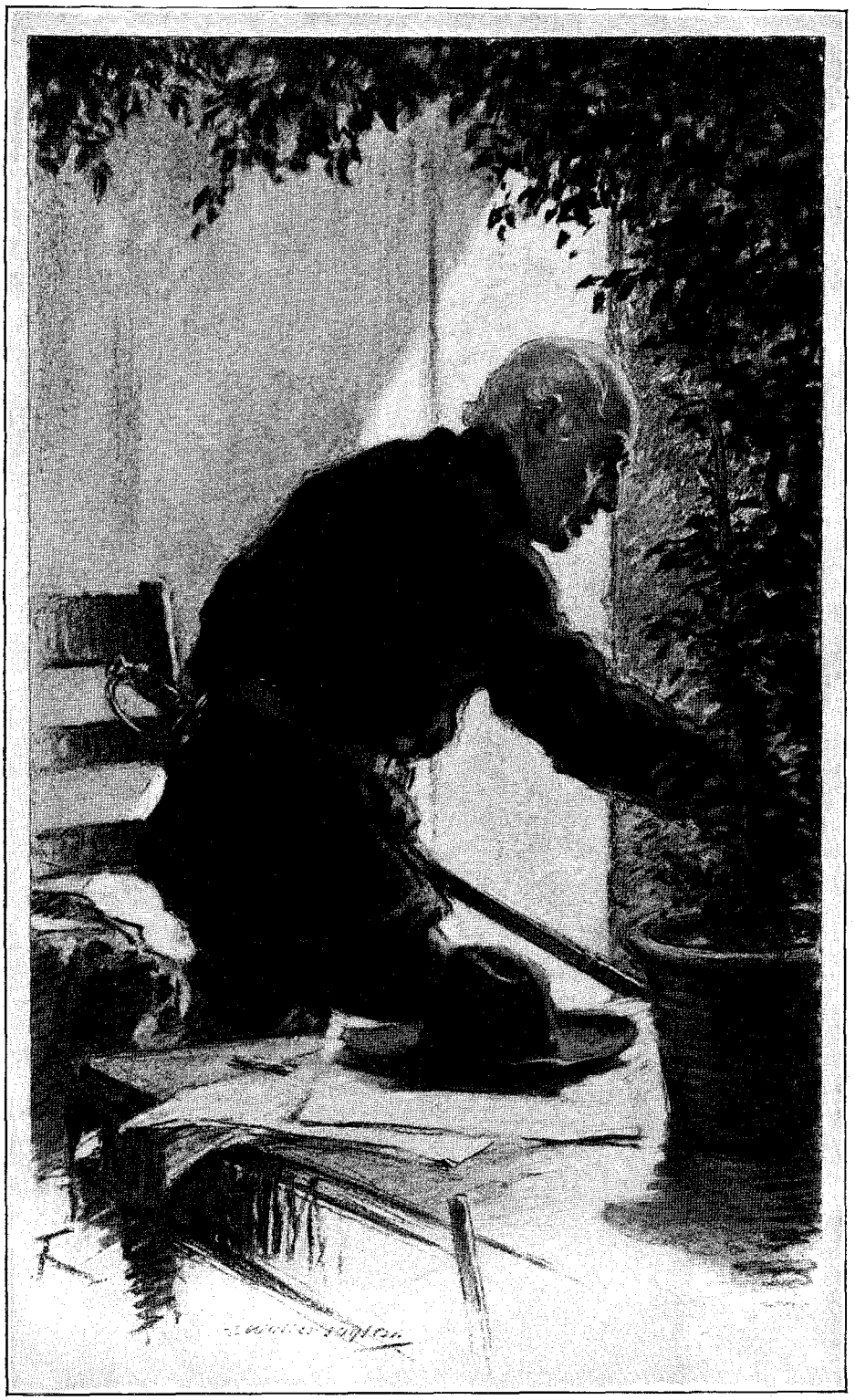

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

They saw the strange old figure on the porch.—Page 17.

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THE RETREAT

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

GRANDFATHER MYERS rose stiffly from his knees. He had been weeding Henrietta's nasturtium bed, which, thanks to him, was always the finest in the neighborhood of Gettysburg. As yet, the plants were not more than three inches high, and the old man tended them as carefully as though they were children. He was thankful now that his morning's work was done, the wood-box filled, the children escorted part of the way to school, and the nasturtium bed weeded, for he saw the buggy of the mail-carrier of Route 4 come slowly down the hill. It was grandfather's privilege to bring the mail in from the box. This time he reached it before the postman, and waited smilingly for him. It always reminded him a little of his youth, when the old stone house behind him had been a tavern, and the stage drew up before it each morning with flourish of horn and proud curvetting of horses.

The postman waved something white at him as he approached.

"Great news for Gettysburg," he called. "The State militia's coming to camp in July."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Grandfather Myers.

"Yes, they'll be here a week."

"How many there'll be?"

"About ten thousand."

Grandfather started away in such excitement that the postman had to call him back for a letter. The old man took it and hobbled up the yard, his trembling hands scarcely able to open the paper. He paused twice to read a paragraph, and when he reached the porch sat down on the upper step, the paper quivering in his hands.

"Henrietta!" he called.

His son's wife appeared in the doorway, a large, strong, young woman with snapping eyes. She was drying a platter and her arms moved vigorously.

"What is it, grandfather?" she asked impatiently.

The old man was so excited he could scarcely answer.

"There's going to be encampment at Gettysburg, Henrietta. All the State troops is going to be there. It'll be like war-time again. It says here——"

"I like to read the news my own self, father," said Henrietta, moving briskly away from the door. She felt a sudden anger that it was grandfather who had this great piece of news to tell. "You ain't taken your weeds away from the grass yet, and it's most dinner-time."

Grandfather laid down the paper and went to finish his task. He was accustomed to Henrietta's surliness, and nothing made him unhappy very long. He threw the weeds over the fence and then went back to the porch. So willing was he to forgive Henrietta, and so anxious to tell her more of the exciting news in the paper, that, sitting on the steps, he read her extracts.

"Ten thousand of 'em, Henrietta. They're going to camp around Pickett's charge, and near the Codori farm, and they're going to put the cavalry and artillery near Reynolds's woods, and some regulars are coming, Henrietta. It'll be like war-time. And they're going to have a grand review with the soldiers marchin' before the governor. The governor'll be there, Henrietta! And——"

"I don't believe it's true," remarked Henrietta coldly. "I believe it's just newspaper talk."

"Oh, no, Henrietta!" Grandfather spoke with deep conviction. "There wouldn't be no cheatin' about such a big thing as this. The Government'd settle them if they'd publish lies. And—" grandfather rose in excitement—"there'll be cannons a-boomin' and guns a-firin' and oh, my!" He waved the paper above his head. "And the review! I guess you ain't ever seen so many men together. But I have. I tell you I have. When I laid upstairs here, with the bullet in here—" he laid his hand upon his chest—"I seen 'em goin'." Grandfather's voice

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choked as the voice of one who speaks of some tremendous experience of his past. "I seen 'em goin'. Men and men and men and horses and horses and wagons. They was millions, Henrietta."

Henrietta did not answer. She said to herself that she had heard the account of grandfather's millions of men millions of times. Wounded at Chancellorsville, and sent home on furlough, he had watched the Confederate retreat from an upper window of the old stone house.

"I woke up in the night, and I looked out," he would say. "Everybody was sleepin' and I crept over to the window. It was raining like—" here grandfather's long list of comparisons failed, and he described it simply—"it was just rain and storm and marchin'. They kept going and going. It was tramp, tramp all night."

"Didn't anybody speak, grandfather?" the children would ask.

"You couldn't hear 'em for the rain," he would answer. "Once in a while you could hear 'em cryin'. But most of the time it was just rain and storm, rain and storm. They couldn't go fast, they——"

"Why didn't our boys catch them?" little Caleb always asked. "I'd 'a' run after them."

"Our boys was tired." Grandfather dismissed the Union army with one short sentence. "The rebels kept droppin' in their tracks. There was two dead front of the porch in the morning, and three across the bridge. I tried to sneak out in the night and give 'em something to eat, or ask some of 'em to come in, but they thought I was too sick. They wouldn't let me go. I——"

"It would 'a' been a nice thing to help the enemies of your country that you'd been fightin' against!" Henrietta would sometimes say scornfully. Grandfather's regret that he had not succored the Confederates still vexed him like an obsession.

"You didn't see 'em marchin' and hear the sick ones crying when the rain held up a little," he reminded Henrietta. "Oh, I wish I'd sneaked out and done something for 'em!"

Then he would lapse into silence, his eyes on the long, red road which led to Hagerstown. It lay clear and hot and treeless in the sunshine; to his eyes, however, the dust was whipped into deep mud by a beating rain, beneath which Lee and his army "marched and marched." He leaned forward as though straining to see.

"I saw some flags once when it lightened," he said; "and once I thought I saw General Lee."

"Oh, I guess not!" Henrietta would say with scornful indulgence to which grandfather was deaf.

He read the newspaper announcement of the encampment again and again, then he went to meet the children on their way from school, stopping to tell their father, who was at work in the field.

"There'll be a grand review," grandfather said. "Ten thousand soldiers in line. We'll go and see, John. It'll be a great day for the young ones."

"We'll see," answered John. He was a brisk, energetic man, too busy to be always patient.

In the children grandfather had his first attentive listeners.

"Will it be like the war?" they asked, eagerly.

"Oh, something. There won't be near so many, and they won't kill nobody. But it'll be a great time. They'll drill all day long."

"Will their horses' hoofs sound like dry leaves rustlin'?" asked little Mary, who always remembered most clearly what the old man had said.

"Yes, like leaves a-rustlin'," repeated the old man. "You must be good children, now, so you don't miss the grand review."

All through the early summer they talked of the encampment. Because of it the annual Memorial Day visit to the battle-field was omitted. Each night the children heard the story of the battle and the retreat, until they listened for commands, faintly given, and the sound of thousands of weary feet. Grandfather often got up in the night and looked out across the yard to the road. Sometimes they heard him whispering to himself as he went back to bed. He got down his old sword and spent many hours trying to polish away the rust which had been gathering for forty years.

"You expect to wear the sword, father?" asked Henrietta, laughing.

News of the encampment reached them constantly. Three weeks before, they were visited by a man who wished to hire horses for the use of the cavalry and the artillery. John debated for a moment. The wheat

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was in, the oats could wait until the encampment was over, the price paid for horse hire was good. He told the man that he might have Dick, one of the heavy draught horses.

Grandfather ran to meet the children as they came from a neighbor's.

"Dick's going to the war," he cried excitedly.

"To the war?" repeated the children.

"I mean to the encampment. He's been hired. He's going to help pull one of the cannons for the artill'ry."

The next week John drove into town with a load of early apples. He was offered work at a dozen different places. Supplies were being sent in, details of soldiers arriving to lay out the camp and put up tents, Gettysburg was already crowded with visitors. His father made him tell it all the second time; then he explained the formation of an army to the children.

"First comes a company, that's the smallest, then a regiment, then a brigade. A quartermaster looks after supplies, a sutler is a fellow who sells things to the soldiers. But, children, you should 'a' seen 'em marching by that night!" Grandfather always came back to the retreat. "They hadn't any sutlers to sell 'em anything to eat. I wish—I wish I'd sneaked out and given 'em something."

After grandfather went upstairs that night he realized that he was thirsty, and he came down again. The children were asleep, but their father and mother still sat talking on the porch. Grandfather had taken off his shoes and came upon them before they were aware.

"I don't see no use in his going," Henrietta was saying. "There ain't no room for him in the buggy with us and the children. Where'd we put him? And he saw the real war."

"But he's looked forward to it, Henrietta, he——"

"Well, would you have me stay at home, or would you have the children stay at home or what?" Henrietta went on. She felt the burden of Grandfather Myers more every day. "He'll forget it anyhow in a few days. He forgets everything."

"Do you—do you——" They turned to see grandfather behind them. He held weakly to the side of the door. "Do you mean I ain't to go, Henrietta?" It did not occur to him to appeal to his son.

"I don't see how you can," answered Henrietta. She was sorry he had heard. She meant to have John tell him gently the next day. "There is only the buggy, and if John goes and I and the children—it's you have made them so anxious to go." She spoke as though she blamed him.

"But——" Grandfather ignored the meanness of the excuse. "But couldn't we take the wagon?"

"The wagon? To Gettysburg? With the whole county looking on? I guess they'd think John was getting along fine if we went in the wagon." Henrietta was glad to have so foolish a speech to answer as it deserved. "Why, grandfather!"

"Then——" Grandfather's brain, which had of late moved more and more slowly, was suddenly quickened—"then let me drive the wagon and you can go in the buggy. I can drive Harry and nobody'll know I belong to you, and——"

"Let you drive around with all them horses and the shooting and everything!" exclaimed Henrietta.

Her husband turned toward her.

"You might drive the buggy and take grandfather, and I could go in the wagon," he said.

"I don't go to Gettysburg without a man on such a day," said Henrietta firmly.

"But——" Grandfather interrupted his own sentence with a quavering laugh. Henrietta did not consider him a man! Then he turned and went upstairs, forgetting his drink of water. He heard Henrietta's voice long afterward, and John's low answers. John wanted him to go, he did not blame John.

The next day he made a final plea. He followed John to the barn.

"Seems as if I might ride Harry," he said tentatively.

"O father, you couldn't," John answered gently. "You know how it will be, noise and confusion and excitement. Harry isn't used to it. You couldn't manage him."

"Seems as though if Dick goes, Harry ought to go, too. 'Tain't fair for Dick to go, and not Harry," he whispered childishly.

"I'm sorry, father," said John. It was better that his father should be disappointed than that Henrietta should be opposed. His father would forget in a few days and Henrietta would remember for weeks.

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The next day when the man came for Dick they found grandfather in the stable patting the horse and talking about the war. He watched Dick out of sight, and then sat down in his arm-chair on the porch whispering to himself.

The children protested vigorously when they found that the old man was not going, but were soon silenced by their mother. Grandfather was old, it was much better that he should not go. "You can tell him all about it when you come home," she said.

"You can guard the place while we're gone," said little Caleb. "Perhaps the Confederates will come back."

"They wouldn't hurt nothing," answered the old man. "They was tired—tired—tired."

When the family drove away he sat on the porch. He waved his hand until he could see little Mary's fluttering handkerchief no more, then he fell asleep. As Henrietta said, he soon forgot. When he woke up a little later, he went down to the barn and patted Harry, then he went out to the mail-box to see whether by any chance he had missed a letter. He looked at the nasturtium bed, now aglow with yellow and rose and deep crimson blossoms, then he went back to the porch. He was lonely. He missed the sound of John's voice calling to the horses down in the south meadow or across the road in the wheat-field, he missed the chatter of the children, he missed even their mother's curt answers to his questions. For an instant he wondered where they had gone, then he sighed heavily as he remembered. Instead of sitting down again in his chair, he went into the house and upstairs. There he tiptoed warily up to the garret as if he were afraid that someone would follow him, and drew from a hiding-place which he fancied no one knew but himself an old coat, blue, with buttons of dull, tarnished brass. He thrust his arms into it, still whispering to himself, and smoothed it down. His fingers hesitated as they touched a jagged rent just in front of the shoulder.

"What—— Oh, yes, I remember!"

Grandfather had never been quite so forgetful as this. On his way downstairs he took from his hook the old sword.

"Caleb says I must guard the house," he said smilingly.

When he reached the porch, he turned his chair so that it no longer faced toward Gettysburg, whither John and Henrietta and the children had gone, but toward the blue hills and Hagerstown. Once he picked up the sword and pointed with it, steadying it with both hands. "Through that gap they went," he said.

Then he dozed again. The old clock, which had stood on the kitchen mantelpiece since before he was born, struck ten, but he did not hear. Henrietta had told him where he could find some lunch, but he did not remember nor care. His dinner was set out beneath a white cloth on the kitchen table, but he had not curiosity enough to lift it and see what good things Henrietta had left for him. When he woke again, he began to sing in a shrill voice:

"Away down South in Dixie, look away, look away."

"They didn't sing that when they was marching home," he said solemnly. "They only tramped along in the dark and the rain."

Then suddenly he straightened up. Like an echo from his own lips, there came from the distance toward Gettysburg the same tune, played by fifes, with the sharp accompaniment of drums. He bent forward, listening, then stood up, looking off toward the blue hills. Then he realized that the sound came from the other direction.

"I thought they was all past, long ago," he said. "And they never played. I guess I was asleep and dreaming."

He sat down once more, his head on his breast. When he lifted it again, it was in response to a sharp "Halt!" He stared about him. The road before him was filled with soldiers, hot and dusty and tired. Then he was not dreaming, then—— He tottered to the edge of the porch.

The men of the Third Regiment did not approve of the march, in their parlance a "hike," which their colonel had decided to give them along the line of Lee's retreat. They felt that in view of the grand review in the afternoon, it was an imposition. Now they were glad to halt, while the captain of each company explained that upon the night of the 3d of July, 1863, Lee had traversed this road on his way to recross the Potomac.

When his explanation was over, the captain of Company I moved his men a little to the right under the shade of the maples. Then he saw the moving figure behind the vines.

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"Sergeant, go in and ask whether we may have water."

The sergeant entered the gate, and the thirsty men, hearing the order, looked after him. They saw the strange old figure on the porch, the torn jacket belted at the waist, the sword, the smiling, eager face. The captain saw, too.

"Three cheers for the old soldier," he cried, and hats were swung in the air.

"May we have a drink?" the sergeant asked, and grandfather pointed the way to the well. He tried to go down the steps to help them pump, but his knees trembled, and he stayed where he was. He watched them, still smiling. He did not realize that the cheers were for him, he could not quite understand why suits which should be gray were so yellow, but he supposed it was the mud.

"Poor chaps," he sighed. "They're goin' back to Dixie."

One by one the companies drew up before the gate, and one by one they cheered. They had been cheering ever since the beginning of the encampment—for Meade, for Hancock, for Reynolds, among the dead; for the governor, the colonel, the leader of the regiment band, among the living. They had enlisted for a good time, for a trip to Gettysburg, for a taste of camp life, from almost any other motive than that which had moved this old man to enlist back in '61. They suddenly realized how little this encampment was like war. All the drill, all the pomp of this tin soldiering, even all the graves of the battle-field, had not moved them as did this old man in his tattered coat. Here was love of country. Would any of them care to don in fifty years their khaki blouses? Then, before the momentary enthusiasm or the momentary seriousness had time to wear away, the order was given to march back to camp.

The old man did not turn to watch them go. He sat still with his eyes turned toward the distant hills. After a while his sword fell clattering to the floor.

"I'm glad I sneaked out and gave 'em something," he said, smiling with a great content.

The long leaves of the corn in the next field rustled in the wind, the sun rose higher, then declined, and still he sat there smilingly unheeding, his eyes toward the west. Once he said, "Poor chaps, it's dark for 'em."

The cows waited at the pasture gate for the master and mistress, who were late. Henrietta had wished that morning that grandfather could milk, so that they would not have to hurry home. Presently they came, tired and hungry, the children eager to tell of the wonders they had seen. At their mother's command, they ran to let down the pasture bars while their father led the horses to the barn, and she herself went on to the porch.

"Grandfather," she said kindly, "we're here." She even laid a hand on his shoulder. "Wake up, grandfather!" She spoke sharply, angry at his failure to respond to her unaccustomed gentleness of speech. Her hand fell upon his shoulder once more, this time heavily, and her finger-tips touched a jagged edge of cloth. "What——" she began. She remembered the old coat, which she had long since made up her mind to burn. She felt for the buttons down the front, the belt with its broad plate. Yes, it was—— Then suddenly she touched his hands, and screamed and ran, crying, toward the barn.

"John!" she called. "John! Grandfather is dead."

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THE CAPTAINS

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

THERE was consternation in the great offices of Marcus Trefethen, for the chief had given an order that could not be understood. It was a sentence of twelve words, but its result, carried out, would be the sacrifice of more dollars than might be calmly contemplated. Besides infinite further consequences—throwing away, for instance, the glory, now almost in reach of these offices, of seeing their head the richest man on earth—that was a probable result if these twelve words went into action. It is easier to knock things to pieces than to build them. A great fortune assured, a great place in the financial world won, a future tremendous enough for a Dumas romance lying a few steps on—and the man who had done the work was tossing these immensities from him like playthings. What did it mean? Three men skilled in affairs, in touch with the delicate pulse of business life, bent their heads together and discussed it. Friday the policy of the office had been in the full vigor of its unhurrying, unrelenting swing. Saturday the chief had been restless, and had gone away and left things in a plastic form which needed his master-touch—an action out of character. And the first thing on this Monday was the extraordinary order. As long as they dared they discussed it, Compton and Barnes and Haywood, the three who stood next the throne, and at length, not overeagerly, Compton knocked and went into the inner room of the great man and closed the door. He emerged five minutes later with a slight dizziness in his air. He answered the inquiry of his associates' attentive silence.

"It's so," he said. "The order is to be carried not. He's gone clean mad. 'All negotiations as to the Southwestern road to be stopped at once.'"

In the inner room a man sat at a desk littered with the crisp sheets of a large mail, and stared out of the window, down over a white landscape of jutting roofs and soaring sky-scrapers, over a harbor filled with shipping, and a broad, quiet ocean. He was a big man with a look of by-gone athletic form; his face was lined, and every line meant accomplishment; his mouth was set now as if he were this moment engaged in something whose doing called for force. He drew a breath, and spoke aloud.

"It's done," he said. "Thank the Lord it's done. Compton and the lot think me insane; but they can't undo it now. Thank the Lord it's done." Then he dropped his head into his hand and, gazing once more across the brilliant volcano of the feverish city, across the water-city of masts and smoke-stacks, his eyes rested on the ocean. With the crystal-clear, unwavering and rapid consideration which was his greatest power he reviewed events—followed up a clue which Compton and Barnes and Haywood had missed. Clearly as if it were a business affair he reviewed the time—but fully he did it—no moment of the three days' crisis was forgotten. For an hour he sat so, withdrawn from the whirlpool in which he had been the master-swimmer, which flowed about him yet.

On Friday at ten there had been a short meeting of the directors of the Imperial and Western Railway; seven men present had decided in half an hour a few questions which would affect twenty thousand. The Southwestern Railway, covering much of the same country, willing or unwilling, was to be consolidated. Unwillingly it would be, for it was an old road, with a large clientage which could be held in spite of the new Imperial, and the routes differed enough to make both still useful. That was the point. If there was money to make, why should not the Imperial merge the Southwestern and make it all? There was a large mortgage on the Southwestern, and Marcus Trefethen held the bonds; the Imperial and Western was richer; they could afford to lower their rates, forcing the older road to do the same; it was a question of a short time before the Southwestern would be making no money

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and would be unable to pay interest on the mortgage. Trefethen could foreclose—the two roads would merge. And beyond this, to Trefethen's far-seeing eye, the eye of a poet in stocks and combinations, sounded the rhythm of a greater combination, a poem in which railroads rhymed to each other, and whose metre was the swing of accumulating millions. It was not money he wanted—he had plenty—it was the interest of the great game which drew him, the poet's joy to fit the verse and realize the vision.

The seven men decided that there was no reason why money should be made within reach of their grasp which they did not grasp. Marcus Trefethen unexpectedly demurred for a moment. In a flash of memory it came to him who the president of the Southwestern was, and that all his fortune was in the road.

"It seems a bit brutal," he said, "to undo solid work of forty years' standing."

"It's a case of the survival of the fittest," Carroll's harsh voice answered. "Centralization makes for efficiency—this is a world where the inefficient goes under."

"The Southwestern isn't inefficient. It's a well-managed business, with a future as well as a past."

"That's why we want it," Harrington slid in with suave readiness, and the others laughed cheerfully. Carroll took up the thread.

"Don't strain at a gnat, Trefethen. You're new to this business of absorbing small corporations, but if you want to do large work you've got to get used to it. If you believe in evolution you must see the reasonableness. The big beast preys on the little one through nature, and you can't stop with a jerk when you get to man. We're part of the scheme. Like the other beasts, if we want to live we've got to eat small fry."

"Live!" said Trefethen, and he threw a glance around the circle of multi-millionaires, and gave a short laugh.

Van Vechten spoke. "All this is a side-issue," and his glittering small eyes ranged about. "The point is whether our railroad can afford to let the old Southwestern, with its large business as a carrier of both passengers and produce, and with the prejudice of habit in its favor, continue to exist. If we do, the Imperial can't be a great railroad. We shall not only be forced to divide profits—we shall have to contend for our existence. The Southwestern stands for equal rates, and other theories worthy but impracticable. It will bend our policy into the same lines. At this moment we are richer than they, and can force them to sell—it is lack of business initiative to hesitate. As to brutality, I don't take that seriously—sentiment has nothing to do with business. What reason, as reasons are known in affairs, is against our absorbing the Southwestern?" As the chilly tones fell, the men who listened saw no reason. Trefethen sighed as if he were tired.

"Of course," he said. "I meant it; but I was mistaken. It's my first affair of the sort, as Carroll said, and I'm not used to it. But it's got to be done. The American Beauty rose at its finest is only obtained by nipping off buds. Well, we'll make the Imperial an American Beauty, and nip off the Southwestern to begin."

As simply as a golf club committee arranging for new greens details were settled, and the meeting ended; clerks in the great offices lifted their heads to look sharply as the members of it filed out, for this in flesh and blood was the plutocracy about which one read in the papers. The most imporiant of them all, left alone, turned to the calendar on his desk, where his time was spaced into half-hour, sometimes into fifteen-minute divisions, to see what came next. As he whirled about on his swinging chair, a knock sounded at the door. Young Haywood opened it.

"The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury had an appointment at this hour, sir."

"Yes."

"He telegraphs that he is detained in Washington and cannot be here till tomorrow."

"Very well." But Haywood stood in the doorway. Marcus Trefethen lifted his head. "That's all."

"Yes, sir"—the young man hesitated. "I'm sorry to trouble you, but there's a lady here——"

"A lady?" Trefethen's tone was surprised and not pleased.

"I hope you won't blame me—she is not an ordinary person; she is anxious to speak to you."

Trefethen glanced at his calendar. Here was an empty half-hour, too long to sit idle, too short to substitute any business effec-

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tively. He might as well fill it in this way. "Show her in."

In a moment he was standing before a slim woman of forty who carried her straight figure and wore her well-made clothes with certainty, and the air of a person used to consideration. She put out her hand frankly.

"I used to know you, Mr. Trefethen. We went to school together—Sarah Speed." Trefethen remembered well enough. It was one of the old names in the old Southern town. "I'm glad to see you," he said cordially, stirred a little, as a reminiscence of the place and times stirred him always, and he placed a chair for her.

"I'm afraid you won't be when you know my errand," the woman said, and looked at him earnestly with wide gray eyes. Her face was troubled and sad, he noticed, for all her look of prosperity. He awaited developments. "I'll try not to keep you long," she said; "but the matter is life and death to me. I am Mrs. Ruthven now—Morgan Ruthven, the President of the Southwestern Railroad, is my husband." The man knew now, and his face hardened as he hardened his soul, and the woman saw it.

"Of course you know what I'm going to say"—her voice shook and then she lifted her head courageously. "I realize that it is awfully unpleasant for you, and not quite fair—you're here for business, and it's unbusinesslike to have a woman break in and beg for mercy. But it isn't just mercy I'm here to beg for—it's justice. You are going to force the Southwestern into a position where you can foreclose on it. It is a personal sort of business, that railroad. My husband's father was its president before him, and it has been prosperous and honorable forty years. It is now. They don't want to sell it. They're willing to make terms with your new road. You haven't any right to force them out simply because you can. You——"

Trefethen interrupted gently. "I know all this, Mrs. Ruthven," he said civilly.

The woman caught her breath and made an evident effort for calmness. "I know you do. It's foolish of me to try you on that side. I won't waste your time," she brought out quickly. "What I want to do is this. I want to tell you what it means to us, and let you see if it means as much to you. My husband is very ill. He has been in an alarming state for a week, and to-day and to-morrow are turning-points. His business is on his mind, and last night when I was trying to calm him I thought of coming to you and telling you how things were, and asking you to remember old days and—" her voice broke, but she cleared her throat quickly and went on in even tones—"and just be merciful. Of course you have every right—I don't mean moral—but every legal right to wipe out the old Southwestern, but you don't understand. If I go back to Morgan and tell him I've failed with you it will kill him as surely as if I gave him slow poison. The doctor said yesterday that everything depended on his being kept cheerful. Cheerful!" She laughed, half choking. "Keep a man cheerful on the rack! And there's more. The boy. He is to graduate at Yale this summer, and he's a boy who deserves—everything. The happiest, cleverest, best boy! Best at everything—away up in his classes—a hero among the other boys for athletics. But I mustn't bore you," she caught herself. "Only he—he isn't just an ordinary boy"—and she laughed a little, tremblingly, knowing well enough through her trouble that all women think that of their boys. "He isn't," she insisted prettily. This wife of Morgan Ruthven's was an attractive woman, Trefethen acknowledged to himself unwillingly. "I want you to realize about Carl, because then you will know how impossible it seems to take away all his chances, that he has worked toward for years. Such a good boy, Mr. Trefethen," the gray eyes glowed with the soul close back of them. "He has worked so hard and been so happy. And"—she threw this impulsively at him—"he's captain of the 'Varsity crew. You're a college man. You know what glory that means. To give all that up—graduation with honors—the great race—it's enough to break a boy's courage. It would break my heart to have him. He has been promised a trip abroad with his best friend, a boy like himself, and after that he is to have a special course in Germany. He is full of ambition and vitality. He could do anything—be anything. He'll have to give it all up—if you ruin the Southwestern. You see what it means to me—my husband's life, my boy's future."

Marcus Trefethen was uncomfortable

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and annoyed as the low, eager words stopped suddenly. This was all beside the question. The question was this—to make a gigantic enterprise must small interests be sacrificed? It had been answered. They must. That being the case, why should he harrow his soul with the details of each sacrifice? It served no purpose, his mind being made up, and it might unsteady his nerves, which he needed to keep steady. While he considered how to put things most concisely, the intense voice went on:

"Rich men nowadays, great financiers, seem to have a new standard of right and wrong. I don't see why. I don't see why the old standards of honesty and fairness don't apply as much to magnates as to every-day people. I don't see how it can make you happier, anyway. There's no real happiness in doing wrong, and it's wrong to crush life and hope out of people just to be richer yourself. You can't be good and do that, and you can't be light-hearted unless you're good—and it's worth a few millions to have a light heart."

The gentle, stirring tones stopped. The woman was full of individuality and charm, and she had thrown all of it into her speech. The quiet room was as if swept with the rush of a mountain stream. But the man who listened meant to be the rock that such a stream dashes against to break in foam. He looked at her with cold, half-shut eyes.

"Mrs. Ruthven," he answered, "you are very eloquent for your husband's cause. If eloquence might affect a business decision of importance, in which a number of large interests are concerned, yours would succeed. I considered this view of the question before I came to any arrangement. I was reluctant"—there were other things which Marcus Trefethen was going to say in poised sentences, but they were suddenly caught from him. The woman was on her feet; color flooded her face and her hand flew out in a gesture of command as she gave a quick gasp.

"Don't go on—it's no use—I see," she said. "I'll go home now." And before he could reach the door she had opened it for herself and passed out.

Always as direct and swift as a Winchester bullet, there seemed to be added velocity and penetration to Trefethen's mind through the hours of that day. Every second was full, hands and brain were full to overflowing, yet not for one of the busy minutes was the memory of the morning's interview crowded out. Through the voices of men who talked to him, with his intellect keyed to its keenest to follow, to lead theirs, he heard all day the soft inflections so incongruous down there in his office. He saw again and again the gray eyes as she threw out her hand, heart-broken, scornful. It stabbed him that he should have broken her heart—it stabbed him again that she should despise him. Clearly Marcus Trefethen was not yet an expert in the art of being cold-blooded; the woman had got on his nerves—he could not shake off the memory of her. It was annoying. He dined at a club with men who were not concerned in the life of his daytime, and his spirits rose, and he walked over to his house later with a light step.

"All I needed was to get out of the rut," he said aloud and set himself to reading. And there, in pages of a book on Tibet was the face, the agonized gray eyes; the descriptions of Lhassa read with the woman's subtle accent. He threw down the book irritably. "I've overworked. I thought it was impossible, but I must have done it. This is morbid. I'll get to bed early and sleep it off.'

Out of the blackness, as he lay staring, he heard a low voice say, "The happiest, cleverest, best boy!" "Stuff!" Trefethen spoke aloud to himself. He was a bachelor—he had no boy—why should he care about a boy? Doubtless she had exaggerated the whole business. Probably this boy was as commonplace as the average—each woman thinks hers exceptional. Yet at three in the morning he turned impatiently and said words aloud to try if they might break their hold. "He isn't just an ordinary boy—he isn't!" he repeated aloud. And then for a short time he fell asleep. But at six his eyes opened and his brain searched miserably for a moment after the thing that was harrassing him. Only a moment—the thing was at hand. He sprang out of bed.

"I have to shake off this possession—it's out of proportion," he said to himself and dressed, and astonished a sleepy valet by ordering his saddle-horse at seven.

But the park and the spring freshness and the plunging beast gave him only temporary relief. In his office at ten he felt,

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with almost a terror, the possession taking hold again. He read his paper sternly, missing nothing, but his grip on his own powers was not as firm as yesterday. He had a nervous dread of certain things he must see in print. There they were—Morgan Ruthven's name and the situation as it was known outside. He flapped the page over, and his eyes rested on the column beyond. Sporting news—from long habit it held his eye—the news of the athletic world had been interesting to him for twenty-five years.

"Boat-races at New Haven this afternoon."

The paper fell to the floor. He knew what he would do. It would straighten him out as nothing else could—he would go up to New Haven and see the races. Twenty-five odd years ago he had been captain of a famous crew, and boats and water fascinated him to this day—the change of scene, the air, the old sharp interest in a race—these would make him over. It was fifteen years since he had been at New Haven. No one there would recognize him. This was not one of the great regattas which would draw crowds of people who might know him. He could come and go alone and unnoticed. He would do it. He went through his mail, gave orders, changed appointments, and at twelve o'clock he was on the train at Forty-second Street.

At two he went out from it into the New Haven station—into a throng of fresh, boyish faces—with a sense of exhilaration. He rushed for a car and hung from a strap with enjoyment in the discomfort of it. Soon someone got out, and he dropped into a seat by a pair of big shoulders which prodded into him, The owner twisted about.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a frank young voice. "I'm afraid I'm taking up too much room, but I'm wedged into this crack on the bias, and I can't help it," and the two laughed together.

There was an irresponsible gayety in the air, and Trefethen found himself catching it. This friendly, honest-faced boy, with his enormous, inconvenient shoulders, pleased him. He fell to talking—asking questions about the new buildings, about the regatta, the university. Surprised, amused, he felt the old enthusiasm of Alma Mater rising in him. He was a Yale man—this lad was a Yale man—the brotherhood asserted itself—for years he had not had this feeling. Past the green, serene with its three churches set like oases in its broad expanse, they shot; past rows of New England homes stately with a dignity which money does not achieve; into Whitney Avenue with its wide lawns and fine old houses, crowned with the great sweep of the Hillhouse place, and its dominating, pillared mansion. And about there the car jolted and stopped. Looking ahead, there was a line of other stopped cars—a block forward. By slow degrees the passengers got out, and studied the case, and speculated.

"Let's walk," said the boy. "It's only a mile."

And Trefethen, with a flattered sense of being officially taken into the guild of the able-bodied, swung out by the side of his new friend into a gay stream of people headed for Lake Whitney. His sponsor had gathered him under his wing with the simple, unconscious air of an older brother, which, to the man used to dictatorship, gave a piquancy to the situation. It was pleasant, if funny, to be looked after in this kindly way.

"My name is Richard Elliot," said the lad without preface, and gave his year, and turned his brown eyes consideringly on the older man.

Trefethen hesitated. Not to return this frank confidence would be ungracious, yet his name suggested himself too much just now throughout America to risk telling and hope to be unidentified. He compromised.

"My graduation is a quarter of a century or so ahead of yours, I'm sorry to say." He smiled. "And my name is Lord"—and spoke truthfully, for this was his unused middle name.

At that moment the lad's coat swung open, and Trefethen saw, pinned on his waistcoat, an Alpha Delta Phi pin. From some atrophied muscles sprang a throb which astonished him. Out flew his hand, the boy's eyes met his, and their fingers slid into the fraternity grip.

"Why, this is bully," spoke the youngster joyfully. "I'm awfully glad I met you. I wonder if there's anything I can do to make you enjoy yourself. Tell you what"—he went on in a burst—"ginger!—I'm glad I thought of it—come out on the water with me, will you, Mr. Lord? I've got a canoe, and my side-partner's sneaked—can't find

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him. Anyhow, there's plenty of room, even if he turns up, if you'll sit tight and part your hair in the middle. Are you used to boats?"

Trefethen smiled. "That was my business when I was in college."

"What, were you on a crew?" the lad asked, his eyes bright with interest.

Vanity betrayed Trefethen suddenly. "I was captain of the 'Varsity crew of my year," he stated, and then felt alarmed to see the impression.

Elliot stopped short, quite casual as to halting a long procession back of him. With that he gave his own knee a sounding slap.

"Ginger!" he exploded. "Ginger! Hully-gee! and I never suspected. I might have known you were something with that build," and he glanced over Trefethen's figure searchingly. "Nobody has that look without its meaning something. Ginger!" he murmured again with no sense of monotony, and swung on, gazing sidewise admiringly at the embarrassed Trefethen. "Why this is simply great, Mr. Lord," he addressed him. "We must have you over at the boat-house to meet the men—maybe you can row on a veteran crew—I don't know how that is—that's not my line—but anyhow they'd love to meet you. Lord—Lord," he reflected. "Don't seem to remember the name—but the crews are not in my beat, as I said—they'll place you fast enough at the boat-house. What's your year?"

With that Trefethen realized that his incognito was in peril. "It won't do, Mr. Elliot," he said firmly. "I'm tired and came out for a lazy afternoon, and I don't want to meet people, even Yale men. I'm not up it it. I'll be delighted to go out in your canoe if it won't inconvenience you, but I'm a back number, and would only be in the way at the boat-house."

"Back number nothing," responded the boy earnestly. "Of course they'd be proud and glad. Yale men don't shelve their chaps who've won laurels for them. Did you win, by the way? What class were you?" he demanded.

Now Trefethen's crew had gained an historic victory, and to give his class might place it and him. He did not want to be placed. He had an uneasy feeling that the multi-millionaire, Marcus Trefethen, would lose this unique comradeship which the obscure graduate Lord had found. This afternoon he had no use for his millions and his powerful name.

"Don't pin an old bald-head, young man," he argued. "Don't you see I'm ashamed of my age?"

The boy drew his brows and looked surprised, yet the glory of a crew-captainship overshadowed this exhibition of human weakness. "All right," he agreed; "but I'll look you up, you know. What difference does it make, anyway? Did your crew win? You can tell me that, Mr. Lord, and that's the point."

"You bet we won," Trefethen threw at him emphatically, like another boy.

"Hooray for you!" said the youngster, and laughed for pure love of Yale's greatness, and with that they were at Lake Whitney.

Girls and young men shifted in and out through a scene of gayety. Gray-haired men, men in the prime of life, and not a few older women with pleased faces to be there, thronged the landing-steps, and embarked every moment in boats of all sorts. And in every mouthful of the spring air Trefethen drew a breath of that clean and happy out-of-doors' enthusiasm, of forgetfulness of people for deeds, which is the inspiration of right athletics. In five minutes, Elliot, serious and businesslike over his responsibility, was pushing his canoe from the dock with a well-handled paddle, and Trefethen sat facing him in the bow. He realized so the tremendous development of the young figure as, his coat off, the big muscles worked through a thin silk shirt.

"You must be interested in something muscular by the look of you," he said. "What's your specialty?"

The frank eyes dropped. "Oh—I'm not so good as I might be at anything," he answered, and his manner was confused. He went on quietly. "My stunt's football, but I'd like to do it better than I do."

"Some failure to make good, poor lad," the older man thought to himself, and said aloud, with friendliness, "That's too bad—you're a strapping fellow. I should think you'd be strong at athletics if you really tried. But I dare say you make it up some other way. Probably you're a fine scholar."

The boy laughed. "Oh, no. Well, I'm not a positive disgrace to the family, but I haven't made *ΦBK* by a good bit. Oh, no,

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I'm afraid you wouldn't call me a search-light as a student. I'm afraid I'm better developed on the physical than the mental tack—can't be good at everything, you know. At least most can't. There's only one fellow I know in Yale who's all 'round first-class, and he's a miracle." The brown eyes flashed sudden fire. "Gosh! the lad shot through set teeth. "Gosh! I wish I had the killing of that man!"

Trefethen looked at the irate youth in surprise. "The miracle?" he inquired, smiling. "Do you want to kill the miracle?"

"No; oh, no." Elliot's responsive smile did not come. He was too stirred. "Not him—of course not. He's the finest chap in Yale University—the pride of the whole class. He's a peach. Why just let me tell you, Mr. Lord, what that fellow is: He made *ΦBK*, he was on the Junior Prom. Committee. He made"—the boy hesitated and spoke low—"he made Bones. He's good enough for the tennis team, and he could have been on the football team, and he's captain of the 'Varsity crew. *You* know what that means. He should have been here to-day—and he's gone. And the Harvard race in June will have to do without him. We'll lose it, likely, because of him. He's gone—gone!" The boy hurled the word at the man.

"Where has he gone—how?" the other asked eagerly, carried away by the speaker's intensity.

The paddle dipped in water for two liquid beats before he answered, and then it was with an evident effort for self-control. "It makes me so hot I can hardly talk about it," he brought out in repressed tones. "But you're a good sport, and square and all that—you'll appreciate how we feel. Last night at the training table the captain had a telegram and a special delivery. His father has been ill, and his business has all gone wrong, and he's—ruined. Just plain that. And when they were certain of it, yesterday, he got a lot worse at the news, and they were alarmed and sent for Carl. And the money's all lost, you see, so he can't come back. It's a darned shame!" the lad brought out, losing his grip on himself again. "I'd like to have that man, that captain of industry, that robber baron, who's got Carl down and out, at the end of my fist"—the great young hand shot out, clinched. "It's Marcus Trefethen—*the* Marcus Trefethen, you know—and if I got within ten feet of him I'd beat his bloomin' brains out." The man in the bow, eight feet away, gazed thoughtfully at the speaker.

The canoe had worked up the lake; far away beyond the bridge was a stir as if those there could see the first crews of the first race coming; dozens of boats, gay with boys and girls and talk and laughter, lay below, beyond them, but at the turn where the canoe floated it was quiet. There was deep silence.

"It's all his work. He's a thieving, cold-blooded monopolist," the boy went on angrily. "He doesn't care how much flesh and blood he chops into hash to feed to his great fortune. He doesn't care that Carl's father's railroad stands for forty years' solid, honest work. He doesn't care that wrecking it is going to kill Mr. Ruthven—that Carl's got to give up his career and grind for bread and butter—all that's nothing."

The vehement voice stopped; the boy was out of breath, and the man felt a necessity to put in a word. "There are usually two sides," he said. "Possibly Trefethen may not be free to stop the workings of a great affair—there are many men concerned in such a business. And perhaps he may not entirely realize the suffering entailed." He wondered at his own tone, at his desire to conciliate. Why should he care how a college student judged his conduct? But he cared.

The boy's eyes, gazing up the course, questioned the distance. His big shoulders stiffened to alertness. "They're coming," he announced, and a twist of the paddle set the boat sidewise so that Trefethen also could see. "Ginger, they're coming fast! It's the Columbia freshmen against ours—golly, I hope we smear 'em! We lead—see—gosh, we've got a good lead!"

Garnished with strange interjections, the pleasant, well-bred young voice went on in staccato sentences, and Trefethen, still thunderstruck by the bolt that had been launched from the blue at him and all his works, watched the play of excitement on the unconscious face. The clear eyes followed keenly every movement of the rapidly nearing crews; they glowed with joy as the Yale boat forged ahead; they darkened tragically as the rival shell crawled up on it. It was a spirited scene and the impersonal rush of interest all about him carried

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"Mrs. Ruthven," he answered, "you are very eloquent for your husband's cause."—Page 21.

the man out of himself and into the bright flood of enthusiasm. Suddenly he found himself cheering madly, waving his hat as the blue coxswain, megaphone strapped to his mouth, howled hoarse encouragement to his men—as the crew of Yale swept past and first beyond the finish stakes. How glad the boy was—and how glad he himself was! When had he had such a day?

"Hooray for Yale!"

He shouted, and laughed as he heard his own voice. He caught a long breath and drew in a mouthful of sentiments—sport—fellow-feeling—the game played fairly—he nearly choked with the unfamiliar taste—but he liked it.

The first event was finished. "Rain," young Elliot announced, turning up his face. "We'll put in under the bridge till it's over. I'll hurry, so we'll get there before the holy-poly."

The canoe flew in under heavy stone arches only just in advance of a crowd of others. Everybody knew his friend, Trefethen remarked. There was a shouted word for him from almost every boat which scurried in for shelter, and the boy responded with ready friendliness always, yet also, it seemed to the older man, with an unconscious air of being somebody. A rowboat with two students came bumping alongside, and one caught the stern of the canoe and pulled in to it. "Here you, Dick—you can't take all of the roof if you are a great man," he threw at Elliot.

"Lots of room," said the boy cheerfully. "I want to present you to my friend, Mr. Lord. Mr. Selden—Mr. Van Arden," and two hands gripped him heartily in spite of the inconveniences of the situation. "Mr. Lord was captain of the 'Varsity crew of his year," Dick Elliot hurried to explain, and there was instant deep respect in the newcomers' manner. "Won't go to the boathouse. He's tired—doesn't want to be fussed over," he forestalled their suggestions, and they met this with a cloud of protestation. He ought—the men would want to see him. It wasn't right for Dick Elliot to keep a good thing to himself.

"Ought to get you two out of conjunction, anyway," Van Arden remarked in a half-shy, eager, boyish manner. "Two captains in one canoe are overallowance," and Trefethen looked inquiringly at him and then at Elliot.

"Why, he doesn't know," Jimmy Selden burst out. "I'll be jiggered! Mr. Lord doesn't know that Dick Elliot's the great and only captain of the football team! Holy smoke! But they make 'em ignorant down in New York."

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And Trefethen—railroads and combinations entirely overshadowed—was deeply confused. Certainly he should have known—Elliot—last November's victorious team—certainly. But he had forgotten the first name; he hadn't thought of such luck—he simply hadn't placed him. And the boy laughed at him as a kind and modest emperor might laugh at an obscure subject unaware of his greatness.

"Tell you what," he flung at them, "if Mr. Lord is game, what do you fellows say to coming to feed with me at Mory's this evening?"

"O. K.," spoke Selden. "*We'll* come, anyway."

"No, you don't," responded the host promptly. "This is a party for a distinguished stranger, and there ain't going to be no party without him. Will you come, Mr. Lord?"

"My train goes at——"

"Oh, there's another one at nine, and ten—and maybe eleven," urged Jimmy Selden. "And we'll have big chops and wonderful potatoes and——"

"Look here, Jimmy, who's giving this dinner?" demanded Elliot. "Will you come, Mr. Lord? We will have those chops and things, and they're great, but it's none of his old business."

"Yes, I'll come," said Trefethen. "I never was as hungry for a chop in my life."

"Let's invite Pearly Gates, so he can sing and tell about outdoor sports," suggested Selden enthusiastically. "And you might ask Pat O'Connor—he does lovely stunts—and what about——"

"Jimmy," shouted the entertainer, "will you let me run my own dinner?"

"Well, I don't know," growled Jimmy. "The last one wasn't satisfactory. You've got the cash, but I've got the sense."

And with that there was a spectacular, close race coming down the water—the rain was over—the canoe and rowboat flew out to posts of vantage, with parting arrangements for dinner-time called back and forth.

Mory's is a low, wooden, two-story house on Temple Street. Trefethen, looking at it, as he and Elliot turned the corner that evening, suddenly remembered it well. It had looked just like that, small and dirty-white, twenty-five and thirty years ago. Up five or six steps and into a side door they went. In each of the three or four rooms—low rooms, with bare floors and a few cheap sporting prints about the walls—are perhaps three heavy oblong oak tables, covered thick with initials cut deep into the top. They are initials of students of Yale who for twenty odd years have been making monuments of Mory's tables. Against the walls of some of the rooms hang other tables, initial-covered, and the legs taken off. Freshmen are not allowed in this holy place, but the three upper classes constantly give dinners here—little dinners of six or

"You bet we won," Trefethen threw at him emphatically.—Page 23.

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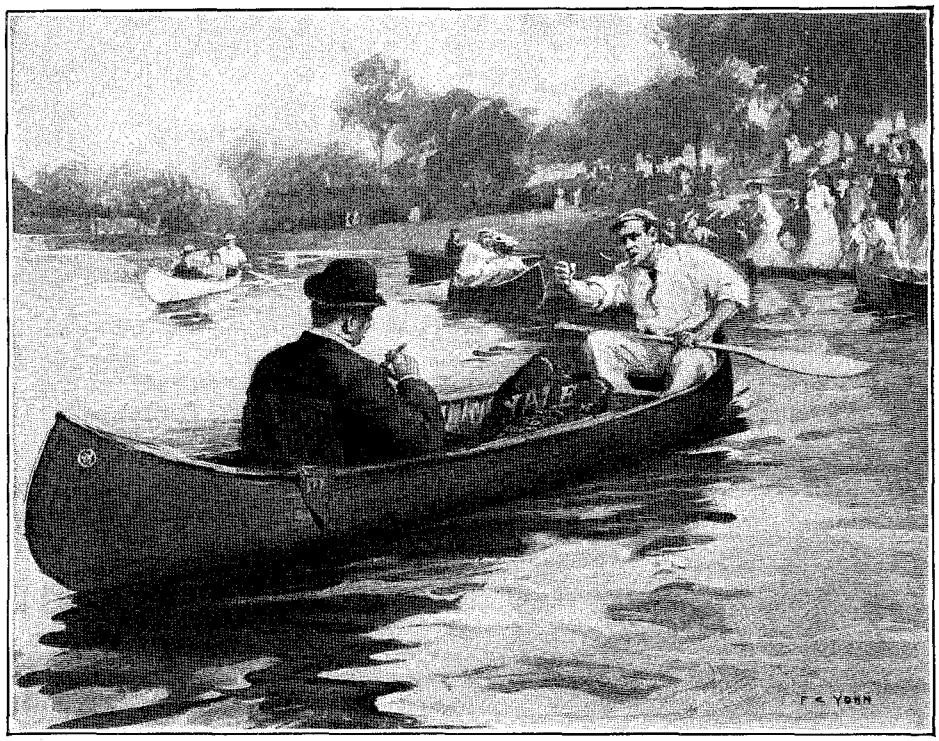

"And if I got within ten feet of him I'd beat his bloomin' brains out."—Page 24.

so, for the most part, and the boys sing college songs all through them. The especial feature of such a meal is a chop, enormous in size and served on a plate twelve or fourteen inches across and supported by wonderful potatoes. The chops and potatoes at Mory's are famous.

Marcus Trefethen looked over the array of grouped letters, many of them standing for names now on the country's roll of honor, carved when their owners were fresh-faced lads like these who stood about him, who leaned over him with a big young hand now and then familiarly, comrade-like, on his shoulder. Earnestly they studied out famous name after name to show him.

"There's a futurity list, too, you know," Van Arden said in his buoyant, eager way. "Here is Dickey Elliot's mark—football captain to-day, President of the United States to-morrow—who knows?"

"What's the matter with Daisy Van Arden, editor Yale *News* to-day—Emperor of Russia next week-ski?" Jimmy Selden contributed, and then, in an awed tone, with a big fore-finger pointed to letters freshly cut, "Boys, here's Carl."

"Ah!" A sound that was half a groan came from them all in unison, and they leaned across each other's shoulders and looked. "C. R." and the year. There was a minute's serious silence as the heads bent, crowded together.

"It's a darned shame," Dick Elliot said slowly, and then: "Well, let's have some eats. Our table's this way, Mr. Lord."

Selden's suggestions, though frowned upon, had been carried out rather closely. Pat O'Connor, indeed, turned up missing, but enormous chops and marvellous potatoes appeared, and Pearly Gates was on hand with the two gifts which made him a desired dinner guest. His father's fortune having been won by Gates's Pearly Capsules for Rheumatism, it was perhaps inevitable that the heir, Alexander, should be known in college as Pearly Gates. He was a Glee Club man with a remarkable voice, and, as Selden put it, a "peculiarly ready warbler," and also he was born with a marvellous ineptness for athletics which

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amounted to an inverted genius. It had been discovered that his *au naturel* descriptions of a sporting event threw a light on the occasion which could not be found otherwise; also it was impossible to him, though healthy and well-made, to jump, run, vault, swim, skate, play football, baseball, tennis, or any known game.

"The blame thing can walk," Elliot assured Trefethen, patting the exhibit fondly as he inventoried his qualities. "Show the gentleman how pretty you walk, Pearly," he urged, and Pearly beamed from behind his glasses and kicked out affectionately. "Trainer says he's made up all right," Elliot went on. "It's just a sort of foolishness of the muscles. We're proud of him, you know," he explained. "He's the only one. There isn't such a fool in college. Pearly, which will you do first, sing or tell Mr. Trefethen about the football game?"

"I'll do anything you want in about a minute," responded the obliging gentleman, "but I do like to chew this chop. Let me alone just a minute. Talk about me, but just let me alone."

"Now look here, Pearly," Jimmy Selden spoke severely. "I didn't get you here to eat—primarily, that is. You were asked here to sing and be foolish—now do your part like a man. You're to amuse Mr. Lord. That's what I got you for."

"You got him—I like your nerve," observed the host, outraged. "Am I giving this dinner, I'd like to know?"

And the songster stuffed food placidly as war went on over him.

"In a way—in a way, certainly," Selden agreed soothingly. "But you know, Dickey, you do give the rottenest dinners when my fatherly care isn't about you. You know you do. Now you'd never have thought of Pearly, would you? And he's going to be the life of the thing in a minute. Pearly—that's enough—tune up!"

"All right," agreed the sweet-tempered youth, and pushed his chair away a bit and tossed back his blond head, and out through the room floated in the purest, most thrilling baritone, the words of "Amici."

"Our strong band can ne'er be broken;
Firm in friendship's tie,
Far surpassing wealth unspoken,
It can never die,"

he sang, and the words and the young voice went to the soul of Trefethen. Twenty-five odd years ago a lad like these and other lads, his friends, had sung that song in these low, old rooms, and in their hearts was the promise—he remembered how hotly it had risen in his—that the good friendship would last out their lives. How had he kept it? What had he to show for the years—what that was worth the price paid—good-will toward the world, belief in ideals, altruism on fire to brighten the earth? Little by little he had paid these out, each bit wrapped in its cover of happiness, for a heap of money. The boys were all gone—the men—his friends— He had not seen any of them for years. He had not taken any interest. Now he thought of it, he had no friends. His fortune had followers; he had associates—that was all. And with that, all the voices together rose happily in the chorus—

"*Amici usque ad aras*
Deep graven on each heart
Shall be found unwavering, true,
When we from life shall part."

"Hooray!" yelled Jimmy Selden vociferously. "Pearly, you're the shark on the warble. Now buck up and tell Mr. Lord how you saw the football game."

Pearly was seized with shyness. "You fellows make a fool out of me," he complained.

"No trouble at all," Selden assured him.

"It's this way, Mr. Lord," the pink-faced, spectacled, good-humored songster confided. "All these chaps pretend they see extraordinary things and talk about 'em with queer words an' things. An' I don't understand an' I don't think most of the others do. So I just tell 'em about how it looks to the eye of nature, an' they think it's funny. 'Tisn't funny. *I* don't think it's funny. I went to that game an' I ate my sandwiches in the open, on a shelf with more like me. Humans—rows of 'em—thirty thousand. The fellows trotted on, pitter-patter, lookin' foolish, and all of us cheered—thirty thousand. Then the other fellows trotted on, lookin' foolish, an' we cheered. I knew precious little what they were doin' in the game, but it was pleasant to know they were doin' their best an' that we had an object in bein' there 's long 's they kept it up. They squatted and reflected an' then they fell on each other, an' then everybody rose and yelled and waved flags and Yale had the ball—or else

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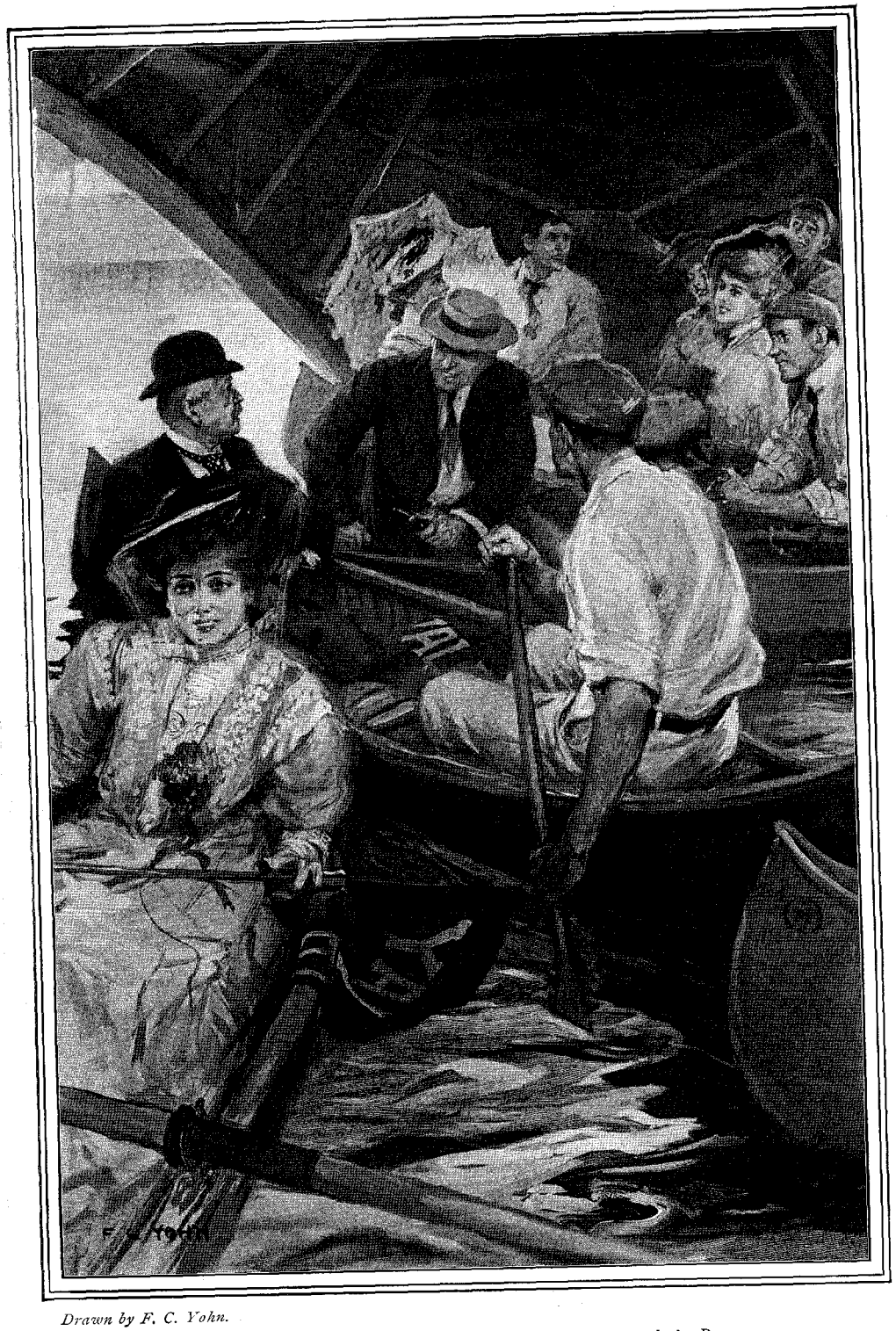

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Two captains in one canoe is an overallowance," Van Arden remarked.—Page 25.

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Harvard had it. Then they scattered out, and Harvard's red-head got hurt once in so often, and then twice somebody—I think Yale—kicked the ball over the shinto shine at the end. Oh, this is truck"—he appealed to his *confréres*—"don't make me tell any more," he pleaded. And Trefethen shook with laughter as he had not shaken for years. "'S cruel to make sport of my infirmity," reasoned Pearly. "But it looked that way to me, anyhow."

The dinner was over; pipes came out of coat pockets. Elliot produced cigars for his guest of honor, and the military formation of the party "fell out" about the table; chairs grouped at every angle. Jimmy Selden pumped a profound sigh.

"Gosh! how Carl would have enjoyed them mushrooms!" he said sorrowfully.

Dick Elliot's level black eyebrows drew into a frown. "I don't know if we'd better talk about Carl to-night," he said. "It's a pretty melancholy subject to drag a visitor in on," and he turned to Trefethen. "You see, Mr. Lord," he explained, "the whole college is sore. Ruthven was popular with both the undergraduates and the faculty. Everybody was proud of him. He was just a miracle, you see. A whooping good fellow, a fine student but no grind, and a tiptop athlete. The worst is the race in June. There's nobody fit for his place. Harvard will likely smear us. It's taken the heart out of the whole business. It's hard on us all."

Van Arden spoke in his nervous, graceful way. "It's hardest on Dick, Mr. Lord. Ruthven was his room-mate, and he and Dick had it arranged to go abroad after they graduated this summer. It's been cut and dried for two years."

"Yes, Dickey-bird's chief mourner, all right," Selden agreed sadly, and with that he burst forth: "If about four like us had Trefethen clasped inside these loving arms, we'd fit him for a career of sausage-meat pretty quick."

"I give you my word," Dick Elliot said, and he threw back his great shoulders and threw up his square chin, and his brown eyes blazed at Trefethen. "I give you my word, Mr. Lord, that if that man Trefethen should get alone with a bunch of us to-night, feeling the way we do, I'd hate to be responsible for his safety. I believe we'd hurt him."

This nervous English and the muscles that loomed back of it gave the guest of honor a sensation. He pulled at his cigar, and his eyes did not meet the football captain's.

At last, "You're a belligerent young lot," he reflected aloud, and then, "I dare say the man's a beast," he brought out slowly, "but you boys ought not to be swept away by half of a question. Remember there are always two sides—get at the other and found your judgment on knowledge—don't let personal feeling place you."

"It isn't all personal feeling, Mr. Lord," Van Arden threw at him eagerly. "It's the big question of the day; it happens to have fired a broadside into us just this minute, and we're hurt and howling—but it's the big question we're up against—the magnates—the huge overweight fortunes that destroy the balance. You're an unprejudiced man"—and Trefethen smiled inwardly—"you know they don't play the game fairly, these captains of industry—don't you?"

"I do not," Trefethen said with emphasis. "I know of no proof for a general statement like that. Of course there is plenty of advantage taken—you can't help that when men are human and the stake is worth while, but——"

"You can't help it?" Dick Elliot flung at him. "Of course you can help it—if you're civilized and decent. What's a standard for if not to live up to? What would you think of a football man that 'took advantage' and then said he couldn't help it because he was human and the game was worth while? We're penalized if we try that on; we're kicked out if we keep it up—and that's right. Lord, that stake looks bigger to us than a billion dollars! I don't see why fair play isn't the thing—the only thing—for a white man, after he leaves college as much as before."

"Hold on, Mr. Elliot, give me a show," Trefethen protested. "I'm not advocating dishonesty. I was going to say that there are hosts of men who have made fortunes honorably—don't you hope to be rich yourselves?"

There was a short stillness, and Pearly—the richest—broke it. They turned in their chairs and looked at him surprised. "Seems this way to me—like th' story in th' op'ra, y' see. When the gold shines

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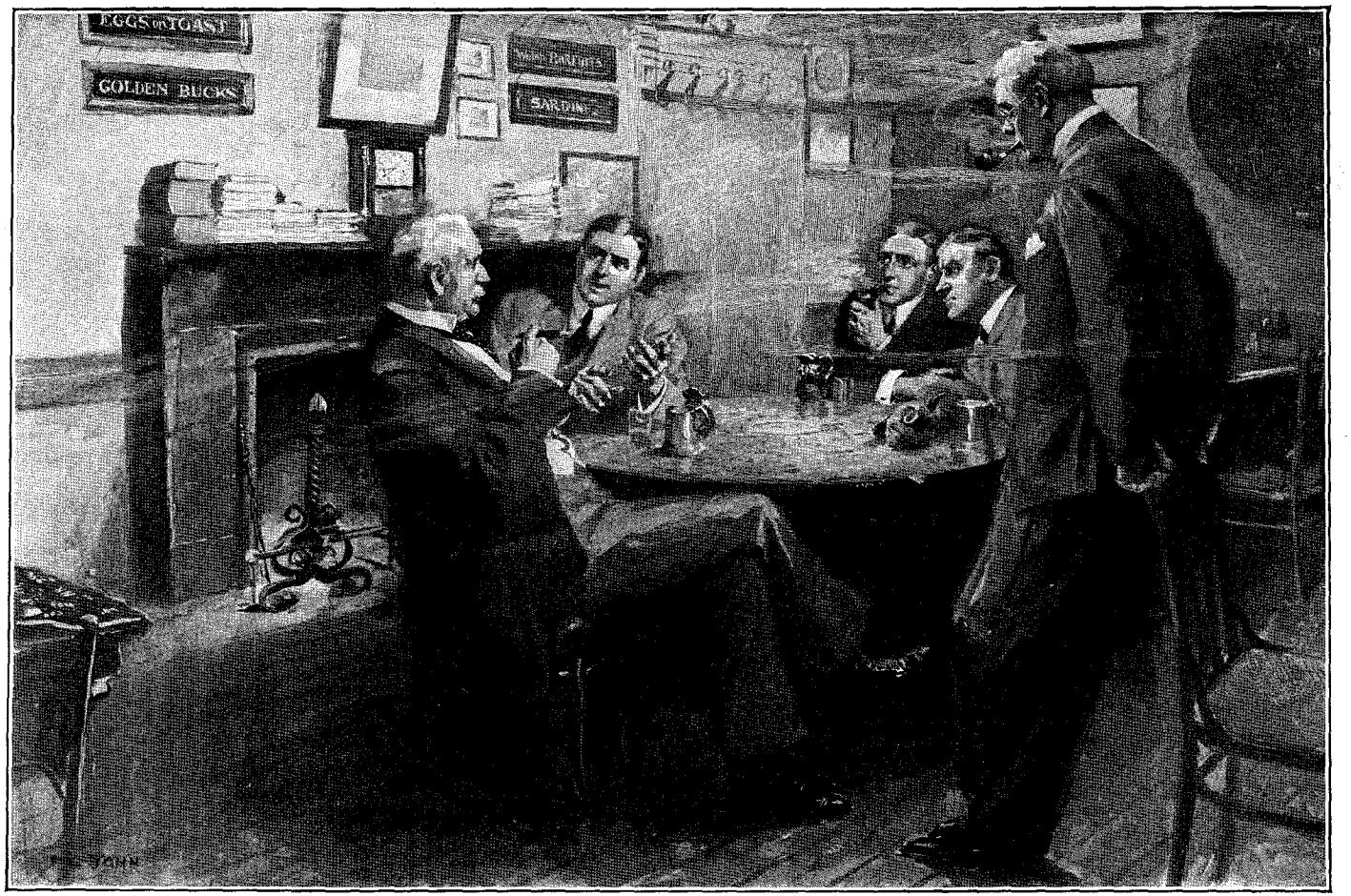

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I don't see why fair play isn't the thing after he leaves college as much as before."—Page 30.

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"That afternoon at New Haven cost me five million dollars down."—Page 35.

over the waters of the Rhine, an' the Rhine-maidens guard it, it's nice, an' everybody would like it. But when the ugly dwarf, Alberich, climbs up and grabs it, you feel as if you'd rather get nothin' than get it by turnin' into a beast like that."

"Hooray for Pearly! He's turning into poetry," Jimmy Selden contributed in an undertone, but Van Arden's keen face was alert and serious.

"It's partly so, what Pearly says—he wouldn't have any money but clean money. Nor I. But there's more. Even if huge fortunes are made straight we don't want them—Americans. We don't want kings, good or bad, and we don't want plutocrats, good or bad. They don't fit us. We won't have them, either, I'll bet," he added sagely, this college editor, speaking as a man with his hand on the pulse of the people.

"You've missed some points," said Trefethen quietly. "If we didn't have variety we wouldn't have civilization. It's the men who step out of the ranks who make progress. We'd all be cave-dwellers yet if some old skin-dressed fellow hadn't begun to accumulate stone knives and oyster-shells. I dare say they called him a menace to society. It's better for the world that some houses should be filled with pictures and books than that all should be hovels alike."

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He stopped and considered, puffing at his cigar thoughtfully, and the bright-faced boys, sitting about the table, regarded him eagerly, respectfully.

"The race is tied together. The whole procession moves up when the leaders take a step. The hovels of to-day have luxuries the palaces didn't have once. It's competition; it's survival of the fittest that raises the standard for all. To the man fittest to organize and lead goes the prize. It's right it should go to him; he has earned it. He has created capital by efficiency. Before long his income inevitably exceeds his expenditures. A fortune is made, and it is a benefit to mankind that men of mental grasp should handle such fortunes, have the power to found libraries and hospitals and great public works; doing good to thousands, rather than that the money should be dribbled out in small sums among those who can't accumulate and who can't spend wisely."

Van Arden was on his feet, his tall, nervous figure quivered with intensity. "That's the optimist view, Mr. Lord; that's not the average. Here and there, one in a thousand, maybe, is a magnate who takes his luck responsibly, but mostly what you see is vulgar greed—use of privilege without genius—brutal indifference, power used tyranically, cynical hardness to human feelings. Why, the papers are chuck-full of it. Look at our case; look at this Trefethen." He stopped and smiled a frank deprecation. "You see, I'm back to the personal view. I own up. Well, it isn't an abstract question in New Haven to-night. It's concrete as the dickens—it's Carl."

"This Trefethen," lighting a fresh cigar, did not care to smile back into the sincere eyes; he occupied himself closely with the cigar. The football captain thundered in.

"Carl!" he echoed dramatically. "Of course it's Carl, and he's an illustration of the whole mess. What sort of fairness has been shown in his case? Legal, all right; but that play wouldn't go in football. Just because Trefethen & Co. think they might as well make all the money in sight. He's rolling now, but they say he's going to be the richest man in the world—a sweet ambition! Hope he'll enjoy himself! I'll bet a doughnut he isn't happy this second. I wouldn't be in his skin for a dollar a minute."

And the silent Trefethen squirmed under that skin and agreed.

"He's a Yale man," put in Van Arden reflectively.

"More's the pity," growled Elliot. "We're not proud of him. Do you suppose any of us will ever turn into case-hardened octopuses like that? Ginger! I'll make a try at least not to be a disgrace to my Alma Mater." With that, as his guest sat quiet, his eyes on his cigar, "We're giving Mr. Lord a dickens of a gay time," Elliot announced cheerfully. "Unloading all our kicks for his benefit. Now cut it out, fellows. Mr. Lord's not crazy about our great thoughts on political economy. He's no captain of industry——" All at once he seemed to realize that in fact they did not know what their guest might be. "You said you were a lawyer, didn't you?" he demanded a bit anxiously.

Trefethen smiled. "I've been called as bad as that," he answered truthfully—for he had been admitted and had practised twenty years ago. And the boy was quite satisfied.

"That's all right," he said, relieved. "Pearly Gates, you sing."

And Pearly's lovely voice floated out as promptly and as easily as if someone had started a music-box. First an old song adapted to the football captain of the year, and all the room—but one —joined in as he led it:

"Here's to Dick Elliot, Dick Elliot—
Here's to Dick Elliot, he's with us to-night.
He's with us, God bless him; he's with us,
God bless him;
Here's to Dick Elliot, he's with us to-night."

With its never-ending chorus of

"Chug-a-chug, chug-a-chug, chug-a-chug——

Then, slipping effortless from one air to another, he was singing a favorite of Trefethen's own time.

"Winds of night around us sighing,"

sang Pearly,

"'Neath the elm-trees murmur low."

And the other voices joined in and the deep sound flooded the room as the boys sang, as Trefethen sang with them words about

"The merry life we lead 'neath the elms,
'Neath the elms of dear old Yale."

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They were out in the street now, marching together, arm linked in arm. Dick Elliot's big hand was across the older man's shoulder, and the touch was pleasant to him. So pleasant that his voice stopped in the middle of a line once, and the phalanx burst into a roar of young laughter.

"Did it swallow a fly?" Jimmy Selden inquired impudently. They were all boys together now for sure.

So, singing and laughing, the five went down the dark street to the station, Trefethen in the midst, the guest, the hero, quite dazed, and happy as he thought he had forgotten how to be happy.

"You wouldn't let us give you a real red celebration," Selden explained, as they stood on the platform, waiting. "It was fittinger that a crew captain should be officially blowed to a party, and that dinner wasn't much—just a snack. But we done what we could—I done my durndest," he finished modestly. And Dick Elliot's scornful "Huh!" came out of darkness.

"Did we give you the time of your life? Do you like us?" Jimmy investigated further, and Trefethen laid a hand on his muscular arm.

"You've given me the best time I've had in twenty-five years," he said. "And I like you a lot."

"Well, we like you; you're the right sort," Van Arden's quick tones threw back frankly, and with that Pearly broke easily, sweetly, into

> "He's a jolly good fellow
> As nobody can deny."

And the others chorused it with ringing notes. And as the train moved slowly out—Trefethen standing on the platform, watching his friends with intent eyes, with a new sense of loneliness—Pearly Gates's thrilling clear music rose again in "Bright College Years," the other voices instantly lifting to his.

> "The seasons come, the seasons go;
> The earth is green or white with snow;
> But time and change shall naught avail
> To break the friendships formed at Yale"

they sang. And the train moved faster, and the boys stood in the half-light of the station, arms around each other's shoulders, leaning on each other, singing. And the train drew away.

On the 27th of August the *Celtic* sailed from Liverpool for New York. As the land of Wales melted into clouds a young fellow with conspicuous, broad shoulders walked aft and fell into conversation with a man who stood watching the fading earth-line.

"I never can take any stock in the ship till the land's clean gone," the man said. "It'll be gone in a few minutes now." He glanced about the deck as if the next interest were awakening. "A crowd on board," he said. "Quite a lot of celebrities. Have you noticed the passenger list?"

"No," said the boy politely, but a bit absent-mindedly.

"There's Lord and Lady de Gray, and a French marquis—I forget his name; and a Russian prince—I can't pronounce his. And there are several big Americans. That's Trefethen over there—Marcus Trefethen, the capitalist." He nodded across the deck where a tall man stood alone, smoking and staring out at sea.

The boy turned. "Marcus Trefethen? I'd like to see him." His eyes searched. "Where?"

"The tall fellow with a cigar—right where you're looking." The gaze changed to bewilderment, and with that there flashed to his face an astonished delight. "Marcus Trefethen your grandmother!" he threw at the man, and with a leap he was gone.

"Mr. Lord—why this is great! You haven't forgotten me—Dick Elliot—the races on Lake Whitney last May. Yes—I didn't think you would." Trefethen's hand hurt with the grip it got.

"So you and young Ruthven had your trip, after all?" he said five minutes later.

"Golly! Did we!" responded Elliot with enthusiasm. "Never had such a bully time in all my life, and Carl's as happy as a king—his father all right, his two years in Germany arranged, everything going his way. The finest chap. I wish you knew him! Wasn't it queer, though, about that old Trefethen, the octopus? Nobody understands, but he suddenly just took the clamps off, and buzz! the wheels went 'round. The Southwestern Railroad came to, and is going like a queen, and Mr. Ruthven was well the minute he heard it—pretty near dead he was, too. Carl came back to college with howls of joy, and he rowed the race, and we smeared the Harvards, and the whole thing went like a book. What do you suppose happened to old Tref-

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ethen?" he shot at the other. "Lost his mind, didn't he?"

"Old Trefethen" puffed at his cigar. "Hadn't heard of it," he said tersely.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Lord. I feel differently toward that old galoot. Since the Southwestern business I respect him. I don't understand, but I swear I respect him. I've read every scrap about him in the papers, and I've formed an opinion. It's my idea that he's decided there are better games than being the richest man in the world. He's certainly thrown away his chance for that, by what they say."

"He certainly has," the other responded, as one having authority, but the boy did not notice. A flash of amusement lit his face and his words flashed after it.

"Do you know, Mr. Lord—that's queer—I'd forgotten." The hurrying words fell over each other. "You were pointed out to me as Trefethen this minute. That's how I came to see you."

The man knocked his cigar ash into the sea. "Curious," he said quietly. It's not the first time, however—I look like him." He went on. "Tell me about yourself. What are you going to do when you get home?"

The bright face grew serious. "Well, Mr. Lord," he said, "I'm in bad luck. Not the worst, for my people are all right, thank Heaven—but it's bad. My father's business—he's a steel man—is in poor shape, and it's about inevitable that he's got to fail. If he could raise a hundred thousand he could tide through, but he can't do it. It's too much for the small people, and the big people won't risk it—and he can't ask them. So. They wanted me to stay over with Carl and finish out my six months, and I could, for the trip is off money that was left me. They said they'd rather have me, and I'd only be in the way at home, and all that. But it seemed to me that if the governor was in a scrape I'd better go and stand by him. Even if I'm not good for much at first, I might help brace him up. Don't you think I was right?" he asked wistfully.

"I do, indeed," the other answered with emphasis. And then slowly, staring at the earnest face: "I wish I owned something like a boy to stand by me in time of trouble." A quick color rushed to Elliot's cheeks.

"If you mean that—you don't know me much—but if you'd let me—I'm not a lot of good yet, but I'm trustworthy. I'll stand by you, Mr. Lord."

It was very boyish, but it went straight. So straight that Trefethen did not speak, and the lad went on eagerly. "Looks like you were in a scrape this minute, from the cock of your eye. Is it money? All right. Here I be. Just use me for a battering-ram or any old thing, and I'll take charge of you and the governor together."

At that Trefethen found his voice and his hand fell on the huge shoulder. "You're adopted," he said. "Just remember that. But I don't need you just at present—not that way. I'm doing rather well financially."

Suddenly he drew back a step, and put his hands in his pockets and stared at the boy quizzically, a slow smile coming in his eyes. "You're a dear lad," he said, and his voice sounded strange to him. "But you're an expensive luxury. That afternoon at New Haven cost me five million dollars down, and heaven knows how many more by this time." The boy stared, amazed. "I don't grudge it, you know. What I got for it has paid, and will. I got a new point of view and a sense of proportion. I got a suspicion that what men want millions for is happiness, and millions don't bring it; I got a startling and original impression that the only way to get anything out of life is to live it for other people; I got the thought that service and not selfishness is the measure of a man's value, and I got—oh, I got this thing rubbed in with salt and lemon juice till it smarted like the devil—I got the idea that to play the game fairly is the first thing required if you mean to be a man at all."

The boy gasped. "Who are you?" he stammered.

"Wait a minute. I was just going over the edge of a precipice. I'd have slid down pleasantly—a long way down—and I'd have wallowed in gold at the bottom, and it would have been a mighty cold, hard bed, too. I'd have been miserable and lonely, with half the world envying me, after I'd got there. But there were two or three strings tied to me yet—and they were lying up on God's earth above the precipice, and you boys got hold of them and yanked me back. Great Scott, but you yanked manfully!" he said, and laughed and shook his

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head at the memory. "It wasn't your political economy—I'd read things something like what you said. But I saw myself through your eyes—honest eyes. You had nothing to gain or lose, and you gave me your sincere thoughts—and you gave 'em from the shoulder, you'll allow me to say. Jove, how you roasted me! A spirit that I'd forgotten about was in every word, and I caught it, and I'm trying to keep the disease, for I believe that, from a practical point of view, it's the spirit that will bring a man peace at the last. And all along."

"Who are you?" Dick Elliot demanded again in a frightened voice.

"I think you half know," the other said. "I'm Marcus Lord Trefethen, and I'll never be the richest man in the world, and I thank heaven for it. Don't hate me, boy—don't be afraid of me, for your friendship's important to me," he went on. "You remember what you said—you'd stand by me. I need you now." And the young face brightened and smiled frankly at him.

"Ginger, I'll do it, too," he said. "You're worth saving. You can't phase me just by being a bloated bondholder, Mr. Lor—Mr. Trefethen."

"That's the sort," said Trefethen gladly. "And as you belong to me a bit—adopted, you remember—you're to take that hundred thousand to your father from me. We'll send him a Marconi that will stagger him."

Elliot gasped again. "Oh, no—I can't do that—I wouldn't have told you," he stammered.

"Come, Dick, don't be a jackass," advised Trefethen. "It's business—I'm lending it to him—I'll skin you both yet." And then, as he still hesitated, with wide troubled eyes on the great man's face, Trefethen put out his hand and found the football captain's fingers, and twisted them into the fraternity grip—and the old college boy smiled at the young one. "Brothers, aren't we?" he demanded. "You've done a lot more for me than I can do for you," and with that, a flash of misty mischief coming into his eyes, "'By ginger,'" quoted Marcus Trefethen, "let me 'make a try at least not to be a disgrace to my Alma Mater.'"

UNAWARE

By William Hervey Woods

"CHILDREN, tell me who was she
Dancing with you on the lea?
That bright maid of mien beguiling,
Sometimes sad and sometimes smiling,
But with witching sweetness wiling
    All your hearts away—
Was it elfin maid, or human,
Princess fay, or budding woman,
    Led your games to-day?"
Then again I heard her laughter,
And the children a-dancing after,
    Said nor yea nor nay.

"Who was with you, lovers twain,
Yonder in the moonlit lane?
Young she seemed, and maiden-slender,
Yet might Psyche nothing mend her
Phantom grace, nor Venus lend her
    Aught of beauty new—

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Once I watched her bend and whisper—
Did she in that speaking lisp her
Name and fame to you?"
"Nay," the lovers said in wonder,
"None was in the rose-lane yonder,
None beside us two."

"Mother, in whose brooding eyes
Shine low lights of Paradise,
When the sunset skies of amber
Paint the west, and in the chamber
Sleepy-head at last would clamber
Up the waiting knee,
Round ye both her white arms twining,
Standeth one in raiment shining,
Wondrous fair to see—
Can this be the Mary-mother?"
Soft she answered, "Here's no other
But my child and me."

"Soldier, in thy stern delight
Charging headlong down the fight,
Who is she above you gliding
Like some ancient goddess guiding
Heroes forth, and still dividing
With them triumphs won?
Not more brave was Trojan Hector,
Not more proud the Trojan's victor,
Far by Ilion."
"Vex me with no phantom woman,"
Cried the soldier, "Lo, the foeman
Wavers! Ride, ride on!"

Seeking still and still distraught,
To the sage my quest I brought,
"Tell me, father, what this haunting
Vision is, this changing, taunting,
Woman shape the world enchanting,
Yet that none confess:
Is it trick of necromancy,
Or some bright mirage of fancy
Gilding men's distress?"
"That," the wise man answered, sighing,
Something far beyond him eying,
"That is Happiness."

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THE "MEMORIA" OF VELASQUEZ

By Walter Pach

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ARTISTS have left but little of written criticism. That they are practised critics, that nothing more delights their leisure than the close analytical scrutiny of the productions of art—other men's and their own—no one can doubt. We see them in museums—knots of intense students praising or condemning, sustaining an opinion or opposing it, just as we see them in Zola's "L'Œuvre" and the few other great books on artists. Follow them back as far as the records take us: to Dürer visiting Flanders and Italy and pronouncing on what he saw; to Botticelli explaining that the principle of beauty lies within the artist; even to Cimabue recognizing the germ of a noble art in the untrained drawings of the youthful Giotto—and still we find that hand in hand with the faculty of creation goes that of criticism. But what has become of this mass of opinion—the weightiest that could be brought to bear on the much-discussed problems of art? All but the smallest of stray parts has been lost with the breath that uttered it. If the question of the value of their opinions entered at all the minds of most artists, it would seem as if they thought their ideas could be read clearly enough in their works. Only an unusual combination of circumstances—of fortune, of success in the work, of acquaintance with artists, could bring a Vasari to write. In Cellini it was the union of egotism and insatiable desire for expression; in Sir Joshua it was his exceptional point of view that the principles of art could be taught; in Fromentin we recognize that a scholarly quality of mind and training, rare among artists, led him to set down his ideas in writing.

The efforts of a Spanish *savant* some years ago made a new and most important addition to the store of criticism by artists. The "Memorial of Paintings," by Velasquez, here given for the first time to English readers (see page 44), shows that the great Spaniard "had the gift for language as for paint." Indeed, it was in the "History of Spanish Literature" from which these words are quoted that I first learned of Velasquez's having written. No one in America seemed to know of the matter, and it was after considerable time that a very kind answer from Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, the author of the "History," reached me in Madrid. It referred me to the memorials of the Spanish Academy for 1871, in which appears the following extract from the minutes of a meeting in March of that year: "In behalf of our correspondent in Cadiz, Don Adolfo de Castro, and with a note of transmission which was read, Señor Fernandez-Guerra presented a rare and precious example of a pamphlet which contains, as denoted by the title, 'A Memorial of the Paintings which the Catholic Majesty of the King our lord Don Philip the Fourth sends to the Monastery of San Lorenzo the Royal, of the Escorial, this year of 1656. Described and arranged by Diego Velasquez de Sylva, etc.': —and with this printed matter, a manuscript from Señor Castro dedicated to the Academy, and purposing to prove that the small work cited is not the only datum which would make us give to the painter Velasquez the rank of a good writer. The Academy wished at once to hear the catalogue *raisonné* of Velasquez; and indeed occupied with it the rest of the session, the reading being often interrupted by demonstrations of applause, observations, and comments from almost all the academicians present. And as, in the discreet and laconic description and critical judgment of the pictures there were naturally encountered words and phrases technical in art, and authoritatively used by the author, it was decided to include Don Diego Velasquez among the authorities on the language recognized by the Academy.

"It was also the unanimous decision to give a vote of most sincere thanks to Señor Castro; and that the said pamphlet, together with the manuscript of our zealous correspondent, be published in our memorials.

"The Academy also decided that the present location of each of the pictures described should be noted, as far as possible; and this charge was given to the academician Don Manuel Cañete."

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Perhaps it would be as well to give here the results of his search. Of the total number of works treated by Velasquez, he identifies twenty-one as among those in the Prado Museum in Madrid; nine are in the Escorial, while twenty-two more, including the "famous" St. Sebastian of Titian, he fails to trace, though a Titian mentioned—"The Tribute Money"—appears to have been the one stolen by the French general Marshal Soult, who afterward sold it to the National Gallery of London for 62,000 francs. It is now set down in the catalogue of that museum as "school of Titian." Such was evidently not the impression of Velasquez, for in his passing mention of it he says, describing the location of each painting at the monastery, "after that one, the painting *from the hand of Titian*" of the "Tribute Money, etc."

The foot-notes of the "Memoria" are by Señor Cañete, except the one on the word *aposentador*.

Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, in his history above cited, in speaking of the "Memoria" says: "It deserves a passing reference as a model of energetic expression in a time when most professional men of letters were Gongorists or *conceptistas*." (The followers of the former of these schools of literature might be called the euphuists of Spain; those of the latter tried to elevate the style of their writings by interspersing them with frequent allusions to "concepts" of pseudo-sciences concocted by themselves.)

The first of the writers on Velasquez to refer to the "Memoria" was Don Francisco Pacheco, the Sevillian painter with whom Velasquez studied, and whose daughter, Doña Juana, afterward became his wife. We are indebted to the book of this old painter and scholar for much of our information about the great master, and in it we read of this transference by Philip the Fourth of a part of his collections, on the occasion of certain solemnities connected with the royal tombs at the great mausoleum. Pacheco expressly says, "My son-in-law also drew up a memorial of the pictures that were sent." Palomino, another and highly considered writer on art, at a somewhat later time, also mentions the transaction, speaking eulogistically of Velasquez's style in writing and his command of the subject. After these references, we lose track of the little book, and indeed one of the numerous and distinguished family of Madrazo spoke of it in a discourse as "unfortunately lost." A phrase of Palomino's furnishes a clue to the probable explanation of this; he says the memorial was done "for the information of his Majjesty as to the disposition of the pictures." Velasquez having performed the whole work simply in accordance with his duties as court painter, the idea that his pages might become a matter of concern to others, either as criticism or as literature, does not seem to have occurred to anyone but that youthful associate of the master, Juan de Alfaro, whose name appears on the title-page. Whether this devoted young pupil (later to become a very tolerable painter), hailing his master as the "Apelles of this century" (he afterward wrote a long epic in Latin with Velasquez as the hero), really did have the work printed in Rome to consecrate it to posterity, or only pretended that he did in order, as Señor Castro surmises, to forestall possible trouble, we cannot be sure. Certainly in our gratitude for the preservation of the document we must hope that his act procured him no disfavor from his superiors, though it can hardly have been acceptable to that Padre Santos, a chaplain at the Escorial, who, during the two years that intervened between Velasquez's writing of the "Memoria" and Alfaro's publication of it, in his book on the monastery made use of Velasquez's manuscript for a description of the pictures without giving credit to the original author, changing his text only superficially. It is clear from the extracts which Castro includes in his notes that Santos borrowed in the same way from his celebrated predecessor, Sigüenza. The attitude of still a third monk, however, makes it seem as if such methods were then considered less reprehensible than now. This last, Padre Ximenez, "ingenuously confesses" that he copied from Sigüenza and Santos, only making such changes as he thought would improve their lines.

The publication of Santos's plagiarism, which Señor Castro treated fully in the essay which he sent to the Academy, together with the "Memoria," produced an effect which the "learned writer," as Beruete calls him, did not expect. For it is around Santos that dissension centres as to the

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authenticity of the work—a small group of critics having come forward with the contention that he, and not Velasquez, was the author. Perhaps the first to take issue against Castro's discovery was the Spanish art-writer, Villaamil. His first point, that Velasquez could not have set Raphael's "Pearl" above his other work, "The Virgin of the Fish," seems too easily refutable by the change in ideas that two centuries may bring to need further discussion. His second criticism, however, having been taken up by Don Aureliano de Beruete in his book on Velasquez, is more important. Villaamil says that an honor which is given to Velasquez on the title-page of the little book was one he did not at the time enjoy, *i. e.*, that he was not then a knight of Santiago (St. James). But even if we were to allow that this argument could utterly vitiate the "Memoria's" claim to authenticity, there would still remain to the critic by far the greater part of his task in proving his statement. From Palomino we know that the Pope's sanction, which was needed for the painter's final entry into the noble order, did not come until after the publication by Alfaro—as Villaamil notes. But from the same source we know that the king, "acknowledging no temporal superior," conferred the title first, and had Velasquez's qualifications (freedom from any taint of Moorish or Jewish blood, absence of his family during three generations from any commercial pursuit or base office, etc., etc.) proved for Rome afterward. Mr. John La Farge, in discussing this point, as connected with Velasquez's wearing the red cross of the order in his own picture of the "Meninas" (two years before the "Memoria"), distinctly takes the ground that the insignia was even then due to the artist. For, he reasons, following the old account that it was Philip himself who painted on his favorite's breast the cross in the picture, the king not only wished to reward him for the work, but to make it apparent to all who saw this intimate record that the painter thus associated with himself and his family was a person of sufficient rank for the honor. So Villaamil's objection as to the dates can in no way be considered final.

Prof. Carl Justi, pursuing what Beruete calls a series of "ingenious reasonings," finds what he thinks cause for considerable doubt. The author of the "Memoria" seems to him rather cavalier in the style with which he begins to speak of an English king dead seven years before, plunges, "like a modern essayist, *in medias res*, so as to rivet the attention of the reader by a striking statement," and only at the end brings in King Philip, with whom he really should have begun. Could we get more data on Velasquez's correspondence—so much of which is lost—we might include this opinion of Justi's in a consideration of the exact degree of the king's intimacy which the court painter enjoyed; but how little it affects the validity of the present document may be judged from the silence which the German's fellow-dissenters preserve upon the point.

Justi—as also Beruete—finds the opinions which Velasquez expresses on the pictures quite out of accord with his characteristics as a painter. I take up below the arguments which seem to me to prove that no such incompatibility exists. And, while recognizing the scholarly qualities in the works of both of these gentlemen, and the increased knowledge of the great master which they have spread, I must remark that a constitutional disposition to overcriticise seems to afflict them both—leading to such mistaken decisions as that which they rendered against the Velasquez portrait recently acquired by the Boston Museum, a work whose genuineness is now commonly admitted.

Justi's final point—or, in his own book, the first—is, that a suggestion by Stirling-Maxwell in 1848, that Velasquez's lost "Memoria" may have guided Santos, did not, perhaps, fall on deaf ears; meaning that Señor Castro, having possibly read the Scotch author's lines, might have fabricated the work, or reconstructed it according to his own lights. This insinuation of Professor Justi becomes the more surprising as we read on in his chapter and find that the only support which he brings to it is what he considers the internal evidence which the text of the document contains.

Here Beruete stands entirely apart from him. He does not believe in the "Memoria," but his attitude toward Castro is wholly that of respect, laying the blame—if such there is—on the eighteenth-century conceit of producing literary forgeries. It seems most probable to him that the culprit was the Count de Saceda, on the ground that

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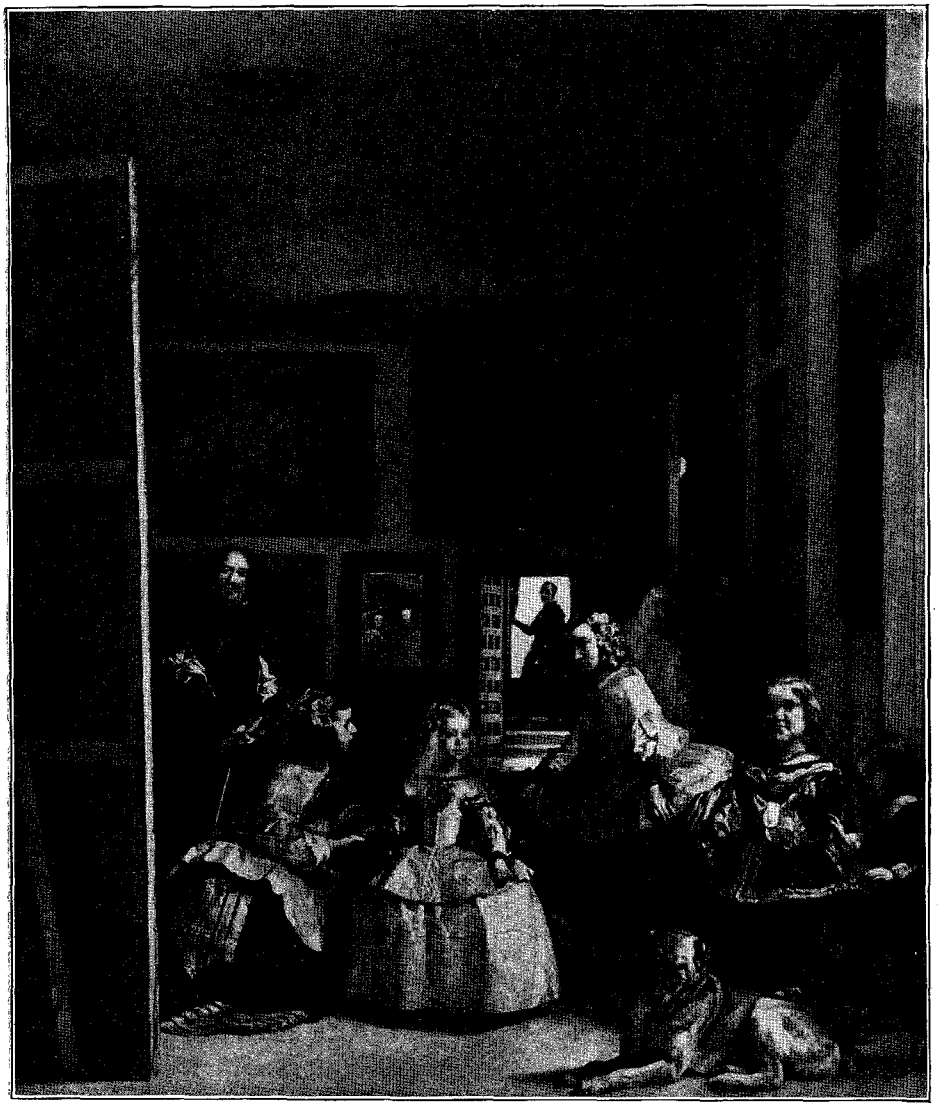

From the painting by Velasquez.

The Meninas.

At the left of the picture appears Velasquez, showing on his breast the red cross painted by King Philip in recognition of his work and proclaiming him a person of rank.

he was especially fond of this species of mystification. Beruete reviews the works of Villaamil and Justi, and states that Señor Menendez y Pelayo, one of the most distinguished of Spanish *littérateurs* to-day, first accepted the "Memoria" and later decided against it. On Stirling-Maxwell's idea that Velasquez's book was used by Santos—that shrewd surmise which led Justi to his strange accusation—Beruete is silent, although he must have known of it from the former's reference. Sir Walter Armstrong, while he does not produce any further reason of his own for doubting the work, dismisses it more summarily than any of the preceding critics, with a poetic comparison of our loss of the "Memoria" to that of certain relics of Dante. Such writing can only deepen an impression that the opinions of this group would have greater weight if more evidence should sustain their assertions and more logic temper their sentiment.

In France, Baron Charles Davillier, the well-known writer on art and art industries,

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especially Spanish, translated the "Memoria" into French (Paris, 1874). Lefort, in the Velasquez book of his series, "Les Artistes Célèbres," gives considerable space to the document, which he accepts without question.

Upon being published in Spain by the Academy, the "Memoria" was generally received in much the same spirit as when first read to that body. The ascription of certain pictures of which Velasquez treats, now returned to Madrid and the Prado Museum, has been changed since the discovery of the document. Such is, for example, the "Ecce Homo" of Titian, formerly ascribed to Bassano. Later catalogues confirm Velasquez's account of the distribution of the pictures; indeed, a few are to-day where he placed them. The number of pictures lost is very largely attributable to the conflagrations, which in later and decadent reigns "afflicted" the Escorial.

For the Academy's reprint of the "Memoria" Cañete found it necessary to do no more than modernize the spelling, a few slight errors of printing also being corrected. So we read the master's words to-day precisely as he left them.

Two and a half centuries have gone by since Velasquez wrote his memorial, and on the artists here so succinctly treated whole libraries of commentary and criticism have piled up. But the surety of the master's judgment was such that we look in vain among the received authorities for any considerable divergence from the lines of opinion that he laid down. The simple and direct words with which Velasquez notes the difference between the face of the Virgin and that of the others in Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" contain the substance of the lengthy treatments of such subjects that we find in later writers. Sparing as are the phrases with which he describes each picture, we find again and again that he has fairly included the salient qualities of the painter.

He is impressed by the devotion, the reverence, and the feeling in Raphael. Not only to the faces in the "Virgin of the Fish," but to those in many another of the master's pictures could be applied Velasquez's words, "beautiful and grave, . . . although smiling." So, too, where he speaks earlier of "her exceeding grace" many a Raphael Madonna must come to mind.

Of an entirely different tenor is his discussion of the Tintoretto picture. Admiration for the truth of effect here takes the place of a search for spiritual qualities. Who but Velasquez among the old masters would have hit on that phrase "ambient air" between the figures? And when we read the remarks on the flatness of the floor, and think that it was this very year of 1656 which saw the "Meninas" flow from his brush, we see a connection between the ideas which he expressed in writing and the ones which he expressed in paint. With this great interior of his own beside the Tintoretto, there would, as Lefort suggests, have been one picture at least which would not "remain in terms of painting." The photograph shows how completely he has described the Del Sarto in the few sentences he employs. Again an even more succinct note is that on the Correggio, where the rapid phrases seem like the strokes of his own brush. We wonder if he does not define his position between realism and idealism when he says that the landscape "equally deceives and rejoices the sight," for of all pictures, his hold the truest balance between the two.

History tells us that Michael Angelo, on seeing a painting by Titian, spoke slightingly of Venetian drawing. But here admirers of the great colorist have a dictum of equal value in favor of his drawing, and from an absolute master of the figure, when Velasquez says that the "famous" Saint Sebastian was "beautifully planted on his feet." This is to say that Titian has met one of the very difficult problems of drawing.

It has frequently been noted that painters of varying schools—draughtsmen, colorists, and expressers—justify their theories by citing the same great masters. And that this arises from no anomaly is seen in these pages. For directly after his praise of the noble figure-drawing in the Veronese "Marriage at Cana" Velasquez gives his appreciation of the distinctions of expression, and finally in the same paragraph a recognition not only of the color in the vesture of the little negro for itself, but for that "spot" as related to the whole composition. Later again he speaks of a figure by Titian as being "so divinely colored that it seems alive and of flesh." Men of the first rank appreciate all sides of art and embody them in their production. Afterward, men who can

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From the painting by Raphael Sanzio de Urbino.

"The Pearl."

do but one thing find it in the work of the masters, and straightway proclaim them as proving their doctrine.

In spite of his catholicity, however, from his earliest *bodegón* to the "St. Anthony and St. Paul" of the latest period of his life, certain tendencies and preferences are markedly apparent in Velasquez's work, and it would be unnatural that these should have no effect on his judgment. They do; and if it seems at times, as in placing that first Raphael—the "Pearl"—above the Tintoret, that he does not follow completely his own judgment, we must remember that it was the pictures of his "lord, the king" with which he had to deal, and while he might

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reverse this decision in familiar conversation with a brother artist, as we know he did in Italy, before the rigors of his official position it was necessary to leave things in their accepted places. How far he did follow his own taste is witnessed by his general trend toward admiring excellence of representation, even in the work of Raphael, which later critics, notably those of French schooling, regard as the sublimation of harmonious line. And could the phrases on Tintoretto's "facility and verve" of handling come more naturally from any other than the only painter to challenge the supreme Frans Hals for sheer mastery of the brush? Color, again, is with Velasquez related with adherence to the facts of nature, if not actually dependent on that fidelity. Far from being at variance with his work in the Prado, let us say, is not this the very quality which for so long caused men to blunder about it? For, with their eyes accustomed to the golden tone of Venetian painting, it was only a short time ago that men were saying, even such a one as our own John Hay, that Velasquez's canvases contained truth but no beauty.

A phrase which occurs more than once in the "Memoria" is "lo historiado"—the recorded, or, as I render it, the representation. That a picture should have suggested to Velasquez this word, that for all its æsthetic appeal, a painting was to him not merely a design or a color scheme—whence his presentation of such compositions as the "Martyrdom of St. Ginés" and "Christ's Visit to His Mother," as the records of events, and his recognition of the portrait quality even in those heads of personages merely figuring in a scene—all this agrees well with that noblest work which in the "Surrender of Breda," the "Spinners" and the "Meninas" touches the highest point attained by art.

A MEMORIAL OF THE PAINTINGS

Which The Catholic Majesty
Of the King our Lord Don Philip the Fourth, sends to the Monastery of San Lorenzo the Royal of the Escorial, this year MDCLVI,

Described and Arranged
By Diego de Sylva Velasquez,
Knight of the Order of Santiago, Groom of the Bed Chamber to His Majesty, Reception Steward of His Imperial Palace,* Adjutant of the Wardrobe, Usher of the Chamber, Superintendent Extraordinary of Royal Works, and Court Painter—
the Apelles of this Century.

Offered, Dedicated and Consecrated to Posterity
By Don Juan de Alfaro.
Printed in Rome in the Office of Ludovico Grignano in the year
M.D.C.LVIII
Translated from the Spanish by Walter Pach.

Charles Stuart, King of England, worthy of better fortune for the excellent parts with which nature gifted him, with laudable and generous ambition to embellish his palace and enrich his Kingdom with the most noble, precious, and exquisite that might be found in foreign lands, scattered through them persons of gentle mind, taste, intelligence and information. They traversed Europe, and supplementing with their diligence, the gold which the king freely provided, were fortunate in acquiring much of the best that interested them. They transported it to England and its royal palaces of Westminster and Nonsuch—which latter, newly adorned, worthily deserved its name. Painting, in England, was given first place among the arts; not only for its intrinsic excellence, but because of the honor which the pictures to be found there reflect upon it—famous works by those artists who in our times receive the veneration and cult which the past gave to its Apelles, Parrhasius, and Zeuxis. But at the tragic death of Charles, this care and labor of so many men fell to the ground in a day. Side by side with the rumor of his death ran that of this rich and singular spoil, convening to its auction all the princes of Europe. And through the Ambassador of Spain and other confidants in England, Don Luis Mendez de Haro, Count-Duke of San Lúcar, was represented at the sale, as became one who in all things is ever

* *Aposentador:* It was the duty of this official to provide for royal guests or for the reception of the king when he travelled.

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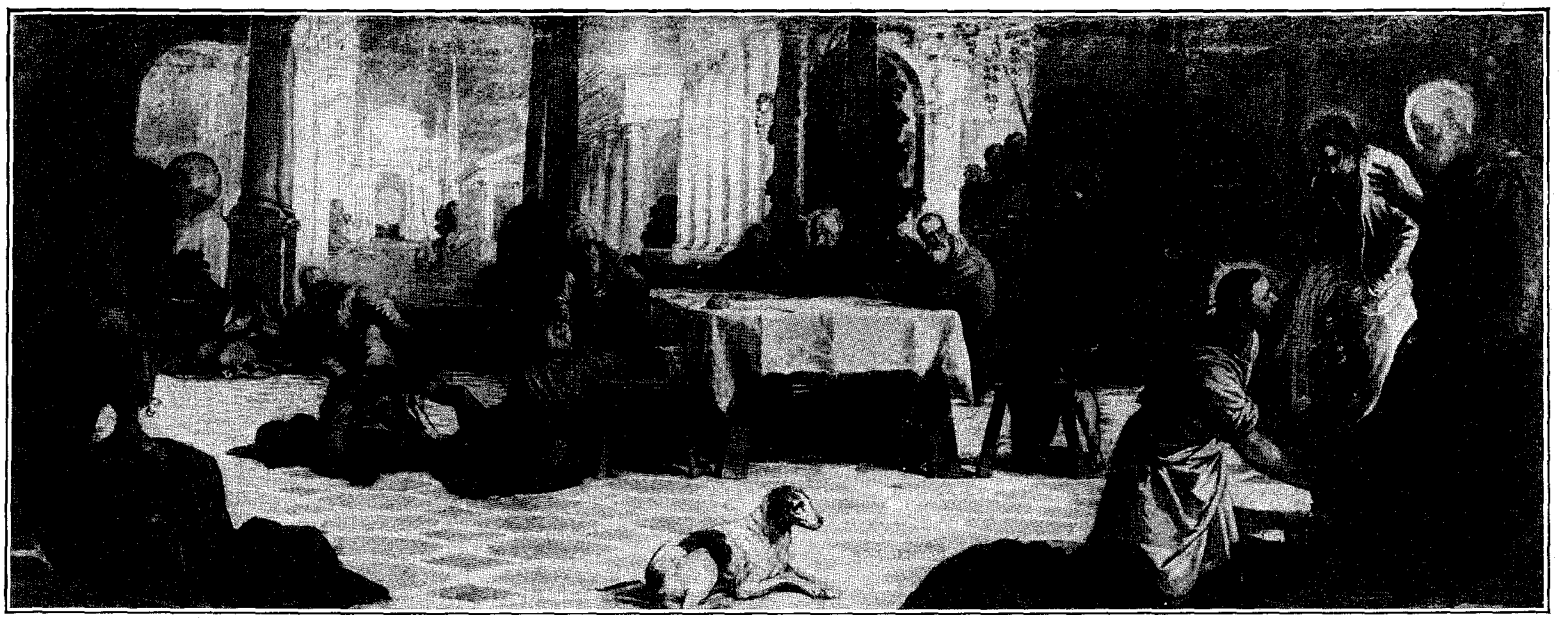

From the painting by Jacobo Tintoretto.

Christ Washing the Feet of the Disciples, the Night of the Supper.

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watchful to secure the best. This he did here, obtaining for high prices (which seemed nothing to him) the canvases and panels which were justly reputed the best among many good ones. When they were brought to Madrid and their excellence was recognized close at hand to deserve the attention of our Lord the King, with his superior understanding, [the Duke] laid them at his feet, and they had their due place and estimation in the Royal Palace—that sumptuous treasury and asylum of culture, where, obedient to Jove's command, the Arts have accumulated what is most admirable and precious of his realm—the labor and honor of many ages.

I. [IN THE] SACRISTY.—Beyond competition, a panel* by Raphael Sanzio de Urbino merits the first place. It was carried from Mantua to England; in it is painted Our Lady with the Child, Saint Isabel and Saint John, with a landscape well applied to the figures, and in its second compartment a Saint Joseph—most excellent, all this, in drawing as in color. The action and countenance of the Virgin more than human. Words fail to explain her exceeding grace, that of the Child and the Saint John. The Child has his foot on a pillow that is in a cradle formed of osiers; the cloths of it are truth itself. No exaggeration could equal the taste and diligence of this work; we may assure ourselves that till to-day nothing equal by its author has been seen in Spain. The panel is five and a quarter feet high and a little more than four in breadth.

II. SACRISTY—Let there go in the second place, but not as inferior, the Canvas of

* This picture later came to be called "The Pearl," by which title it is now generally known.

From the painting by Andrea del Sarto.

Our Lady, the Child, and St. John.

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From the painting by Paolo Cagliari Veronese.

The Marriage of Cana in Galilee.

Christ performing the miracle of the conversion of water into wine.

Christ's Washing the Feet of the Disciples, the night of the Supper. The great Jacobo Tintoretto here exceeded himself. It is most excellent in conception, and admirable in invention and execution. With difficulty does the spectator persuade himself that what he sees is painting: such is the force of its tints and the disposition of its perspective, that he thinks he can enter and walk about on its pavement—flagged with stones of different colors, which, diminishing, make the distance in the piece seem great; and between the figures there is ambient air. The table, seats, and a dog which is introduced are truth, not paint. The facility and *verve* with which it is handled will cause astonishment to the most adept and practised painter; and in short, whatever the painting that be set beside this canvas, it will remain in terms of painting, while so much the more will this be felt to be *truth*. This canvas and another of the Supper were done by Tintoretto for the church called St. Mark's in Venice.* It was taken away and a copy put in its place, but although one knows that such is the case, so satisfactory and harmonious is the copy that even beside the work of the master it seems an original. It is seven and a half feet high and nineteen broad. The figures are life size.

III. SACRISTY.—The panel by Andrea del Sarto, of Florence, is very worthy of this place and to be the work of so great a master. It is Our Lady seated upon some steps. She holds the Child with one hand and with the other her mantle. The Child stands, looking at an angel dressed in a green and most beautifully worked tunic; he has an open book in his hands, and looks at the Child, who stretching out His arms with an action of rare life, seems to throw himself toward him. On the other side there is a figure (in the main part of the picture) seated on the steps; it may be taken as Saint John the Evangelist, though it bears none of the special marks that denote him. On the last of the steps is seen another small figure of a woman with a child by the hands, and all this against a landscape whose tints harmonize with the composition of the picture. This one was also taken to England from the auction of the Duke of Mantua.

* In the Catalogue of the Pictures of the Royal Monastery of San Lorenzo, called the Escorial, by Don Vicente Poleró y Toledo (Madrid, 1857), a note to page 11 says that this canvas was painted, not for the Church of St. Mark's, but for that of Santa Marcola. The Spanish ambassador, Don Alonso de Cárdenas, bought it at the auction of Charles I of England for King Philip IV for the sum of £250 sterling.

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IV. Chapter-room.—A painter of the Marriage of Cana in Galilee, where Christ is performing the miracle of the conversion of water into wine; it is by Paolo Cagliari Veronese, abounding in figures of the nobility and rare disposition that this great painter possessed in all he did, both those seated at the table and those that serve. There are admirable heads, and almost all seem portraits. Not so that of the Virgin, for it has greater gravity and divinity, and though very beautiful, corresponds proportionately to the age of Christ, who is beside her; a matter in which very many painters err, who painting Christ of mature years, paint his mother as a girl. There is one standing figure, dressed in white, who seems to enter from without. Others accompany him, and as they stop at the sight of the miracle one of those at the table describes it to them. Before the board is a little negro seen from the back, serving; his vesture is yellow, and the spot produces a great harmony in the composition. The figures are of half-size. The height of the picture is four and a half feet, and its length seven and a half.

Together with these four canvases he [the Duke] brought from England others, profane works, no less excellent—such as are the twelve emperors which the famous Titian painted for the Duke of Mantua, and which have been so frequently copied, to the greater fame and estimation of the originals (they serve to-day to adorn the royal palace of Mediodía); among them the portrait of the Lord Emperor Charles the Fifth as a young man, his hand resting on a greyhound. But as the above-named are the four principal paintings, we shall only speak now of them, reserving a consideration of the others which he brought and gave to His Majesty for a due time in the future.

As paintings really decide their own rank by their excellence and reputation, and as these are so possessed by the pictures here described, surely no one will imagine that I need give them grade or precedence. Presupposing this, I pass on to speak of others of the many that Don Ramiro Nuñez de Guzman, Duke of Medina de las Torres, gave to His Majesty when he came from Italy. The following go with the four described above.

V. Hall of the Chapter.—A panel * from the hand of Raphael of Urbino, in which is painted Our Lady seated on a high chair, and in front, below, a chest or pedestal of wood. At her right side is the youthful Tobias, kneeling with the fish in his hand that indicates his history, and the angel who accompanied him. Notable are the devotion, reverence, and feeling of both as they look at the Virgin and at the Child; all, it seems, have life. The countenance of the Virgin is beautiful and grave, as also that of the Child, although smiling. He stretches out his arm toward them, and the other rests on a Saint Jerome kneeling at the other side in the robes of a cardinal with the lion at his feet. Of this painting, Giorgio Vasari makes mention in the life of Raphael. He says it was painted for Naples and that it is in the Chapel of the Santo Cristo who spoke to Saint Thomas. The Duke carried it to Spain, and with other excellent pictures presented it to His Majesty. The panel is seven and a half feet high and five and a half broad.

VI. Sacristy.—A picture of as high estimation as the preceding, from the hand of Antonio Correggio, is the risen Christ in the orchard. The Magdalen, most beautiful, on her knees at his feet—most tender in feeling; the Christ very beautiful; the landscape, in which there is the illusion of a dawn, equally deceives and rejoices the sight. The height is four and a half feet and the width nearly four.

VII. Ante-sacristy.—A picture by Paul Veronese of the Mystery of the Purification. The figures are of half-size, but they have no lack of the appearance of life. In the centre is seen the aged Simeon, decorated with the insignia and ornaments of the High Priest, bowed with years, and resting his heavy body on two attendants who conduct him to the table or altar. The Virgin, kneeling before him with the Child in her hands on a white cloth, He all nude—most beautiful, tender, and seemingly with the restlessness so natural to that age, so that he appears more alive and in the flesh than painted. Saint Joseph accompanies the Virgin with a candle in his hand, and be-

* Señor Cañete's note.—Among the multitude of works of which the French despoiled us during the War of Independence, this picture went to Paris in 1813. The bad state of the panel made them transfer the painting to canvas, on which it is preserved to-day. They returned it to us in 1822. "The Virgin of the Fish" is the name generally given to this beautiful composition of the painter of Urbino.

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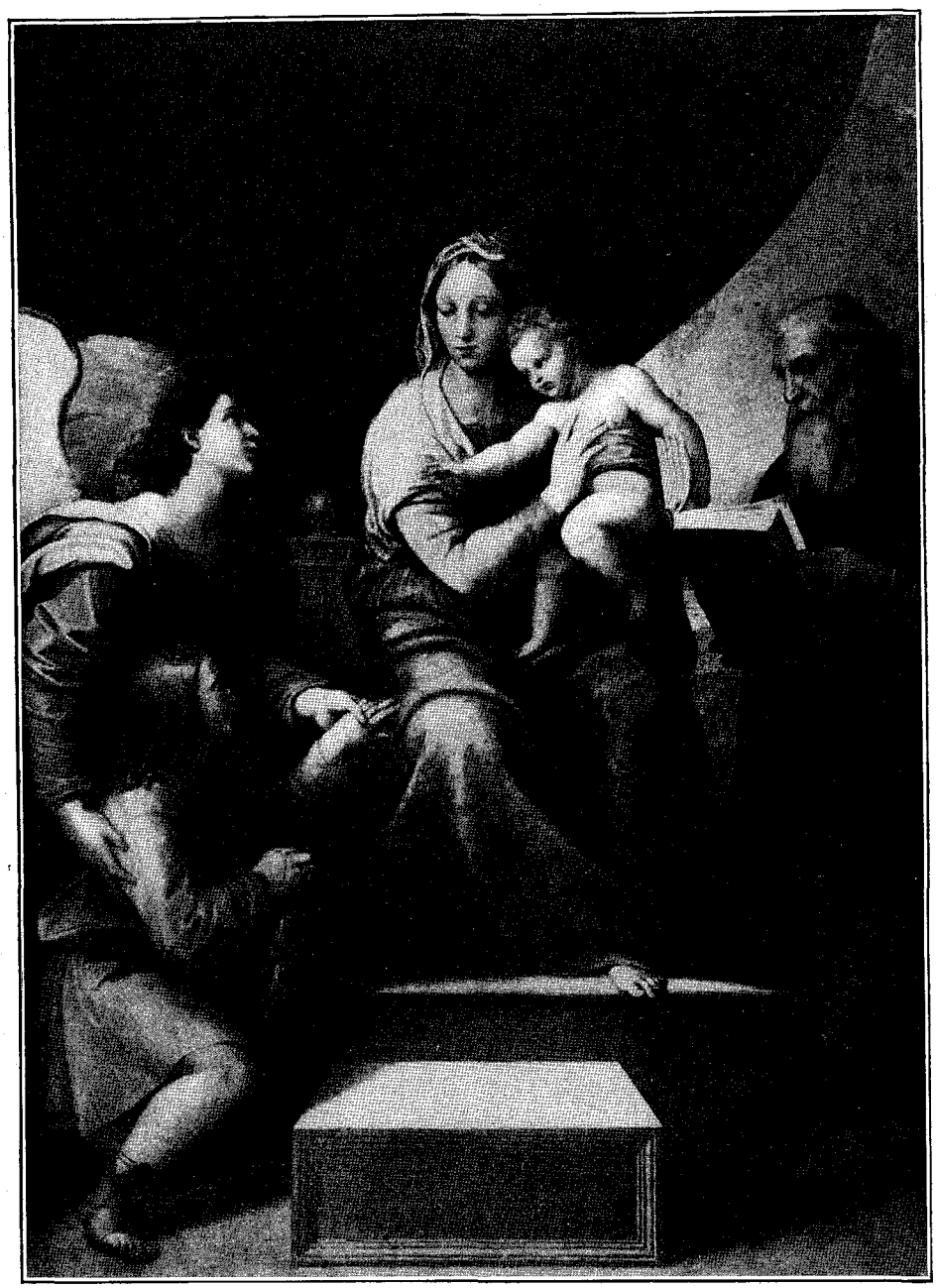

From the painting by Raphael Sanzio da Urbino.

The Virgin of the Fish.

hind the altar is a woman with some pigeons in a cage, all painted with the nobility and grand manner of its author. The countenance of the Virgin, which is seen in half-profile, is divine—most beautiful and modest, and the other heads of the figures of the story most excellent. One figure seen from the rear in front of the altar, in counter-position to a white cloth which covers it, dressed in a yellow garment striped with other colors, and with an open book in his hands, completes the composi-

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tion marvellously. This picture is four and three-quarters feet high, almost five wide.

VIII. ANTE-SACRISTY.—Another, by Titian, of the Flight into Egypt. In a natural and very beautiful landscape, Our Lady with the Child in her arms, gazing at Saint John, who brings her some cherries gathered from a tree by an angel; on the other side is Saint Joseph smiling, looking at the Child, on foot and leaning on his staff. Among the trees in the landscape is seen a little donkey grazing, and in the farthest distance, other animals. In the shrubbery, where there are terraces that seem real earth, some little rabbits gambol. In another part, on a pool, some ducks; marvellous all this, and in the best style of the author. The figures are less than life size. The height of the canvas five and a half feet, and twelve and a half broad.

IX. SACRISTY.—Another of the same artist, a "Betrothal of Saint Catherine." Our Lady is seated in a landscape, the Child reclining in her lap; the saint kneeling to caress Him; Saint John the Baptist, a child, who brings fruit to the Virgin, who extends her hand to take it. This is an original—highly esteemed. The figures less than life size. The height is three and a half feet, the breadth almost five.

X. SACRISTY.—Another picture, from the hand of Paris Bordone, a portrayal of Our Lady seated in a chair of state, with the Child standing on her knees. At her right hand a Saint Anthony of Padua, and at the other, Saint Roch, medium-sized figures; the whole painted with very good taste. Three and a half feet high, and in length, less than five.

The Admiral of Castile, Don Juan Alfonso Gutierrez de Cabrera, gave many and selected paintings to His Majesty when he came from Italy. Of these, the following go to the Escorial:

XI. CHAPTER-ROOM.—A canvas of Paul Veronese, in which Christ, accompanied by the Fathers of Limbo [*Padres del Limbo*—see Dante, "Inferno," Canto IV], visits his mother, finding her in loneliness and great affliction, praying. The countenance of the Virgin is one of great feeling, and in it are seen expressed at once sorrow and joy. Christ, most beautiful, with a white mantle, is blessing her, and nearest to him is seen the good thief, with his cross, and his hands in cords. The others, patriarchs and prophets—excellently painted and with great judgment, are recognized by their insignia. The invention is rare, the idea new, and the composition and harmony of the representation beyond exaggeration. The figures are less than life-size. It is nearly five feet high and almost eight wide.

XII. SMALL AULA.—Another of the same author; he has painted in it the martyrdom of a saint, * possibly Saint Sebastian. The other figures are many, varied in posture and in dress. It is of the finest of his work. The saint is kneeling, already placed on the spot where he is to be decapitated; the executioner bares his neck with one hand while with the other he holds the sword. The saint, with his eyes toward heaven, closes his ears against the persuasion of some priests who point to the bronze statue of a goddess; all is painted with singular grace and charming taste. The figures life size. The height is nine feet and the breadth six and a half.

XIII. SACRISTY.—Another of Saint Margaret reviving a boy whom an old man, accompanied by other persons, sustains with his hands. The figures are life size—more than half-length. It is held to be from the hand of Michael Angelo Caravaggio, and one of his best works in this style. The height is four and a quarter feet and the width more than three and a half.

Of the paintings which the Count of Monterey brought from Italy and gave to His Majesty, whom God preserve, the following are included:

XIV. SACRISTY.—One by Annibale Carracci of the Ascent of Our Lady to heaven. Leaving the sepulchre she rises on high accompanied by angels, and the apostles in various positions watch in wonder. It is a painting of great fame and stands among the good works of its author; very similar in its masses of color and in the disposition of the story to those of Tintoretto. It is in height four feet and three-quarters, in width three and a half.

XV. SACRISTY.—A picture by Fra Sebastiano del Piombo, of Venice. Christ, carrying the cross slanting, with a light violet tunic; a painting of grandeur and force. The head of the Christ is most beautiful,

* Cañete's note.—The martyrdom represented is that of Saint Ginés.

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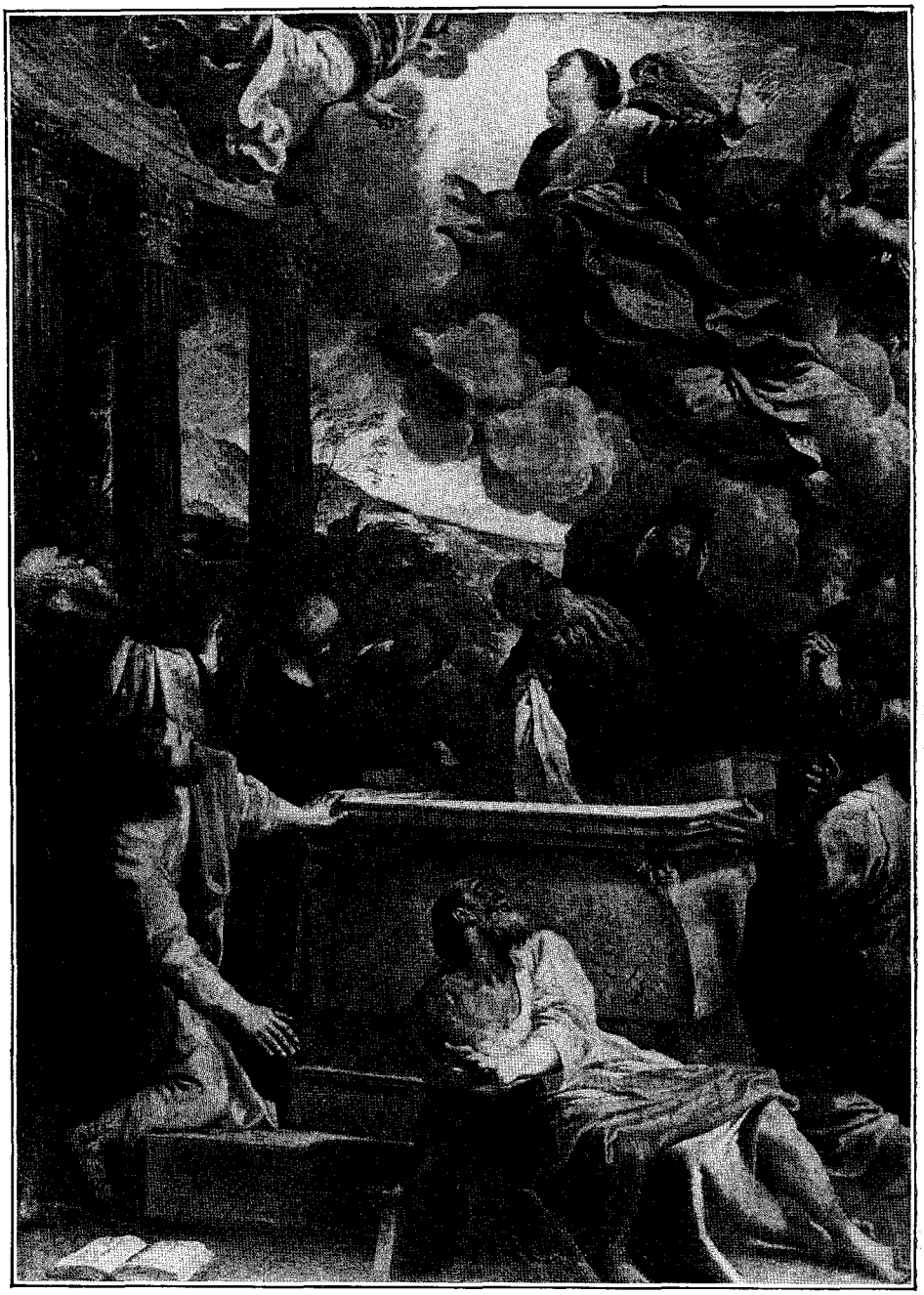

From the painting by Annibale Carracci.

The Ascent of Our Lady to Heaven.

and it and the rest of the figure represent well the weight and fatigue of the cross which bears him down. A rough fellow is beside him; his head, charmingly painted, seems a portrait. Behind him is seen another head of a man in armor. The tint of all the rest is dark. The life-size figures are of somewhat more than half-length.

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Many copies exist of this original, and there are two at San Lorenzo which seem to be by the same hand. The height is four and a half feet, and the width a scant four.

XVI. SMALL AULA.—Another from the hand of Titian: Christ shown by Pilate to the people. He is surrounded by many rough fellows; the figures all natural size. It is

From the painting by Fra Sebastiano del Piombo.

Christ Carrying the Cross.

very good, but has suffered much and has some repairs. The height is more than four feet, the breadth three and a half.

Other sacred paintings accompany those referred to, completing the number twenty-four; they are these:

XVII. SACRISTY.—The great Titian's famous Saint Sebastian (which belonged to the Counts of Benavente), a figure of natural size in a niche, nude, the hands behind and two arrows piercing him, the head raised to heaven with great feeling and life; and beside the body's being beautifully planted on its feet, it is so divinely colored that it seems alive and of flesh.

[I here omit the notices of a number of pictures which the author simply mentions with their sizes and location at the monastery—no comment being made.]

Of all the forty-one paintings there remain only five to be accommodated, and of these the size has not been convenient; so they remain in the chapter-rooms till others come that are expected, so that all may be placed.

These sacred paintings, selected from those of all kinds which adorn the royal palace of His Majesty, are the ones he now sends to the Royal Monastery of San Lorenzo, thus giving, as he absents them from his sight, a new and marked evidence of his feeling for that house, and a proof that to furnish it magnificently he will never hesitate, when necessary, to strip his own residence of its most highly prized belongings.

His Majesty noticed that some of the apartments were poor in paintings, especially the two described, and he did not delay in their improvement. Beyond a doubt, when this sacred and stupendous pile was erected by his mighty grandfather, the latter, foreseeing the great piety of His Majesty, purposely left him much space vacant, so that his royal mind might adorn it at will, and that his churchmen, in due gratitude, should incessantly pray God to prosper and prolong a life of such great importance.

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IMPRESSIONS OF CONTEMPORARY FRANCE

BY BARRETT WENDELL

IV—THE REPUBLIC AND DEMOCRACY

WHEN we compare the present system of government in France with the various others which have flourished and fallen since the Revolution overthrew the traditional monarchy, at least two circumstances distinguish it from all the rest. The first is that in origin it was not deliberate. Foreign invasion had resulted in the fall of the empire; a provisional government was a matter of necessity; and from this provisional government the republican system still in existence was presently developed, by methods of debate rather than of armed force. Though, beyond doubt, the republic had intense partisans, their convictions would hardly have established it but for the solid fact that no other proposed plan of government, royalist or imperial, proved practicable at the moment; something had to be done and this seemed, on the whole, the only thing to do. Exceptional though the tragic conditions of its beginning were, there is, accordingly, a case for those who should maintain, with what seems paradox, that the present republic is the most normal form of government which has controlled France since the old *régime*. For it is the only one which was forced upon the country by the practical logic of necessity. All the others were based on the revolutionary precedent of supplanting the regularly constituted authorities by armed force—a process which, of course, resulted in making the suppressed parties revolutionists themselves, duly waiting their turn. The republic, to be sure, has as much doctrine of its own as the empire had or as either scheme of royalty; but this doctrine is rather the defence of its power than the basis.

Even if this were the only circumstance to distinguish it from the forms of government to whose authority it has succeeded, it would stand conspicuously alone. A second circumstance makes its position doubly clear. Whether the unrecognized normality of its origin has had anything to do with its endurance or not—the question might well prove debatable—the fact of its endurance is now beyond question. Between the outbreak of the Revolution and the fall of the second empire no French sovereignty had maintained itself for more than eighteen consecutive years. There had consequently never been a period when everyone in the country who had attained the age of twenty-five could not personally remember both the state of affairs which had preceded that under which he was living and the revolutionary disturbances by means of which the government actually in power had come into existence. During the first years of the third republic it must have seemed as palpable a political novelty as almost any other of the systems which had come before it in living memory. By the year 1888, however, it had already survived as long as either the reign of Louis Philippe or the second empire, its two most prolonged predecessors; and by this time the interval since 1888 is as long as that which separated 1888 from 1870. For thirty-six years the actual form of government in France has now remained unbroken by revolution. By 1906 there was not a living Frenchman under the age of forty, whatever his political convictions, who could personally remember any other system than that under which he was contentedly or restlessly living at the moment. Almost insensibly, the present Republic of France is growing to have such sanction as must come to any institutions from time wherein the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

This of itself would give the present republic a chance of stability not enjoyed by any other French system of the nineteenth century. When governments, as when children, survive the dangers of infantile disease, their prospects of survival till old age

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regularly sets in are indefinitely strengthened. The important question becomes whether anything seems to be organically the matter with them. In the case of a government, such questions are extremely complicated. They involve all manner of statistics, for one thing; for another, they are always confused by the methods of practice common among political experts and political quacks alike. Politicians, particularly when they have brewed panaceas of their own, are always eager to prove that the state needs their medicine. Their habitual eloquence, accordingly, resembles that of the travelling vender of pills who declared that the great art of his profession lay not in the selling of his remedies, but in knowing how you could talk so as to make a crowd feel sick. In such quandary, an unprofessional listener, affected with qualms, has no resource but to look at the crowd for himself. If it appears healthy, there is a strong probability that, whatever its momentary misgivings, it is really in sound condition.

If any traveller in France thus considers the aspect of the country in the thirty-seventh year of the third republic, he can hardly avoid the impression that, at this moment, nothing could look more prosperous. Other countries, to be sure, may look more aggressively enterprising; you will perhaps see elsewhere more obtrusive novelties of modern trade and manufacture, or notice more bustle; but you will discover nowhere else more constant evidence of solid and substantial welfare. From Flanders and Normandy to Provence, wherever you go,—from the Atlantic to the Alps, too,—you will find less evidence of poverty, of idleness, of misery, than will force itself on your attention in most parts of the world. To rely too strongly on such an impression as this may be imprudent; yet one cannot rationally neglect it. Travellers' tales have their value, as well as their limitations; and a pervasive national prosperity, a sound national virtue, is a fact as incontrovertible as any assertion of statistics or philosophy. What is more, there are moods in which you are disposed to think it more significant than the best of them. No government, to be sure, could produce the prosperity which must impress travellers throughout France unless the people under its control were vigorous, intelligent, and thrifty; but no vigor or intelligence or thrift on the part of a people could produce it under a government which had not proved itself on the whole salutary. Whatever statistics or philosophy may tell you, the general condition of France at the present day is evidence enough for any traveller that throughout the memory of all men under forty years of age the government of the country has been not only unbroken, but efficient—that it has really worked for the public good.

Whether it has worked any better than some other form of government might have done, or even so well as might have been the case with some other, is evidently another question. In other countries, or at other epochs, this question might have been merely academic. In France, throughout the existence of the third republic, it has often seemed one of practical politics. As we have already reminded ourselves, the present form of French government, though it has had the good fortune to survive beyond the limit of average human memory, began as a makeshift during a period of unprecedented national disaster which threatened to result in anarchical revolution. For the moment, almost all Frenchmen were willing to submit themselves to it provisionally. To many of them, however, it seemed at best only a prudent temporary alternative for some other form of government which they sincerely believed to be superior. The empire had fallen; but the spirit of the imperialists was not yet extinct. And, as everyone knows, the whole force of the empire, even when it seemed most dominant, had in no wise crushed the spirit of devoted royalists — Legitimist or Orleanist—any more than it had smothered that of devoted republicans. What is more, everybody in the whole world could vividly remember the empire of Napoleon III; men still in the full vigor of middle life could remember the reign of Louis Philippe; and it was only forty years since Louis Philippe had dethroned Charles X—little longer than it is now since Napoleon III surrendered at Sedan. Evidently, the present republic began its career under great disadvantages. Throughout France there were admirably honest Frenchmen who ardently believed that the country could not fully prosper until it returned to one or another of the three rival systems.

Each of the three, too, had a personally respectable pretender to the throne of France. Had any of these aspirants to

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hereditary sovereignty possessed a vividly commanding personality, the course of history might have taken another turn than that which we have been considering together. In this respect fortune favored the republic. Without venturing to criticise the character of any of the three, we can hardly fail to agree that none of them was graced with that kind of power which, whether you love it or hate it, impresses the imagination of an enthusiastic people. Even from the beginning, accordingly, the republic was in less danger than might otherwise have been the case of succumbing to some freshly revolutionary assertion of royalist or imperialist tradition. And the course of events during the past thirty-six years has gone far to avert what danger of such fate may have originally existed. The direct line of Napoleon III is extinct; so is that of Charles X. The Orleanist prince who has succeeded to the Legitimist claim is not even descended, in male line, from Louis XIV; and the present heir of the Bonapartes must go back to the Corsican lawyer of the eighteenth century if he would prove kinship with either of the French emperors. Neither of these gentlemen, furthermore, is any more fortunate than the pretender whose claims he inherits, in the matter of such personal qualities as irresistibly impress public imagination. It may seem needless to repeat that nothing is further from my purpose than to make any comment whatever on their private characters, which I am led to believe deserving of universal esteem. The plain truth is that neither of them, for all his honorable virtues, has the gift of such distinction as should make people in general quite sure of just who he is. A pretender whom you have to verify in the *Almanach de Gotha* is no longer a serious menace—unless, in time to come, he remove himself from those impressive pages into the sunshine and shadow of open air. At this moment, accordingly, the claims of rival traditions to the established government of France seem less threatening to established order than at any previous time since 1815.

For all this, these rival traditions persist to the present day; and at times they have been real dangers to the republic. Even though they no longer present themselves, at least for the moment, in so serious a light, the effect of them is evident everywhere throughout France. For years they were well within what seemed the range of practical politics. So long as they remained there they could not help emphasizing the fact that, as a form of government, the republic is based on only one aspect of French tradition,—on the tradition of the Revolution, which is passionately contradictory of royalist and of imperial tradition alike. The course of the republic, in many questions of detail, has done nothing to mitigate this emphasis; rather it has gloried in the tradition peculiar to itself. Had it done otherwise, it might have been more prudent, but it certainly would have been less French. There is something pleasantly typical in the device which now ornaments the reverse of its gold coinage. Instead of the imperial eagle, we have the Gallic cock. To all appearance, this spirited bird is in the act of crowing—for the purpose, one opines, of reminding us that he is on top of the heap; which is very delightful for the cock, but not conciliatory to the temper of less fortunate fowls. The same spirit shows itself more sedately in the inscriptions with which the republic has everywhere decorated the public buildings of France. Wherever you go, the words Liberty, Equality, Fraternity stare you in the face, never suffering you to forget that the watchwords of the Revolution are once more those of the government in full possession of power. And another vivid example of the spirit in question happens to rise straight to the surface of my memory. Among the masterpieces of Renaissance architecture in France is the Château of St. Germain, a great part of which was erected in the reign of King Francis I. It was accordingly decorated, like many other of his buildings, with his personal device, the salamander, and with the initial "F" of his royal name. In the course of time it fell out of repair, and furthermore was disfigured by various additions, and surrounded by other buildings, of neither dignity nor importance. Within a few years the government has undertaken to restore it, as an historical monument. The restoration, which has proceeded with intelligence and skill, is now so far advanced that, in certain places, it has reached the stage of finishing touches, of ornamental detail. Here the salamander writhes as splendidly as ever; and here, as in the elder time, admirably designed initials alternate with him. But the new initials, of the restored palace are not those of

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King Francis. Instead of "F," you perceive "R. F." everywhere. The republic does not show itself quite confident enough to admit the past. Thus, by its own act, it reveals what still seems true. Even to this day the republic presents itself, both to its partisans and to its opponents, not so much in the light of an established national government as in that of a temporarily dominant political party.

In spite of this, we should be much mistaken if we supposed its career exactly like that of some party which should have proved able to maintain itself indefinitely in power under a system like our own. In the course of its career, it has come, at different times, under the control of very different kinds of people. There have been moments in its existence, indeed, when it has so nearly passed into the hands of sympathizers with royalist tradition that the advent of a king seemed close at hand; and, radical though its revolutionary devices must always have appeared, it has more than once found itself under the management of people whose impulses were certainly conservative, if not reactionary. In other words, if we are disposed to liken the republic to a dominant party, as distinguished from a system of government established by full consent of the governed, we must never suffer ourselves to forget that it has resembled a party composed of discordant factions rather than one vigorously united by general devotion to a common purpose.

Viewing the matter in this light, one would naturally suppose that when any faction found itself for a while dominant it would be disposed, as a matter of obvious policy, to behave in a manner which so far as possible should conciliate its opponents. Precisely this form of amenity seems one of the few which the French are impulsively unable to practise. Wherever you go in France you find aggressive assertions on the part of any faction or party which has ever got itself into control of affairs that it has had its way, if only for a while. The Gallic cock of the republic struts crowing on coins which are still popularly described as napoleons; the cockerels which France has hatched for him show themselves of the pure breed.

An obvious example of this tendency must instantly attract the notice of any visitor to Paris at the present day. The capital city of the republic is, in most respects, very like the capital of the second empire. Viewed from any distance or from any height, however, it proves to be dominated by two lofty structures which have been built under the present system of government. And these rise so conspicuously above all the rest of Paris that they are inevitably the points which catch the eye, and which linger in memory as the most salient features of the view. One is the Eiffel Tower, a remarkable achievement of construction in riveted steel. Its loftiness and the structural accuracy of its lines give it something more like dignity and beauty than one would have supposed possible. At the same time, this network of steel pushed skyward has no apparent quality of permanence. It is evidently nothing more than a colossal piece of eccentric ingenuity, devised for the purpose of amusing crowds who flocked from everywhere to one of the international expositions. It has outlasted the occasion for which it admirably served its advertising purpose; and, as it still attracts and amuses a good many travellers every year, it stands there still, a huge plaything. But it does not look as if it need stand there very long. When people grow tired of playing with it, you fancy, it will be taken down and sold for old metal. And everybody will be happy—including those sensitive persons whose artistic susceptibilities are wounded whenever they look at the monster. It has never done any harm to anybody else; and it is said to have proved a lucrative investment.

The other structure which now surmounts Paris is in all respects of a different character—except that there might be a case for those who should maintain it no more beautiful. The highest hill within the limits of the city is Montmartre. It is at present crowned not with the houses and the windmill which used to distinguish it in former times, but with a huge white edifice, unmistakable in its ecclesiastical character, yet so obviously modern in its lines that you can perceive it instantly to be a brand-new monument of the wealth and the power still resident in the Church. This sumptuous sanctuary, you presently discover, is the new Church of the Sacred Heart, specially consecrated to an extremely French species of mystic devotion. It symbolizes that aspect of the Church which is most intensely enthusiastic, and least concerned with the affairs of this world. It stands not for the

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inexhaustible charity of Christianity, forever bringing aid and comfort to the poor and unfortunate, earnestly endeavoring to mitigate the ills of life. It stands rather for such holy ecstasies as those who doubt or dislike Catholicism are apt to suppose little else than drunkenness of the spirit. It is immensely expensive; millions on millions of devout francs have been consecrated to it by the faithful. Every centime of them has gone into its masonry and its decorations, to remain fixed there forever. For its foundation and its walls are as solid as human skill can make them. The church has been built there on Montmartre to dominate Paris so long as Paris shall stay on earth to be dominated. And, for fear that it might sometimes escape the notice of Parisians, the country-folk of Savoy have given their savings to buy for it the biggest bell that can be had for money. They promise you, I believe, that when the "Savoyard" is sounded, you shall hear the note of it in every cranny of the capital city of the French Republic.

All of which is admirable in its way. One cannot too deeply respect the self-sacrificing devotion with which the Catholics of France have thus testified to the living persistency of their faith. If any splendor of enshrinement can really contribute "*ad majorem Dei gloriam*," no man who can sympathize with the longings of the human soul would ever grudge the Church a bit of it. But you cannot be long in Paris without learning that this colossal new place of worship has another aspect than this primary one of testifying to the depth of orthodox devotion still resident among the French. As is well known, a great number of honest republicans have believed, throughout the nineteenth century, that the Christian religion, particularly in its purely devotional aspects, is a relentless obstacle to human progress. To men of this disposition, the most unwelcome of all French cults has been the adoration of the Sacred Heart—for the reason that it carried people farthest in sympathy from the things of this world, directing their attention rather to mystical ecstasy in regions which they believed heavenly. To unbelievers, in short, this worship stood for the acme of superstition. It was therefore the form of devotion which was most certain to excite their antagonism.

When the republic was for a while in reactionary hands—when the men temporarily in power were disposed rather to sympathize with the Church than to oppose it—you might accordingly have expected them, as prudent statesmen, to have taken this phase of opposition into consideration. You might have expected the Church itself to have displayed a similar spirit. There are aspects enough and to spare in which Catholic Christianity is obviously beneficent. These, you would have supposed, would be those which both its clergy and its laity would have thought for the moment most deserving of emphasis. The last thing which you would have supposed astute men to favor would have been manifestations of their more exasperating points of difference from fellow-citizens who had the misfortune to hold them in distrust. Yet with free choice of conduct, the most extreme imaginable manifestation of such difference was the course which they preferred to take. Churchmen eagerly proposed this colossal monument of the Sacred Heart; the government of the moment consented to it. And there it stands to-day, a monument of several other facts as well. It reminds everybody that for a while the clerical spirit was dominant in the third republic; it reminds everybody that the moment it became so, it proceeded to celebrate its dominance in the most obtrusive and self-glorifying way—and also in that which might be the hardest to obliterate when politics should take another turn. It reminds everybody that this other turn of politics has ensued. It reminds all who enthusiastically delight in the doctrines for which it stands that these are no longer in power. It reminds everybody who distrusts or hates them that, if they once get into power again, their enemies need look for little mercy at their hands. At best, no matter what may have been the actual motives of its founders, it reminds the whole world that the Frenchmen who built it were willing to set up, the moment they could do so, a constant and aggressive cause of provocation to any compatriots who should not sympathize with the phase of national force which it so sumptuously represents.

Even as yet, I believe, the Church of the Sacred Heart is nowhere near finished. Meanwhile, as we have already reminded ourselves, the government of the republic has fallen into far from clerical hands. These more intense republicans have not as yet set on foot a Temple of Reason, or what-

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ever else, which should dwarf the Sacred Heart. On the other hand, they have lost few opportunities to assert their own opinions in fashions quite as aggressive as that in which contrary opinions were asserted by clerical sympathizers a few years ago. All over France you will find monuments to the worthies of the republic and the heroes of the Revolution. In the Louvre itself, the two monuments which vie with the Arch of the Carrousel are a most restless one in memory of Gambetta, and a sketch for an equestrian statue not yet cast of that hero of two republics, Lafayette. One of the avenues which radiate from the Arc de Triomphe has been deprived of its name of imperial victory and given instead that of Victor Hugo; and this not because he was an eminent poet, but because he was a stanch republican opponent of the empire. There is hardly a French town of any considerable size anywhere, indeed, which has not given his name to a principal street. And just such violent, instantly aggressive changes of nomenclature are still occurring everywhere.

Now the use of a name, either for an individual or for a locality, is obviously to serve as a means of identification. Any alteration of a name, accordingly, is inconvenient and confusing. This reasonable consideration seems rarely to present itself to the minds of enthusiastic French republicans. They are at present disposed rather to regard the names of public places as instruments of doctrinal propagation. At Dijon, for example, one of the most memorable local worthies is Saint Bernard, who was born in a little village overlooking the old Burgundian capital. A bronze statue in his honor was very properly erected there some years ago; and the square which surrounded it—in a new part of the town—was duly named the Place St. Bernard. How long it retained the name I do not know. At present it has been renamed the Place Étienne Dolet. So far as I am informed, Étienne Dolet had little if anything to do with Dijon; but beyond question the conduct of this skilful printer, who flourished at the period of the Reformation, was such as to get him into trouble, and he was ultimately burned at the stake. The reason why his name has replaced that of Saint Bernard is not that he was a more memorable personage, or that he had anything like so much reason for commemoration on the spot in question. It is simply that Saint Bernard was a canonized worthy of the Catholics, and that Étienne Dolet was a heretic, whose memory must remain obnoxious to anyone who cherishes Catholic tradition. They have left the saint on his pedestal; but no one who believes in the faith which he preached can see him there without reminder that this faith no longer has the best of it.

Again, in the city of Lyons there existed, a few years ago, three distinct streets, which very properly had three distinct names. What these names were, I do not remember. The fact which remains permanently impressed on my mind is that at present all three bear the same name—that of Émile Zola. They are distinguished, I believe, as Rue, Avenue, and Boulevard; or perhaps one of them is a Place, and not a street. All I feel quite sure of is that the confusion is annoying to travellers and to cabmen. It is more than annoying—it is persistently exasperating—to people who live in any of the three and who do not chance unreservedly to approve the work of the eminent novelist in question. Even his most eager admirers can hardly deny his tendency to pornographic excess, which goes far to counteract the impression of his indisputable power. Few would pretend him, as a man of letters, a model for the young. But this is not the question. During the progress of the Dreyfus affair he devoted himself, with generous enthusiasm, to the cause of what he believed to be justice. In so doing he was probably encouraged by the fact that he found arrayed against him the general consent of the Church—an institution of which he had been a violent opponent through his whole literary life. The certain fact is that, as a most conspicuous advocate for Dreyfus, he had made himself more objectionable than almost anyone else to the very considerable and personally respectable body of conservative and clerical prejudice which believed, on general principles, that a case, once decided, had better not be reopened. Meanwhile, this same line of conduct made him a partisan hero of the anticlericals. Anticlerical people came into power at Lyons. Among the first things they proceeded to do in the heat of their victory was to name for Zola not one public place, but three separate ones. The conciliatory wisdom of this process seems rivalled only by its practical good sense.

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In some towns this kind of thing has gone further still. I remember one where a number of small streets bore extremely local names. These I did not take the precaution to copy; but they run somewhat as follows: "Rue Jean Duval (Maire 1882)." Without the parenthesis even the oldest inhabitant might now be at pains to remember who Jean Duval was. His name, however, has served the worthy purpose of supplanting that of the saint for whom the street had been named ever since the Middle Ages; and if you should take the pains to look into his municipal history, you might very likely discover that he had some lively dispute with the priest in charge of the neighboring church. Now, whatever the personal merits or faults of Jean Duval, there can be little question that his name is not so easy to remember as that of Saint Peter, we will say; and consequently that it is intrinsically less adapted to the purpose of naming a street. I ventured to make this observation to a staunch republican friend, who lived at the town in question. He admitted the justice of my view, except, he went on to say, that it showed a foreigner's ignorance of the local situation. My argument, he said, had actually been presented to the authorities of the town; the householders of the street had preferred its old name, as a matter of obvious convenience; the authorities had been disposed to take their view of the case; the matter had been laid over till the next meeting of the local council. But then, what happened? M. le Curé had preached a jubilant sermon to the effect that an impious attempt to dislodge Saint Peter had been frustrated by the faithful; the clerical newspaper of the town had flapped its wings and crowed like the cock of Saint Peter himself. And at the next meeting of the town authorities down went Saint Peter and up went Jean Duval. The unhappy saint, it appeared, had ceased to be a topographical fact, and had become a political.

A more familiar manifestation of this spirit was widely published a few years ago. The law courts of the republic, continuing the tradition of the empire, and I believe of all French governments since the Concordat, had been ornamented with crucifixes, which meant, in point of fact, just about as much as the Bibles used for the administration of oaths in English or American courts of justice. The anticlerical authorities of the republic came to the conclusion that these had best be removed. In this, we may admit, they showed good sense. There was no actual relation between the administration of French law and the doctrines of Catholic Christianity. There was no reason for pretending that any existed. The crucifix was evidently exasperating to anticlerical prejudice. The absence of it, when people once got used to the new state of things, need not excite any prejudice whatever. If the crucifixes had been quietly taken away from the court-rooms, accordingly, the process might have been salutary, as distracting from public notice an evident matter of rancorous dispute. Instead of seizing this opportunity, the republican authorities preferred to emphasize their anticlerical sentiments in the strongest way they could think of. So, of all days in the year, they selected Good Friday for publicly removing from their courts of justice the traditional image of Christ. One's mind recurs, in contrast, to the old story of the high-church parson who converted his communion-table into an altar by moving it an inch every week, until—quite undetected by his evangelical congregation—he got it safe against the wall.

In fact, as we have reminded ourselves enough and to spare, whenever the extreme partisans of the republic in France have got the government into their hands, they have conducted themselves with no more reserve, with no more attempt to conciliate doubtful or hostile sympathy, than was shown by reactionary people when for a while they had the best of it in republican politics. Rather they have been disposed to dwell triumphantly on every detail of the differences between themselves and their conscientious opponents. They have insisted on the full extent of their radical doctrines. They have exulted in every triumph. They have often behaved, in fact, as if they were complete advocates of a partisan tyranny, differing chiefly from the conventional tyrannies of history in the fact that it pretends to be the tyranny not of an individual, but of a special class which likes to be described as the people.

Had the republic, however, really been so radical and so tyrannical as its utterances and its petty acts might lead us to infer, the present state of France could hardly be so healthy and so prosperous as it appears.

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The republic seems French to the core, in the fact that it lays down a system as near logical consistency as it can devise. That system has the advantage of being comparatively new; it is consequently contradicted by fewer incompatible facts than would be the case with an old system, like that of the *ancien régime*, or of the Church. Being human, nevertheless, it cannot help being confronted with some facts—among others, with persistent contrary prejudices—not to be reconciled with its doctrines. These, accordingly, it attempts either to ignore or to suppress after the good old human fashion. It does not try to reconcile opposition; it tries rather to impose its own principles, by force of assertion, or, if need be, by civil force. It seems still affected by the youthful dream that men on earth can somehow manage to have their own way.

The principles which it holds and promulgates appear on the whole to be those of extreme theoretical democracy. And there is no reason to doubt that it holds and promulgates them with sincerity. At the same time, so far as a foreigner can understand what these principles signify to the French mind, they are by no means what the principles of democracy are really held to be among us of America, who have so long lived under a democratic system of government. With us, as well as with other peoples, the commonplaces of democracy have been popularly set forth during the nineteenth century almost without reserve. In practice, however, American democracy has hitherto confined itself to insistence on the principle that government should derive its just powers from the consent of the governed. It has rather maintained than weakened the traditions of its own constitutional system. It has not indulged in the delights of class tyranny. We have talked very valiantly about the people and their rights. We have never clearly defined what that term, the people, ought in truth to signify. In conduct, the while, we have acted on the tacit assumption that a complete people consists of no one class or kind of men—high or low, learned or ignorant, few or many; but rather of the inevitable variety of human beings who must exist, each in his own sphere, in any healthy society. Democracy with us seems to mean government by common consent for the common good. Practically, so far as it has prospered in France, it has signified even there government for the common good, but with the element of common consent decidedly subordinated. In theory, however, and it utters its theories with intense effusiveness, it seems to mean among the French a system of government conducted in the interests of the masses, as distinguished from those of the better classes. It fiercely condemned the privileges of the better classes in former times. In their place, it now seems disposed to do all in its power to establish something like privileges for the common people.

How far it remains from anything like such an achievement is instantly proved by the persistence of the better classes throughout France. It is proved, as well, by the stability of the general social structure throughout the country. It is proved by the beautiful solidarity of domestic life in France. It is proved, among people of all classes, by the steady conscientiousness with which they maintain, and transmit to their children, their ancestral personal traditions. The extreme result of democratic doctrine—the arbitrary supremacy of the lower classes—however generous in impulse and agreeable to fervid faith, is something which France seems still almost as far from as ever. For the practical consequences of theoretical democracy, so far as it means that the ideal of equality shall drag down the ideal of excellence, would be either utopian, or barbarous, or both. And no one who knows contemporary France could possibly mistake it for either Barbary or Utopia.

How eagerly, on the other hand, the advocates of an equality sanctioned neither by divine law, scientific observation, nor human experience occasionally try to make their principles dominant was lately brought to my notice by an anecdote told me by a professor in a provincial secondary school. He happened to be called on to examine candidates for free instruction—for state scholarships—in the school with which he was connected. His subject was the history of France; the candidates were children from twelve to fifteen years of age who had honorably completed the course of instruction in the primary schools of the region. In general, as I understand the case, they were of the respectable middle class—the smaller *bourgeoisie*, or the more well-to-do peasantry. Their examiner began by asking

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them various questions concerning the older history of France. Their confusion of mind was appalling. They hopelessly mixed up kings and queens, cardinals and poets, wars and rebellions; the only fixed idea in their minds seemed to be that France had once been in a state of deplorable turbulence, much like that which was said once to have been taught concerning ancient Rome in the common schools of Russia: "The last of the kings was Tarquinius Superbus, who was dethroned by an unprincipled demagogue named Brutus. A period of hideous disturbance followed which was brought to an end by the commanding genius of Julius Cæsar." Startled by the extraordinary ignorance displayed by these young French candidates for honorable distinction in the history of their country, their examiner was by chance reminded that he had put to them no questions concerning the history of the Revolution. The moment he touched on that the clouds rolled away. There was no Revolutionary incident so trivial that they did not know both the circumstances of it and the precise date; some of them could transpose the Revolutionary calendar into the terms of common civilization at a moment's notice; they knew by heart not only the great men of the Revolution, but the smaller ones, too. They had been taught and had learned the history of France, in short,—and France, we must remember, was their own dear native land,—as if until 1789 the whole country had been plunged in depths of mediæval darkness, too dense to deserve the pains of intelligent exploration.

Of course, the case is solitary and perhaps unique. But even if it indicate how apostles of democracy now and then demand elsewhere that nothing be taught to ignorant children except the doctrine and the legends and the pious tales of the Rights of Man, there is no reason why we should blame their purpose. In its philanthropic sincerity, it is as worthy of respect as is the contrary purpose of so many religious teachers, who suppress or distort the facts of heresy everywhere. Whether doctrine, legend, and pious tale be devout or philanthropic, they are honestly meant; they represent conscientious effort to direct the course of children toward righteousness. On the other hand, there can be no question that any teaching of French history which neglects the development of France, throughout its thousand years of pre-Revolutionary existence, deliberately discards a priceless treasure of national tradition. The mood which would dictate such a policy, too—however aspiring and devoted in purpose—involves further injury than this to the full welfare of the nation. It would evidently exclude from the management of public affairs, and even from participation in public life, all who cherish this elder treasure of national tradition as in any wise comparable with the newer tradition of Revolutionary philanthropy. Thus it deprives the form of government in which it believes of what, in happier case, might be its most confident hope for endurance.

For no one who comes to know the France of to-day can question that the men in actual power, however doctrinarian they may seem, and however tyrannical may seem the acts which they occasionally commit, are men of serious purpose, of alert intelligence, and of moral dignity. But neither can any such visitor doubt that there is equally serious purpose, equally alert intelligence, equal moral dignity, in many of their opponents. Were the republic as a system of government now in open danger, distrust of all sentiment not intensely republican might be a sad necessity of republican polity. As the republic stands to-day, one can perceive no reason why a policy of more hearty mutual confidence, of more magnanimous sympathy, should not prove as compatible with astuteness as it would surely be with generosity. France still seems a country of irreconcilable antagonisms; yet France, I believe, has reached a point where such reconciliation is no longer inconceivable.

Born of necessity, as we have seen, the republic has had the unique fortune of persistence throughout the range of average human memory. And it has proved, whatever else, favorable to the material welfare of the country which it has governed. And meanwhile chance has greatly weakened the hold on popular imagination of the systems—royalist or imperialist—which during the earlier years of its existence were threatening rivals in their claim to power and to loyalty in France. Another fact about it is surely true. The men now living in France, whatever their personal convictions, are men who have lived for more than thirty-five years under no other form of government than this. They have inherited, one and all, from the traditions of former

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times the habit of mutual intolerance and suspicion. Men of each side will honestly tell you, in all solemnity, that the advocates of other principles than theirs are either densely stupid or deliberately wicked. Yet when you meet those other men, who will tell you just the same things about their critics, you cannot feel that in truth they are either unintelligent or evil. There are unworthy people, no doubt, in any party, anywhere. What is more salient to a traveller among divergent kinds of Frenchmen is not this fact that some men everywhere must fail to command his complete esteem. It is rather that wherever he goes, among radicals or reactionaries, devout Catholics or philanthropic philosophers, he will surely find honest and admirable gentlemen, in the best sense of the term. There is less true discord of the spirit left in France than Frenchmen yet seem to dream.

There are not wanting, meantime, certain small symptoms that the French themselves may perhaps be approaching a point where they can at last do more justice to one another than has been quite possible through the recurrently revolutionary period of the nineteenth century. A happy suggestion of this came to me most unexpectedly in the course of an excursion to some interesting old towns in central France. A month or two before I had written for a French review an article on contemporary politics in America. In the course of this, I had mentioned, as a commonplace, the view of American democracy which I have long entertained, namely, that it is not the tyranny of any one class over any other, but the consent of all classes—none secured by inflexible privilege—to exist together under a system which all can trust, on the whole, to act as the guardian and the agent of their common welfare. For the moment nothing was further from my mind than this little essay of mine in political philosophy. I had passed a delightful day in travelling through beautiful and interesting country; and came hungry to my dinner in the chief hotel of a small town remarkable for possessing some romantic mediæval buildings and an excellent secondary school. Some of my neighbors at table presently proved to be teachers in this establishment; they were highly intelligent young men, evidently of extremely republican sympathies, for their conversation, which one could not help overhearing, was eagerly concerned with democratic doctrines, and indicated no difference of opinion about general principles. It was an alertly critical discussion of a phase of democratic doctrine which to them seemed new.

To my rather amused surprise, this turned out to have been suggested by my own article. They had no idea who I was, and, I fancy, not much that, in my character of a foreign traveller, I was paying any attention to what they said. In point of fact, however, they were eagerly wondering whether my doctrine—that a truly healthy democracy could never coexist with a persistent misunderstanding between social classes—might not throw light on the present troubles of France. The democracy of America they freely admitted to display a quality of traditional endurance not yet evident in the newer democracy of their own country. The democracy of France, they went on to say, had always been intolerantly distrustful of the old privileged class, the nobility. They admitted that they had been so themselves; it had not occurred to them that any other course was possible. Was it conceivable that they had been mistaken—that the French people could never be a complete people unless it was willing to count as an essential part of itself that very nobility, which, after all, was as French as they were themselves?

In other words, it appeared, these young Frenchmen had been at least momentarily impressed by two or three suggestions in my article which seemed to them far more novel than to me. Any stable national government, for one thing, must take into its account the full range of rooted national tradition. This is obviously the case in England to-day, where the nation, as a whole, cherishes with equal respect and affection the memory of men who took the side of the king in the civil wars of the seventeenth century and of those who took the side of Parliament. There are statues in London of both Charles I and Cromwell; and England could not be the England of our own time, if any considerable body of Englishmen now desired to overthrow either of them. Something similar is true already of our own republic, the United States. Little more than forty years ago, we were engaged in the most portentous civil war in modern history; to-day the survivors of that conflict are fellow-countrymen whose mortal enmi-

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ties are beginning to be fused in precious historical memories. Our American republic has had no more loyal services in all its career than it has received already from honest men who fought hard against it through four earnest years. The monuments which commemorate Union soldiers in the North and those which commemorate Confederate soldiers in the South have already been consecrated by the friendly presence of men who fought against the dead in whose honor they were raised. It will not be much longer, one grows confident, before the descendants of both sides shall find themselves ready to join in equal tribute to the heroes of both. When that time comes our true national tradition will come once more to be that of a united country.

Again, it is beyond peradventure that an enduring democracy can never exist when only a portion of a people—a single social class—is dominant, to the exclusion of the rest. Such a state of affairs is a democracy only in name. In fact, it is at best an oligarchy—and oligarchy is oligarchy, whether the ruling class chance to be large or small, high or low. What is more, good sense should seem to remind us that the oligarchical tyranny of the masses must be a more dangerous—a less tolerable—one than an oligarchical tyranny on the part of people of the better sort. For surely, to put the case most mildly, it must be animated by less intelligence and by more fickle instability of emotion. To us of America, immemorially habituated to the practice of democracy, the notion of submitting ourselves to the direction of a small privileged class is abhorrent. Hardly less so, in reality, would be the notion of submitting ourselves to the absolute sovereignty of a lower class, privileged in point of mere numbers by the very fact of its lack of individual privilege. We are restive at this moment under the suspicion that too much power among ourselves is concentrating itself in the hands of our richest men. We are little less restive at the suggestion that there is danger of finding our country at the mercy of trades-unions. It is not that either form of oligarchy might not conceivably work well, or even prove beneficial. It is rather that both alike are oligarchy, and not democracy.

For true democracy, I cannot too earnestly repeat, must tolerantly include all manner of men and of classes who are sure to exist in every vital nation. It must give each his due, and demand its own due from each. It must preserve the structure of society so firmly that the opportunity of a career shall always be open to talent. It must preserve such liberty of the individual that no inherited privilege shall keep weakness long secure, nor stand in the way of ability born in a station too narrow for its power. But it may never safely meddle with the elemental truths of human nature—pretending things excellent which in truth are commonplace. It may never safely deny the fatal fact that most men, in whatever range of human effort, are bound to have their superiors in power, and that civic insecurity is the surest means to offer the semblance of a career not to talent but to mischief. It must recognize in itself not an immortal and inspired system, but only one of the means by which human beings attempt so to govern society that society may advance in prosperity and in righteousness. It must humbly admit itself as subject as any polity which it opposes to the insidious temptation of such tyranny as must surely bring any form of government to grief. If democracy can truly rise to such full sense as this of its duties and its limitations, it may grow, by such happy historical chance as has been our own in America, into the venerable sanction of historical tradition. Then, and only then, it can begin to enjoy such security as shall warrant it in holding high hopes for the future. And these hopes shall be the higher, and the more confident, when the nation which submits itself to democracy is such a nation as the France of to-day, rich with many noble memories, instead of with only one. In outward semblance the vital traditions of France seem fatally divergent, but at least they have the deep community of enthusiastic devotion to ideals.

Though the dream that these several ideals can ever be reconciled may well seem utopian, it already has the sanction of a memorable phrase. And this phrase, I found, appeals nowadays to almost every Frenchman, whatever the complexion of his political convictions. Again and again, amid surroundings which seem hopelessly at odds with each other, this same little story was told me, and always with the same admiring sympathy with its truth. For it goes straight to the heart, not of one party or another, not of one or another system of doc-

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trinal tradition, but of all alike. It touches the common imagination of the whole people—not in the mere democratic sense of the word, but in that broader and truer sense which makes the people comprehend everyone in whose veins French blood is flowing.

The greatest military calamity of the war which brought the empire to an end, and from which the present republic emerged as the only system of government for the moment practicable, was the surrender of Metz with its intact army, by Marshal Bazaine. What his motive may have been remains debatable. Whatever the case, there can be no doubt that he gave up, without a blow, a force with which the invaders of his country would otherwise have had to reckon. Wherefore, in due time, when the war was ended, he was brought to military trial. There, in his own defence, he maintained that at the moment of his surrender the empire had fallen, and no government had arisen securely in its place. His duty had been to defend the government. With the disappearance of constituted authority it came to an end. The citadel was in the hands of the enemy. The empire was a thing of the past. What was left to fight for? Nothing—*Il n'y avait rien.*

To which instant answer was made by the member of his court of judges who could make it best. From the time when the kingdom of Louis Philippe had fallen the princes of the house of Orleans had been mostly in exile from their native country. Their presence there in any position would have seemed to menace either the republic which for a little while ensued on the constitutional monarchy or the revived empire before which the second republic fell. But the moment that France was in national danger, struggling with the terrific force of foreign invasion, the Orleanist princes came back to their century, not as royal personages, but only as Frenchmen. As such they were welcomed with all the rest; and the royal prince who—of all his kind—has perhaps done most to re-establish the dignity of royal character in the estimation of a radical century was among the officers who sat in judgment on the accused marshal of the second empire. It was he—the Duc d'Aumale, the son of Louis Philippe—who made the answer which so instantly appeals to every French heart. There was nothing to defend, said Bazaine—"*Il n'y avait rien.*" "*Monsieur le Maréchal,*" said the royal prince, "*il restait la France.*"—"There was France."

So there was, and so there is, and so there shall be. France has been the France of the empire; France to-day is the France of the republic; and no Frenchman who would treasure the full richness of memories which have gathered in his country may wisely forget the glories of either. But neither comprehends France, any more than France was completely comprehended in that constitutional monarchy which made the house of Orleans for a while sovereign by the will of the people. The true France embraces all three, and more and more besides. It is the France of the song of Roland, the France of St. Louis, the France of Jeanne d'Arc. It is the France of the Renaissance, and the France of Henry IV; the France of Richelieu, and the France which imposed an imperial standard on European civilization during the great century of Louis XIV. It is the France of the old *régime*, as well, the France of the Revolution, and the France of the empire. It is the France of that bewildering, aspiring nineteenth century over whose history we have been lingering together. No single one of these memories, nor yet of the myriad others which these stirring names evoke, has made the France of to-day such as it has seemed to me and as I have tried to tell you. All of them together combine to make France heroic—none alone, none apart or neglected. Without every glory of its glorious past, France would be the poorer, the lesser. All of them, blended and shining together, make the France of to-day that inexhaustibly noble fact which those who come to know it, and thus grow to love it, must always feel it to be.

So when, now and again, good friends of mine were apt to speak of France as the republic, I found myself, as I find myself still, disposed in answer to speak not of the republic, but of France. This implied no lack of eager response to the kindness with which the French republicans whom I met welcomed me to their friendly country. It implied, indeed, no shadow of doubt that the system of the present republic, strengthening as it is into an immemorial tradition, is the system under which that friendly country may most confidently hope for a future as admirable as its past. What

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I felt was only that the word republic still might seem to mean not the whole nation, but only the accident of the sovereignty under which that nation now finds itself. To the French themselves, the republic still appears not so much national as partisan. I long, with the best of them, for the time when it shall have grown to be no longer partisan but national; and I believe that the time will come. But even then we shall be truer to the full splendor of the past, if we salute the republic still as France, and not France only as the republic. Nothing less than the utmost can ever comprehend it all.

A THANKSGIVING

By William Lucius Graves

I RAISE my face to Thee,
  Beneath Thy stars, O Lord;
Take Thou the praise that still must be
  Beyond the uttered word.

Life leaps within my breast,
  I feel its lyric beat;
Blow cold or warm from out the west,
  The breath of life is sweet.

To live, to feel the wind
  That shakes the apple-bough,
To see the furrow trail behind
  The thrusting of the plough;

To lie where shadows swing
  Across the summer hush,
To hear upon a dawn in spring
  The passion-throated thrush;

Lo, these are joys to me,
  And all things that befall,—
The glancing rain, the lilac-tree
  That purples by the wall.

Each winged day, O Lord,
  Hath burden of new bliss;
Yet, since the past will have its word,
  I thank Thee, too, for this:

Remembrance, through dead years,
  Ah, keen as lavender,—
Behind a mist of tender tears,
  The pitying eyes of her.

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THE PERPETUAL VISITOR

By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"THE mail is late this morning," said Cousin Jane.

Outside, the rain was persistently pouring down. Inside, a fire was burning cheerfully on the sitting-room hearth and the three ladies were spending the morning over their work: Cousin Jane, elderly, stout, comfortably conscious that she was full of benevolence and feeling perfectly justified in being full of curiosity; pleased with the expensiveness of her house, her rugs, her pictures, her china, and all her other belongings; remembering the price of each thing and quite willing to tell it; yet kindly and generous, the Lady Bountiful of a country town: Cousin Mary, acquiescent, as became one who lived with Jane; a tranquil, industrious person: and Delia, in her careful dress, befitting a guest, with her slim, erect figure, her wavy light-brown hair, now beginning to grow dull in color, her delicate face, whose beauty was being effaced by tiny wrinkles and more decided lines; deep lines of cheerfulness—the careful, persistent, determined cheerfulness of one who for ten years has been occupied in being a good guest. She was knitting a shawl for Cousin Jane, hurrying to get it done before the end of her visit. She always did knit something for her hostess and always had to hurry to get it done. She did not stop when the mail was brought in; she expected nothing. The next visit was arranged and she had little correspondence of any other kind. But there was a letter for her, after all, which Cousin Jane handed her after examining it curiously.

"I don't know what Anne Morrison can have to write to you about," she said "You have told her what train you are going by." Then, as Delia laid the letter in her lap, "Aren't you going to open it and let us hear what she says?"

"I haven't my glasses down here," murmured Delia.

"Take mine," promptly answered Cousin Jane, wiping them and holding them out to her.

Delia hesitated. "Thank you," she said finally. "Yours don't suit me, you know, and I have to go upstairs anyway for some wool."

As she went out of the room Jane turned to Mary with a little laugh. "Delia never forgets that her eyes are younger than mine."

"Well, you know she is near-sighted," said Mary apologetically.

Up in her bedroom Delia opened the letter. Anne was so sorry, but some of Henry's family were coming unexpectedly and there wouldn't be an extra spot in the house; she and Henry were going to sleep on sofas. It was too bad to put dear Delia off, especially when they hadn't seen her for several years, but could she stay a week or ten days longer with Cousin Jane? And then she must be sure to come and stay a long time to make up.

Delia sat down, feeling suddenly weak. Cousin Jane also expected other guests and had definitely fixed the limit of her visit three days hence. The next instalment of her income was not due for a month yet, and meantime she had not money enough to pay ten days' board with travelling expenses in addition. She had a horrible sinking sensation and her hands and feet grew cold. She leaned back and closed her eyes. A few tears oozed between her eyelids, her throat ached. She thought of her father and mother. To them she had never been quite grown-up—she was their Delia, to be cared for and made much of. Did they somewhere know of these horrible years that she had been a wanderer from one friend's house to another's? Delia hoped not—yet sympathy would be sweet. Her thoughts wandered back to the comfortable little house and the pleasant little housekeeping. She hadn't been a good manager after her mother's death, but how could she be, with so much company? Involuntarily rose the picture of herself sleeping on the lounge in the study while Julia and her mother had her room. That was when all the relations came to Washington for the Inauguration, and it was before Julia was rich. Everybody liked to come, at all times, she remem-

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bered, with a thrill of pride in herself as a hostess. And then those years when her father was an invalid and there was no more salary. How could she stint his comforts then? "I'm glad I didn't!" said Delia aloud. And then when he died. "Why," she asked for the thousandth time, "did I yield when Cousin Jane said I couldn't keep the house and take lodgers? Why did I let her break it all up and carry me off? Why should she think that I would marry and settle the question that way? I wasn't a young girl even then. And oh, I'm so wretchedly ungrateful! I don't love them all as I used to." She surprised herself with a sob and jumped up hastily. This would never do—she must be ready to go downstairs. But how to go with no plan made——

The doorbell rang and she went into the hall and leaned over the banister. A deputation from one of Cousin Jane's boards of managers had arrived and Delia heard the beginning of an informal and voluble committee meeting. The affairs of the Orphans' Home would keep them busy for some time, and she drew a long breath. Casting about desperately and remembering the schoolgirl visits in Washington, she decided to ask Julia Sinclair if she might go there for ten days. Julia was good-natured and never put herself out for her and her house was big enough for anything. She went to her trunk and got out writing materials and a travelling inkstand. There was no writing-table in her room; Cousin Jane considered the library the place for writing and all were welcome there. What need of privacy? However, the most docile of guests has her own devices. Delia wrote to Julia. It was not an easy letter to write, but she managed to explain that there would be just time for an answer, and then put on her rainy-day clothes and posted the letter herself, slipping down the back stairs.

Luncheon found Jane still so absorbed in the perplexities of benevolence that Delia's explanation went off fairly well; an explanation which could not be longer deferred without the certainty of giving offence.

"Why didn't you consult me before writing?" Jane asked; but added kindly: "I'm really sorry, Delia. Almost any other time you could stay right on here and it wouldn't make a bit of difference."

Three days later Cousin Jane provided her with a luncheon and a paper-covered novel, personally superintended the locking and strapping of her trunk, and took her to the train. In the breathless hurry with which the sight of a waiting train always inspired her, Delia turned to clamber into a coach, but was restrained by Jane's admonitory voice:

"Are you going in the parlor car?"

Delia turned away with a hurried, "Oh, no, of course not," and fell in behind Jane's quick toddle. After all, there was plenty of time. She kissed Jane good-by with a warmth born of relief and found a seat for herself.

"Don't wait!" she cried from the window.

"Very well," called back Jane. "If you're all right now, I'll go right on to my managers' meeting. Good-by!"

Delia looked after her until she was out of sight, and then turned to arrange her belongings. The car was filling up. A woman, broad of hip and laden with large bundles, had just sat down beside her, squeezing her against the wall. Delia sighed with disappointment. It was only during her journeys that she had any sense of possession in herself. Then she calculated rapidly, devised one more makeshift of economy that wouldn't show, and made a quick decision. Hurriedly leaving the car, she flew back along the platform to the Pullman which she had just passed, gave her bag to the porter and let him help her up the steps. It was with the relief of one who has reached home that she dropped into a chair.

"After all, why shouldn't I?" she thought. "This, at least, is my own money. Only I do hate to feel that I am growing sly."

She took off her jacket, settled herself in her chair, and let herself relax. Her face lost its set expression of cheerfulness, the muscles drooped, the lines became softer; she looked infinitely tired. Yet as the train rushed on, a little light came into her eyes, a little smile lurked in the corners of her mouth.

"This is my parlor," she said to herself. "I have just come in and am resting. These other people—oh, I think they are not here at all. I don't see them." She looked out of the window at the landscape slipping by, but presently closed her eyes and dropped into her favorite day-dream—a dream of a little house which always stood ready for her, awaiting her mood. Here was her par-

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lor, with her own table, her own chair, her own lamp, ready to be lighted. Her writing-desk stood in a corner; a fire burned on the hearth. The rugs, the pictures—she had selected them long ago, stopping to look in at shop-windows, "choosing," as children do. Beyond was her dining-room. There things were even more familiar—her mother's silver, her mother's china, so long packed away. Cousin Jane had urged her to sell them and had offered to take the tea-set herself, but what havoc that would have made with the day-dream! A pretty maid came from the kitchen with a tea-tray. The maid was always pretty, always neat, always devoted to her. She was an excellent cook and never broke anything. Delia saw the tea-table in front of the fire. What lovely cups and saucers her mother's were; and what joy to rest here a little with her old trunk thrust under the eaves in the attic!

By and by she roused herself. The afternoon was wearing away and Delia liked sitting for a while in the twilight. Then the lights were turned on and she liked that equally well. In the unreal light given by the lamps it was no longer home, but it was another state of being—a sort of intermediate state where earthly existence was in abeyance, Rushing along through space, somewhere between heaven and earth, why shouldn't they come out on the other side of things? Delia closed her eyes. Cousin Jane was years behind her, Julia was part of an improbable future. Was she in the body or out of it?

Into this trance came the porter with his whisk brush. Delia detested this attention. It seemed to her that the brush took liberties; but she felt that the porter had a claim and brushing appeared to be the proper thing, so she stood up meekly and let him buffet her with his little broom; and by the time she had given him a modest fee she had arrived and there was Julia's smart trap awaiting her.

Julia Sinclair had accepted Delia as an inheritance from her mother. She took the trouble to invite her to her country house for a month each year and to see that the beginning and the end of the visit duly joined the end and the beginning of other visits in the neighborhood; and one summer when she was abroad she had sent Delia to the seashore for a delightful month. She always sent her carriage to the station to meet her, gave her a pleasant room, begged her to consider herself quite at home, but did not take her too seriously. Delia, on her side, enjoyed these visits very well. She was not a distinguished guest, for whom luncheons and dinners were given, but she was treated with courtesy and was not interfered with. If not of great importance, at least she had great freedom. It was therefore not at all out of the natural order of things that the Sinclairs should on this occasion leave her with the house to herself while they went off on a ten days' automobile trip. She was to have all the resources of the house, the garden, and the stables at her disposal and was to amuse herself as she saw fit.

"And by the way," said Julia, as she was taking her leave, "if Teddy Creston should turn up before we get back, don't be disturbed. He'll wait for us."

"Who is Teddy Creston?" asked Delia.

"Haven't you ever met him?" said Julia carelessly. "He's a cousin of Frederick's, and he generally makes his headquarters here for a little while in the fall when he comes back from the other side. He is due about this time." Seeing that Delia looked somewhat dismayed, she added: "Don't be afraid of him. He's quite harmless and he won't interfere with you."

"You call Teddy quite harmless?" laughed her husband as they drove away.

"Yes, as far as Cousin Delia is concerned," replied Julia.

And now began a season of delight for Delia. In the morning her breakfast was brought to her room by a smiling and obliging maid and she need not get up until she was ready. When she went downstairs the world was all before her, where to choose. She could wander into the library and select such books and magazines as she wanted, she could go out into the garden and pick all the flowers she liked, she could take a drive if she chose. As an additional piece of good fortune the weather was perfect, with the tempered warmth of early October. At noon an inviting luncheon was served for her, at night an equally inviting dinner; but best of all, she liked the afternoon tea, which could still be enjoyed out of doors. Once or twice some friend of Julia's drove over, not knowing of her absence, and accepted the cup of tea which Delia offered in a flutter of shy hospitality. It was just the one

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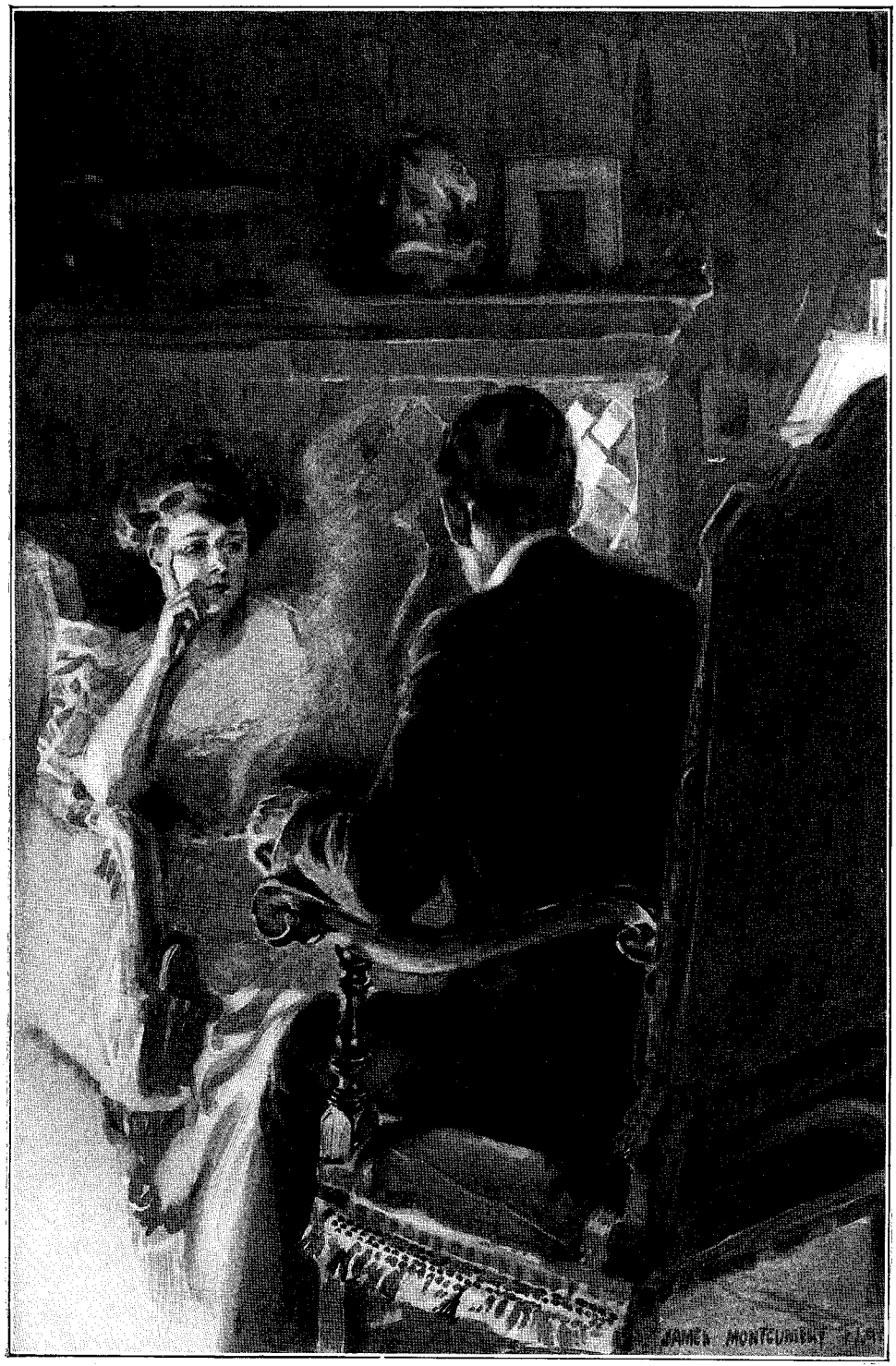

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

He loved to give a picturesque account of himself.—Page 71.

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touch of companionship which she needed to make it all quite perfect. She began to bloom a little; her face lost its sharpness and regained its lovely oval and her cheeks showed a delicate color. Even the maid who waited on her noticed it.

"It certainly does agree with you here, Miss Mynor," she said.

She took time in the morning to look over her box of old lace and added a few becoming touches to her toilet. She even considered putting on her very best gown for dinner, deciding at last with a sigh that she could not afford the extra wear. Thus a week passed and then one day the doorbell rang and she heard a masculine voice asking questions in the hall.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair will be back about the 20th, sir," she heard the butler say; "and they said if you came you would please make yourself at home."

"Quite so, Banks," the gay voice replied. "And so I shall be entirely alone here?"

"There's Miss Mynor, sir," replied the man.

"Oh. And who is Miss Mynor?"

"She is a friend of the family, sir, on a visit."

"Very well, Banks. My old room, I suppose?" and a moment after he was running upstairs.

Delia sighed. She felt horribly shy at the thought of this strange man and greatly feared that the spell of enchantment was broken. She put on her best gown for dinner, but with no such zest as she would have felt in putting it on the night before. But when Mr. Creston sat opposite her at the dinner table he was very good to see; and when he looked at her in his frank way and spoke to her in his cordial, almost boyish voice there was a magnetism about him that dispelled her shyness. In fact, magnetism was Teddy Creston's strong point and it was his nature to make himself agreeable. Even his wife was still susceptible to his charm, although she had had the strength of mind to establish herself in Paris. Margaret Creston was a good deal of a philosopher, and although when she first realized that change was the law of Teddy's being she had some bitter hours, yet her very insight into his character helped her. "If he must have change," she said to herself, "then I, too, will be a change to him. I will go away while he still cares for me a little and he shall come to me when he wants me." This suited him very well, particularly as Margaret had plenty of money. He visited her once a year, in Paris or elsewhere, and they lived very pleasantly together for a time, and then he returned to be a free lance for the rest of the year; or perhaps it would be better to compare him to a resplendent butterfly. He could hardly look at any woman without feeling some interest in her, were it only to ask himself whether she could under any circumstances interest him. In asking this question a woman's age—within limits—made very little difference to him. His taste was catholic; and as for himself, he was now thirty-five years old.

"A vestal virgin," he summed Delia up, and found a certain piquancy in thawing out the stiffness of her manner. Before the evening was over he had her laughing as she had not laughed for years, and meantime was planning the most delightful and surprising amusements for the morrow.

"You have never been in a motor car?" he said. "Then it shall be a motor car. I'm sure Frederick has left one here, and if not, we'll hunt up another. We'll take our luncheon and some books, if you like. These days are too glorious to spend indoors."

Delia awoke at daylight the next morning and looked out of the window in breathless fear lest the day should not be fine. It gave promise of perfection, and she went back to bed with a mind relieved. It was not worth while to get up, for her breakfast would not come for a long while yet, and they were not to start before eleven o'clock, Teddy being by no means an early riser; so she lay still and thought happily of the pleasure in store.

Delia's heart was indeed virginal. In her youth she had been perhaps somewhat overfastidious and had held herself aloof from the few admirers who came in her way. She had not been without her girlish dreams, but her ideal lover had been an angel rather than a man, a being so impossible that the result had been to give her a distaste for the reality as it had presented itself to her. She had never known any man well except her father, who was of her own type; the husbands and brothers of her friends were so remote from her that they were, as to the blind man of Scripture, "as trees walking." With the advent of her remarkable fellow-

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guest a whole new set of sensations was being awakened. Delia was thirty-six years old, but sensations out of season are all the more powerful. She was, however, still free from self-consciousness. When she got up she recklessly put on her best walking dress, the costume in which, simple as it was, she must be presentable for visits all winter. She experimented with her hair, too, arranging it more loosely than usual about the temples. The little waves into which it fell of its own accord were very becoming to her. She hesitated over the hat, and finally put aside the best one as being too formal and selected an old summer hat with a brim. She had not looked so young for ten years.

It was a great success, that picnic. Even Teddy found himself amused. It entertained him to take her for the first time in a motor car. The first of anything always entertained Teddy. He drove the car himself and it pleased him to see her excitement when he increased the speed. Delia was not in the least frightened; she wanted to go faster and still faster and was half sorry when they stopped, miles away from home, for luncheon. But she found nothing to regret. He exerted himself to make her comfortable, putting cushions behind her and waiting on her with the ease born of long practice in studying the ways of women. To Delia, unused to being considered, this was an even more exciting experience than the drive. Then, too, they could talk, which had hardly been possible while they were flying along the road, or, to speak more correctly, he could talk and she could listen. They sat long, breathing in the fragrant air of the woods, while he smoked innumerable cigarettes, but at last it was time to gather up their belongings and start for home.

"You are a good sport, Miss Mynor," he said, as he helped her into the car, "not to be afraid of my reckless driving. I can never do anything half-way."

"I don't want to do it half-way," said Delia. "I want to do it completely." She laughed. "I'm tired of half-way," she said.

"I am half sick of shadows," he quoted under his breath, but she heard him.

"I believe there is no 'half' in that, either," she said.

One day followed another, each spent in the same way. If anyone had suggested to Delia that these excursions were too unconventional she would have laughed at the idea—she, an old maid, and he, a married man! She was in love with motoring and Teddy was in love with the air, the sun, and the wild speed with which he drove the machine; and he was for the moment amused with the idea of giving Delia "the time of her life." He was amused at himself, too, for being willing to remain sequestered in the deserted house when there were plenty of people in the neighborhood who would have been pleased enough to see him. As it chanced, he met no one who recognized him, disguised as he was by his cap and goggles, and Delia's head was enveloped in a veil; and they returned so late in the afternoon that she merely had a cup of tea in her room before dressing for dinner. They dined together and afterward they both went into the library, where they sat in front of the fire and he smoked his cigarettes. He loved to talk and she was a most sympathetic listener—and what talker does not love a fresh audience? It seemed to him an odd and delicately flavored little adventure, this gentle flirtation with a woman who suggested nothing so much as a nun just escaped from convent walls. He loved to give a picturesque account of himself and allowed it to appear that he was handicapped in his career by the whims of a wife who chose to live abroad.

"For my part," he said virtuously, "I'm not willing to expatriate myself. Little old America is good enough for me and my place is here."

Delia looked at him admiringly; his sentiments sounded noble. "It is such men as you that are needed in their own country," she said fervently.

He laughed and lighted a fresh cigarette. "Well, as to that, I'm afraid the country needs better men than I," he said lightly. "I'm a pretty worthless, do-nothing, selfish sort of a fellow, Miss Mynor. When I really want to do a thing I don't let anything stand in my way, I assure you. As to whether the things are worth doing is another question."

All of which was quite true, but it didn't sound true when he said it. It only sounded adorably frank and boyish. His method of expiating a fault was to announce in a winning way that he had it; after that he felt almost bound to indulge it. It was wonderful how much immunity this habit purchased him. He looked at Delia with laughing eyes, and as she continued to gaze at him

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in a sort of perplexed admiration, he added: "You mustn't think me better than I am, dear."

The word, apparently spoken inadvertently, gave Delia a shock of surprise and a curious thrill, which was not displeasure. Instantly she thought: "He doesn't know he said it; I dare say he is so used to saying it to his wife. I wouldn't for anything seem to hear it." But her color betrayed her.

He looked at her curiously. "She takes it more coolly than I thought she would," he reflected. "I wonder why."

Just to find out, he said it again. This time, still covered with blushes, she remonstrated.

"But what is the harm in it?" he asked. "You wouldn't think anything of it if I said my dear Miss Mynor. If I wrote a letter to you I'd say dear Miss Mynor. Now what particular thing is there about the word dear that makes you object to it?"

"It is different," said Delia, much embarrassed.

"But there isn't anything really wrong about it."

"It isn't usual."

"And must one always be usual? Heavens! What a stupid world it would be!"

"Well," said Delia, with some little dignity, "I think in this particular thing I'd rather be usual even if I'm stupid."

"Just as you like," he said in a tone of caressing indulgence; and she was glad not to have offended him.

As it happened, this was their last day together. Anne Morrison had already written that she was ready and waiting for Delia's visit, and next morning the Sinclairs came home, bringing a houseful of guests in their train.

"And you have actually been here four days?" said Julia to Teddy. "What did you do with yourself all the time?"

"Oh, I've enjoyed myself very much indeed," he replied.

"Have you been visiting the neighbors?"

"Well, no. I didn't need the neighbors. I've been living out of doors most of the time."

She looked at him curiously. "That doesn't sound like you, Teddy. I've never known you willing to shun the madding crowd. I hope you've made yourself a little agreeable to Cousin Delia."

"Cousin Delia and I are great friends. Cousin Delia's too good to be true!"

"Come now, you needn't make fun of poor Delia," said Julia.

"Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed, and took himself off, leaving Julia doubtful.

The dinner-table that night was very gay, everybody laughing and talking. Even Delia, who had not yet had time to get back into her shell, displayed a gentle liveliness. At the unusual sound of her soft laugh, Julia turned and looked at her with a considering eye. Mrs. Sinclair was young, but she had the wisdom of the world. She noted Delia's improved looks, the color in her cheeks, the light in her eyes, the arrangement of her hair, and the subdued coquetry of her dress, rearranged by herself with old lace from her box. And Teddy said that he had enjoyed himself. "Teddy is incorrigible!" she said to herself. She was very kind to Delia after that, although she did not urge her to prolong her stay after the next day; so Delia, with an ache at her heart, packed her trunk that night. All day Teddy had been much engrossed by the new arrivals and she had not exchanged many words with him. Her good time was over, and she tried to accept the inevitable without bitterness.

She was to leave directly after luncheon, and in the morning, after she had watched the different parties going off, some on horseback, others on foot, she slipped away for a solitary walk. She wandered through the woods, gorgeous in their autumn coloring, but somehow the exertion made her tired, and she sat down on a stone to rest. She wished that she could have had one more ride; she wondered whether Mr. Creston would ever think of her again; he had been so kind; it was years since anybody had been so kind to her. Idly she picked up the colored leaves and laid them together on her lap. Then with a sudden impatient movement she brushed them away and rose to her feet; and as she did so she looked up and saw Teddy sauntering along the path toward her.

"I thought you went out to ride," she said, flushing painfully. Could he conceivably think that she had followed him?

"The ride was postponed," he said. "And now I can have a little talk with you."

"No, I must go." She would at least show him that she had not come to seek

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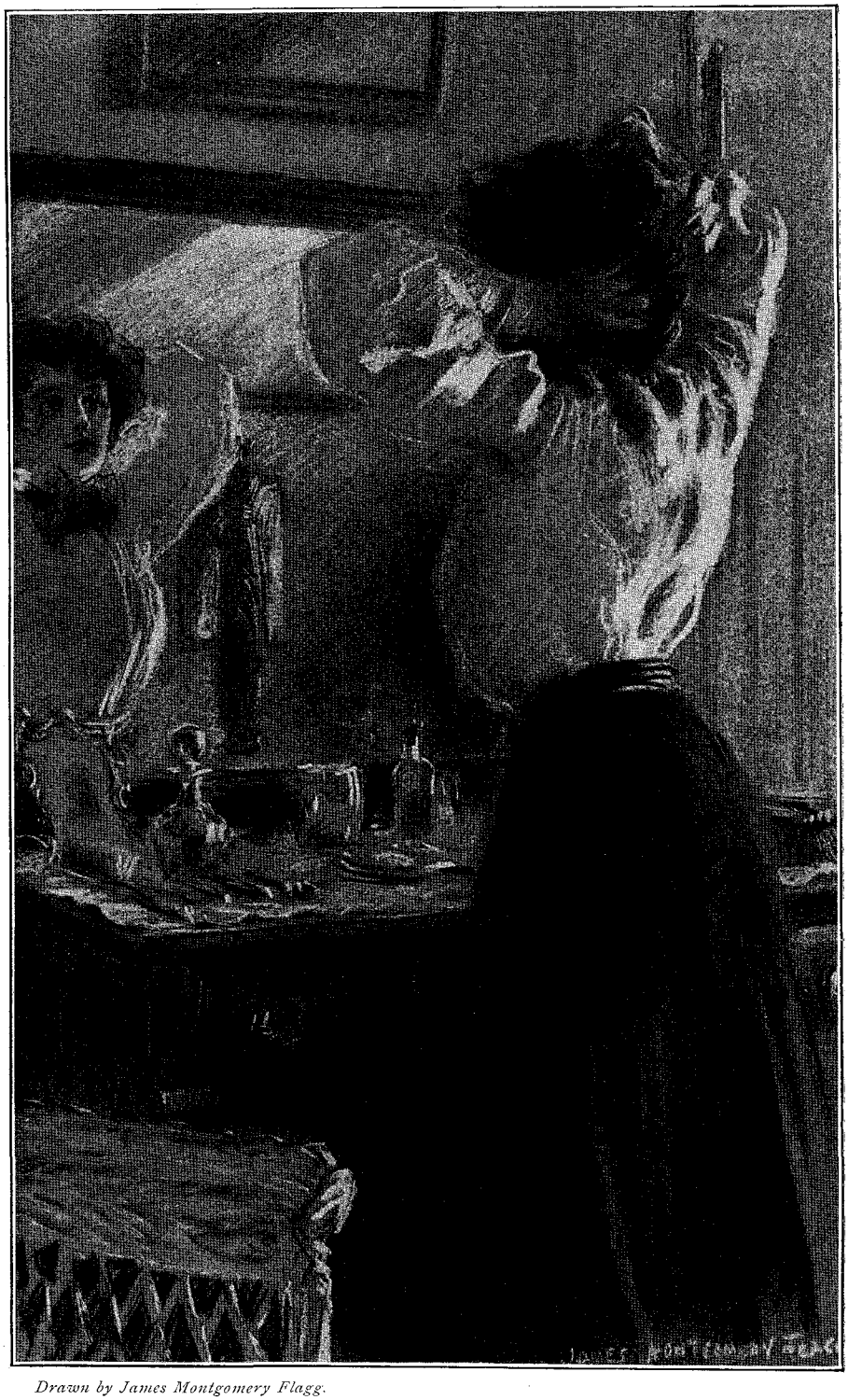

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

She experimented with her hair.—Page 71.

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him. "I am leaving to-day, you know, and I must get back." She tried to meet his eyes, but faltered and looked past him. "Good-by, Mr. Creston," she said, holding out her hand. "You have given me some very pleasant days with the drives and picnics. I hope you'll have a pleasant winter."

"Delia, look at me!" he commanded.

She raised her eyes to his and he kissed her full on the mouth.

"Oh!" she cried, and turning, fled toward the house without another look or word.

Teddy watched her until she was out of sight and then strolled on. "Now I wonder why I did that," he said to himself. "Was it to give her a sensation or to give myself one? On my soul, I don't know."

And Delia, gaining her room, panting and agitated, asked the same question: "Why did he do it? He doesn't love me. If he did, it wouldn't have made it right, but it would have been less insulting. Oh, it was brutal, and I hate him!" She walked up and down with clenched hands. "I wish I *could* hate him," she groaned. And then from depths unsounded by any plummet of Teddy's came the cry: "I have been cheated out of my birthright. A woman is born to be loved, and I never knew it till now—and now it is too late!"

For a while she gave herself up to wretchedness; but the conventions of life are exacting, and in the end they recalled her. She was obliged to put the finishing touches to her packing and to go down to luncheon. When she looked in the glass to see whether her emotion had left any traces it would not have surprised her to confront the ravaged face of an old woman. As it was, she failed to see that instead of age she had gained a new and subtle look of youth—a youth which had never been hers before. As she sat at the table, trying to go through the form of eating, more than one person glanced at her with interest. Mercifully for her, Teddy did not appear at all. When she made her adieux she found that Julia was giving herself the unusual trouble of accompanying her to the station, where she purchased a ticket for her and a seat in the Pullman coach.

"This is my treat," she said cordially; "and I shall expect you to come again as usual, you know. This little visit doesn't count, for we were away all the time."

Over the tea-table Delia was for a few moments the subject of conversation.

"I had no idea," remarked one person, "that Miss Mynor was so pretty. I never noticed her particularly before.

"Don't insult her by calling her pretty," said another man, who was by way of being artistic. "Beauty of so pure a type deserves a better adjective than that."

Julia wondered whether it were not almost a pity that she had not let Delia stay to receive this belated admiration; whether it would not have proved an antidote to the dangers of Teddy's philandering. But it was too late to think of that now.

Meantime, Delia, travelling to her next visit, was a prey to distressful thoughts. Her universe was in a state of upheaval; and most of all, she was aghast at the elemental instinct which had sprung to life in her—aghast and yet fascinated, and filled with desperate rebellion at fate. Was she, then, to be condemned henceforth to this futile inner turmoil? She looked back to the sweet, solitary days which she had so recently passed; she remembered the little house of her dreams; she even thought of certain satisfactory hours of visiting. Those tranquil pleasures belonged to a past which was definitely ended, and before her she could see nothing but unrest; uncertain hopes and certain discontents. Did she, then, wish to go back? Oh, no, she wished to go forward. Belated, but imperious, the primitive woman in her had awakened and demanded to be recognized. Was it, indeed, too late?

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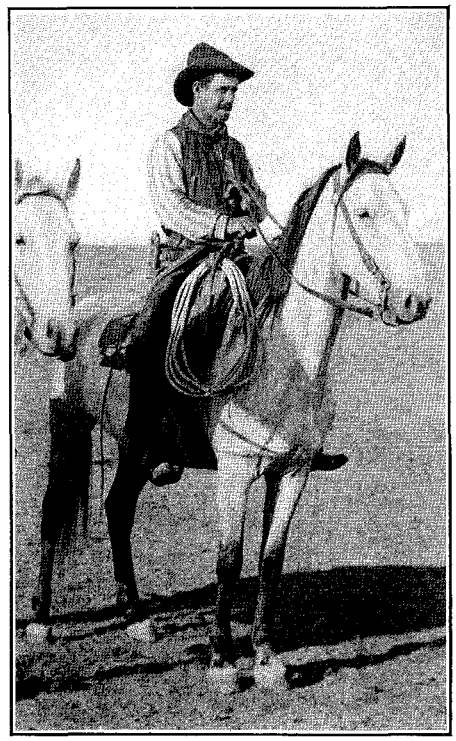
THE LAST BUSTING AT THE BOW-GUN

By L. A. Huffman

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

A HUNDRED and six in the shade of the cook's tent-fly at the Hat X Camp on the Big Dry. It was a mid-August afternoon near the end of the general round-up. The sand flats and dunes of the lower Dry were radiating heat like griddles. Not a breath of air, not a suggestion of a breeze; yet in some mysterious way little dust and sand laden whirlwinds were born, sprang up and chased each other sportively, and sometimes savagely, noisily, across the bars and up the dunes to die in the sage or fringe of cottonwoods.

The cook was flinging out a kettle of stewed raisins, which, he explained—to no one in particular—"would assay eighty per cent. grit, since one of them dam whirligigs" got tangled up with his pie preparations.



Lee Warren

The great herd had watered and lain down by thousands upon the narrow strip of cool, moist sand that bordered the half-mile-long pool—a tempting pool, with smooth sand and silt floor. Yes, but the first splash of a swimmer might start that entire herd rolling their tails for the hills, the pine ridges of Woody, twenty miles back, from whence the Circle, at much pains and expense of good horse-flesh, that morning had brought them. No one there needed cautioning, but a veteran puncher remarked: "Big difference in cattle. They are sure always wolfly that range the pine ridges. Nev'r could quite savvy why they should be so much wilder than prairie rangers, but they never *do* stand for no herdin' afoot or swimming parties."

So we did not swim. We did the next best thing—lay in the shade swapping hunks of cow and horse wisdom; rode bronc's, headed stampedes, "fit" prairie fires, killed whole dens of rattlesnakes, burned incense, watched, from the thickly bedded herd, the o'erthirsty ones rise stretchingly and plod in straggling lines to the water, drink deep, plod back again, *always* to *their* particular family group to lie down again; changing sides, too, of course, same as you or I going back to bed.

To the west on the wide bench columns of dust and smoke told of the cut of cows and calves and the branding fire where Webb, Charley, and Smoky would soon be in a *real* roping contest, bringing quite a hundred and fifty calves for the boys at that fire to wrestle with in the space of an hour and a half. Across the flat to the north, which was the round-up ground this morning, the Cross Anchor boys were pushing the biggest throw-back of the

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Bringing calves to the branding fire.

At the branding fire.

year. From the bed-wagon I took a shot at the drag end of it as it passed; and you would not believe me, nor would the assessor, if I let you in on my estimate of how many horned creatures there were in that more than a mile-long line of drift, bound Redwater way.

Also from my perch on the bed-wagon, 'twixt yarns and snap-shots and burnings of incense, I saw far down the flat a string with a bed-horse in the lead, making our way through the dust-laden, shimmering heat.

The "Rep" that belonged to that string proved to be Sandy B of the Bow-Gun, who, presently bunched the string ropes and unloaded the bed-horse and unsaddled his sweating, blowing mount.

"Me?" said Sandy, after he had drunk his fill from the keg beside the wagon and squatted among us, munching from a hunk of bread in one hand and a hunk of cold beef in the other, "ME? Why, I've been moonshinin'* the breaks below Hell and Crooked Creek, with a bunch of breeds from Poplar River way for ten days. Mess-wagon looks good to me. Hot? Say, Cat-

*Rounding up rough country where packs instead of mess-wagon must be used.

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tle-boys, these sand-flats is cool to them breaks. Me?"—to no one in particular—"If I had time and a string of my own, I sure *would* go moonshinin' the breaks for horses. There's a wild maverick bunch in there that would give two honest, capable punchers a start in life. This cow-punchin' *is* gettin' to be a *sorry trade*. These breeds I reps with tells me it's no josh that them Neidrings that owned the N—N and have driven in more Oregon broncs and trailed more cattle than anybody are *sure* starting a *hog* ranch. Yessir, a *hog* ranch, wooshers, rooters, thousands of 'em. They are building her right now somewheres on the Missouri not far from Prairie Elk. Hain't goin' to be no room on this earth for 'ery *real* cow-hand a few years more. *He* goes to the tremblin' room *final* for his check—with 'er *hog* in the corner. This throwback settles it with the old Bow-Gun, I guess. I am on my way to the ranch now to help gather the horses. We are short of saddle stock—going to break a bunch before the beef-gather begins. Better come out and see a touch of high life"—this with a nod in my direction—"and bring along your snappin' machine."

The fiery orb touched the tops of the cottonwoods. They began to push our herd from its bed-ground on the bar. The squad from the branding fire galloped campward. The horses were bunched behind the ropes.

The round-up was to split the long drive to Hungry Creek, where they would make the round-up next day, by an evening move to a dry camp high in the divide back of Sand Arroya. Next morning when I awoke Sandy was just cutting his string from the Hat X bunch, and with his bobbing bed-horse in the lead was soon a speck against the first slanting beams of the sunrise.

But I did not forget Sandy's tip to be in on the "busting"; so it fell out that one raw windy September evening I pulled up at the Bow-Gun, one of the old-time cow camps of the north country, built nearly twenty-five years back, and now sadly fallen to dilapidation and decay.

I had come twenty miles to see "broncs busted" by new methods; and I thought, as I unhitched, of the Bow-Gun boys of a far time, and harked back to the days when the environs of Milestown—aye, its main thoroughfare withal—was the daily chosen arena for the busters of those times, when a hand rode out his string whenever or wherever it was dealt to him, and was of the sort that resented the appellation "Horse Fighter" or "Buster." He was born to the saddle and lariat, as farmer lads are born to the milking pens and the furrows.

Foreman Bob bade me welcome. He and his crew were enjoying a rest between the general and the beef round-up, and lending a hand with the broncs. The old place seemed deserted until the cook, a tall, bony, four-eyed* rooster, let out a yell that searched the crannies of the old place and echoed back from the buttes, "It's a-l-l right with m-e-e!" The cry brought foregathering from the one-time "buckaroo" house and sundry tepees pitched beside the dry washout, the hungry crew of the Bow-Gun, fifteen strong, to file by the lay-out box, where each man supplied himself with an outfit—plate, cup, knife and fork—and straightway to load the same with ribs of young beef, pot-roasted, hot biscuits, stewed corn, and the ever-present "Blue Hen" tomatoes, and to top it, a portion from the Dutch oven, of pudding with raisins galore, and sauce too *à la* Vanilla magoo, and strong black coffee, of course.

While we supped I looked about me to see if I could pick out the broncho rider, whose fame had been long familiar to the countryside. "Weak head and strong back for a horse fighter" is an old and common saying; and likewise it had not infrequently chanced in old days that that gentleman could, with certainty, almost unerringly, at any time or place, be spotted by his swagger, his display of artillery, his unfailing weakness for wearing heavy bearskin or llama leggings, even in the hottest weather, and his spurs.

But times *have* changed. There's little doing in bearskin shaps. Fewer men are drawing fifty a month, making up in hat rim what they lack in skill and brains. And here was the old Bow-Gun almost at the end of it, soon to become a third-rate sheep camp.

As Foreman Bob and I supped elbow to elbow in the firelight, listening to the chaff of the crew, I asked him which was Lee Warren, who was to begin on the following morning to ride the wild Bow-Gun horses at the rate of six or eight a day. Pointed out, he proved to be about the least con-

*Spectacled.

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spicuous, least loquacious man of the bunch. Short to stubbiness, and dressed like a farm-hand; declining the proffered weed with thanks, saying he'd never learned to smoke.

Supper over, we gathered in the bunk-house for a memorable evening of songs and stories. No herd to hold, no guards to stand, so no one seemed in haste to seek his blankets. The four-eyed one, too, joined us when his work was done for the night; and there was a man with a voice and a laugh—such a voice and rippling contagious laugh you never could forget, once you'd heard it. A man could top my string of the best nag in it if I could fetch a laugh the like of that. And the one story—I'm sorry it's unprintable—that old four-eyes springs on us puts it out of everybody's reach for that session. So we unrolled our beds and turned in.

From where I lay, through the wide-open door, I looked long at those eternal, turreted, cold, moonlit Western hills; outlined against them stood, saddled and picketed, sentinel like, the wrangler's gray night-horse, listening too to the myriad voices of the night that unfailingly come to the senses once a camp is stilled. I wondered, as I had a thousand times in years that are gone, when, by some dying camp-fire I drowsed, up-gazing into the always new, yet changeless star-studded, glittering vastness, what the indescribable charm of this life *was*, that one failed always to put into speech.

In the cold grayness the wrangler tiptoed among the silent sleepers, wakened the cook, mounted old "Specks," the gray horse, and was off to round-up his night grazing band.

Then the voice, clear as a bugle: "R-o-l-l o-u-t, R-o-l-l o-u-t, while she's hot." It was steak, stacks of griddle-cakes, and coffee; after which Foreman Bob, addressing Warren, said: "Lee, tell Lem [Lem was the horse wrangler] how many you want, and the boys will run them in for you when you're ready." Warren "reckoned" six would do to sample them at the jump-off. It reminded me of Dewey and Gridley: "You may fire, Gridley, when you are ready."

Both men were dealing in commonplaces. He'd have six, not more, raw onion-eyed, four- and five-year olds, for his first morning's work—when Lem was ready—and six horses, mind you, that had never smelled oats or felt weight of rawhide since they had had that Bow-Gun signal burned on their shoulders, some terrible day of their colthood.

While we waited for the horses, Warren took stock of his outfit. Just a plain, ordinary, single-rigged cow-saddle, bridle, and lariat, spurs, quirt, and some short pieces of grass rope for the cross-hobbling. Presently the voice, its owner elbow deep in his bread-pan, announced, "Hy-ar they come a f-o-g-g-i-n'."

Swiftly across the wide flat, flanked by half a dozen well-mounted riders, the little band swings a wide circle, leaving adrift behind it a long ribbon of dust. The big gate is flung open, and the day's work is corralled. An inner gate swings, another swift rush and the six beautiful beasts are bunched, snorting and trembling, in the round corral, the one with the snubbing-post in the centre, where legions of wild, carefree, young horses before them have bitten the dust, bidding sudden and painful farewell to the glad, work-free life of the prairie.

Warren, as he looks them over with critical eye, uncoils the rawhide, adjusts hondo and loop. At his first step of approach they break away. Round and round they circle, in vain effort to dodge that flying noose, which, at the second cast, falls true, and the bright bay leader of the bunch, Oscar Wilde (a name that Warren flung to him with the first throw that he so neatly dodged, and Oscar he will be to the end of his days in the Bow-Gun saddle bunch) is in the toils, leaping, bucking, striking savagely at the thing that grips him by the throat, now held taut by Lee and his two helpers, who, when his first desperate lunges are past, take a turn of the rope round the snubbing-post set deep in the earth.

"Easy, easy now! Snub him too sudden and he kinks her or breaks her [his neck]. Steady now!" He is facing the post, feet braced and wide apart, straining at the rope until in his final, blind struggle for breath, he throws himself. Quick as a flash, Warren has his knee on Oscar's neck, grips him by the underjaw, tilts his head so that his nose points skyward. Instantly the turn is thrown from the post. The noose slackens, is slipped off, passed bridle-wise over his ears and, by a dexterous and simple turn, made fast curbwise to his underjaw.

For a full half-minute Oscar has found that dust-laden air so good that he has relaxed, forgotten to fight. Deftly and quick-

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ly Warren hobbles his front feet together and slips on the bridle. Oscar bounds to his feet, but quickly finds that his struggles to free himself only result in a succession of falls that cause him to hesitate, until, in some mysterious way, he finds his near hind foot, too, caught in a noose and made fast to his near front one. He's cross-hobbled now and ready for the saddle.

Here the skill and patience of the bronco rider are put to a severe test. He must hold his horse by the reins and rope, lay the saddle blanket, then with a one-hand swing place that forty-pound saddle where it belongs. Dazed, cross-hobbled as he is, the horse resents the blanket to the twentieth time, often, and may frustrate as many attempts to reach with the latigo strap that swinging cinch ring, and often he will slip from under the saddle a good many times before it is caught and the first hard pull cinches the saddle firmly in place.

Oscar has been in the toils fifteen minutes—no doubt it's seemed longer to him. His hobbles are now being removed—often quite as exciting a task as putting them on. They are off, those hobbles, but Oscar does not know it. His attention is distracted by a pain in his ear. Lee has it twisted firmly, gripped in his strong left hand. Strange, but true, nine times out of ten, the wildest outlaw will stand motionless for a minute or more if you get just the right twist on his ear.

Cautiously, tensely, without the shadow of hesitation, Warren lightly swings to his seat. The critical moment has come. For five breathless seconds after that ear is released Oscar stands frozen, wide-eyed, nostrils distended, muscles strained until under the rear of that saddle-skirt there's room for your hat 'twixt it and his back.

In response to the first pull at the rein, by one or two quick, short, nervous steps he discovers that his legs are once more unshackled. Up he goes in a long, curving leap like a buck. Down goes his head, and he blats that indescribable bawl that only thoroughly maddened, terrified broncos can fetch, something uncanny, something between a scream and a groan, that rasps the nerves and starts the chill, hunted feeling working your spine.

The Voice, drawing water at the well, sends a hail: "N-o-w he t-a-k-e-s her. S-t-a-y with him, Lee. S-t-a-y with him," as round and round he leaps, reined hard, now right, now left, by his rider. Again and again he goes high, with hind feet drawn under, as if reaching for the stirrups. Forelegs thrust forward, stiff as crowbars, driving hoof-prints in the packed earth, like mauls, as he lands; yet light and tight, seeming never to catch the brunt of the jolt, sits his rider.

Now the little horse begins to sulk, backs suddenly, and rears high, as if to throw himself backward. If he should succeed, should rid himself in that way, of his rider, he would surely try it again. His first lesson might end in failure, and he'd have made a good start toward becoming Oscar the outlaw.

But Lee has also another card looped to his wrist, one that he is loath to use, that stinging rawhide quirt, which now descends fore and aft, round his ears, and raising welts on his quivering flanks at each stroke. Oscar is quickly distracted from rearing and backing. Again he sulks, refuses to respond to word, rein, or quirt.

Now, for the first time it's the steel—the spurs—and the horse chooses doing the circle, the thing of the least punishment. Oscar has been in the corral forty minutes. Sweat runs from belly and nose, and in little rivulets down his legs. Warren swings off gently, then quickly up again, mounting and dismounting rapidly half a dozen times, each time, with his gloved hand, patting the blowing horse on flank, rump, and neck.

Almost in one motion, saddle and bridle are off—flung together at the post. Oscar's first lesson is finished. The gate swings, he dashes through to the outer corral, while Foreman Bob, where we're perched on the fence, says to me: "Old Lee knows when to quit. He's careful; never baked a horse for us yet. Keeps his temper. *That's* where most of us lose out in that game. Feller we had here last summer—good rider, stout as a mule—loses his, and his job. Bakes the first one he tackles. Fights him an hour saddlin', then sifts him outside; throws him the gut-hooks and quirt until the hoss is plumb baked, overhet. Falls dead there a hundred yards from the ranch. Third time's plenty soon to ride 'em outside."

Once more Lee gives "Smithy" the gateman, a nod as he throws the kinks from the rawhide, coolly adjusting his noose for number two, a big chestnut sorrel. "Flaxey"

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is the name that fits him by reason of his wealth of mane and tail of that color.

Flaxey ducks, turns, doubles, and dodges that singing noose for the third time, like a boxer. "I'll just take your front feet away from you, you——, if you'd rather," and the loop then flies low, edgewise, well in front of the galloping horse. Somehow, too quick for the eye to detect just how it was done, Flaxey's down, his front feet gripped in the noose. Smithy's "nailed his muzzle" and sits perched on his neck.

It's the story of Oscar repeated, except that Flaxey varies the entertainment by bucking the empty saddle the second his hobbles are loosed; gets his feet tangled in the reins, snatches off the bridle.

Lem's throw to catch him again falls short, catches the saddle-horn, pulls the saddle back on his rump, making him look for a time, to Lem, "like a two-seated hoss with the front seat missin'."

"Say, Cattle-boys, old Flaxey, he *shore* does cut her high and wide when that saddle turns under his belly." It's only one of the inevitable, enlivening incidents of the day's work, delaying for the space of five minutes only, the twisting of Flaxey's left ear and his proper topping.

It is eleven o'clock now. Warren, bareheaded, shapeless, sooty as a smith with dust and sweat, is up on "Stripes," his sixth and last horse, when the Voice sings, "B-o-n-e-h-e-a-d-s, b-o-n-e-h-e-a-d-s, take it away," which announces the best meal of the day—roast beef, boiled spuds, fresh bread, cinnamon rolls, and, to trim it, quarters of thick, juicy, blackberry pie.

Always when I sample blackberry pie or snuff the dust of a horse-fight, memory takes me far back on my trail to a distant Septemper day before a yard of wire fence or a horse corral had obtruded between Old Smoky Butte and the Sand-hills, or betwixt the Cannon Ball and Wind River, when horses were dirt cheap and for the most part broken on the trail. Just roped, saddled, and rode in the open.

Old Twodot Satchel was our trail boss then, bringing in two big herds of Swinging A cattle. Our camp was among those wonderful red scoria hills on the Big Powder, hills that were full soon to witness the final and big things of the range cattle business.

Old Satchel was scouting the country for shelter and grass and a site for the new ranch, and all hands were "layin' off to turn loose the herds," when this other day of horse-fighting, pie, and almost a homicide rolled around.

Old Twodot was a good man to trail with. Never took the best of it, being boss, to shirk night guards on his boys. Come his guard any time between cocktail* and breakfast, he would "like to see some blank blank" stand his guard, as he'd lope for the herd prompt as any hand in the outfit. Woe, too, by the same token, to the man he caught overworking the gentle horses in his string, giving the bad ones the go-by cold mornings, hanging back when there was swimming in sight. He was never "huntin' shaller crossin's," was old Twodot, but had a well-earned reputation for "chousin" into any river that got in his way.

We all have our failings. Old Twodot had his. Strike him at any time and he had two or three outlaws in his string that he seemed never to ride or to have other use for than to steer unsuspecting strangers against.

"Looks like Old Satchel k'aint have no fun," Andy Williams used to say, "less'n he's sickin' somebody to ride Old Mokey or Zebra, and get k-i-l-l-e-d u-p. It ain't any of my fambly that's takin' risks that way. I shore have knowed fellers, though, to get a gun bent over their nut for less than loanin' such outlaws to parties with a yearn for this glad life."

On the September day reverted to, there drifted into that camp of ours a strange, wild specimen of humanity, not only wild-looking, but with that something indescribable in the look of his eye that told of his hunger for his kind.

No puncher need look twice as he approached to learn that the black mare he is riding, is "Injun" and wild, a stranger to cow camps, unbitted, ridden with something between a one-eared bridle and a hackamore made of untanned skin; that his stirrups are pick-ups that don't mate, that the skirtless seat itself is more like some old castaway, back-number tree that's been hanging on a fence for a year, than a saddle.

That arrival resulted in old Twodot taking a long lay-off and making a trail boss of Andy. It was, to the last day of that worthy's life, worth while to hear him re-

*The first guard after the last meal of the day.

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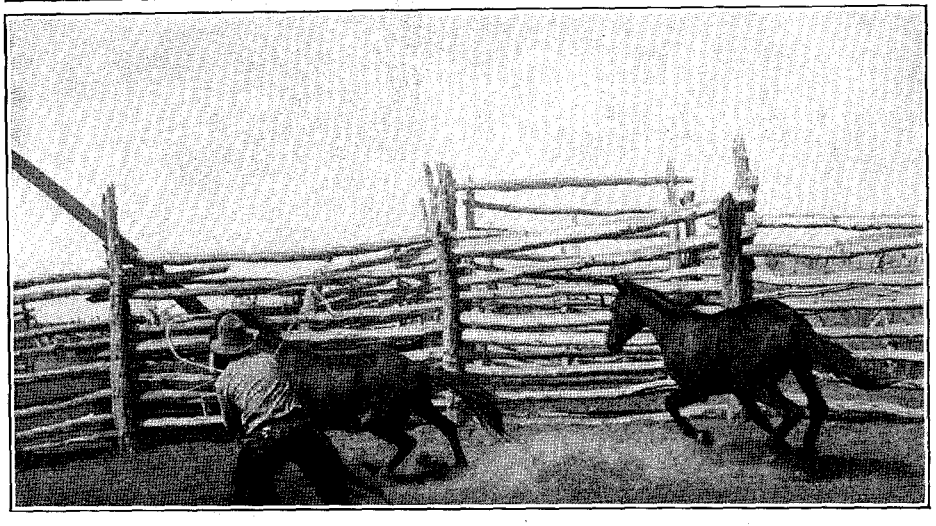

The outer gate swings and the band dashes through.

The flying noose falls true.

gale a bunch of cow-hands with the story in somewhat this wise:

"I never did meet up with but one sure-enough hoss-tamer since I works my way, packin' water, into old Rarey's show when I'm a kid, where he's tamin' balky plugs for farmers back in old Misoo' at ten bucks a hoss; and that was Stutterin' Bob, that strikes us when we are locatin' the first 'A's' old Satchel brings in on Powder that time. It's this Bob, you see, shoots up old Daniel's dive in Cheyenne that time, and wings one of the Blocker outfit when he's makin' his getaway, headin' north, thinkin' he's a hunted outlaw. Keeps goin' from May to July, dodging stage roads and cow camps and every place where he might have got a meal, livin' like a 'kyot-e, and packin' a hunk of the Blocker boys' lead in his shoulder. When he is about all in he stumbles onto the camp of this old French doctor that's livin' with the Crees and breeds, around Sheep Mountains. Old Frenchy mines the lead out of him, and fixes him up some, but when he gets so he can crawl out of the wickyup, he ain't got no more horse, saddle, or gun, than a prairie-d-a-w-g. Them Crees the old sport

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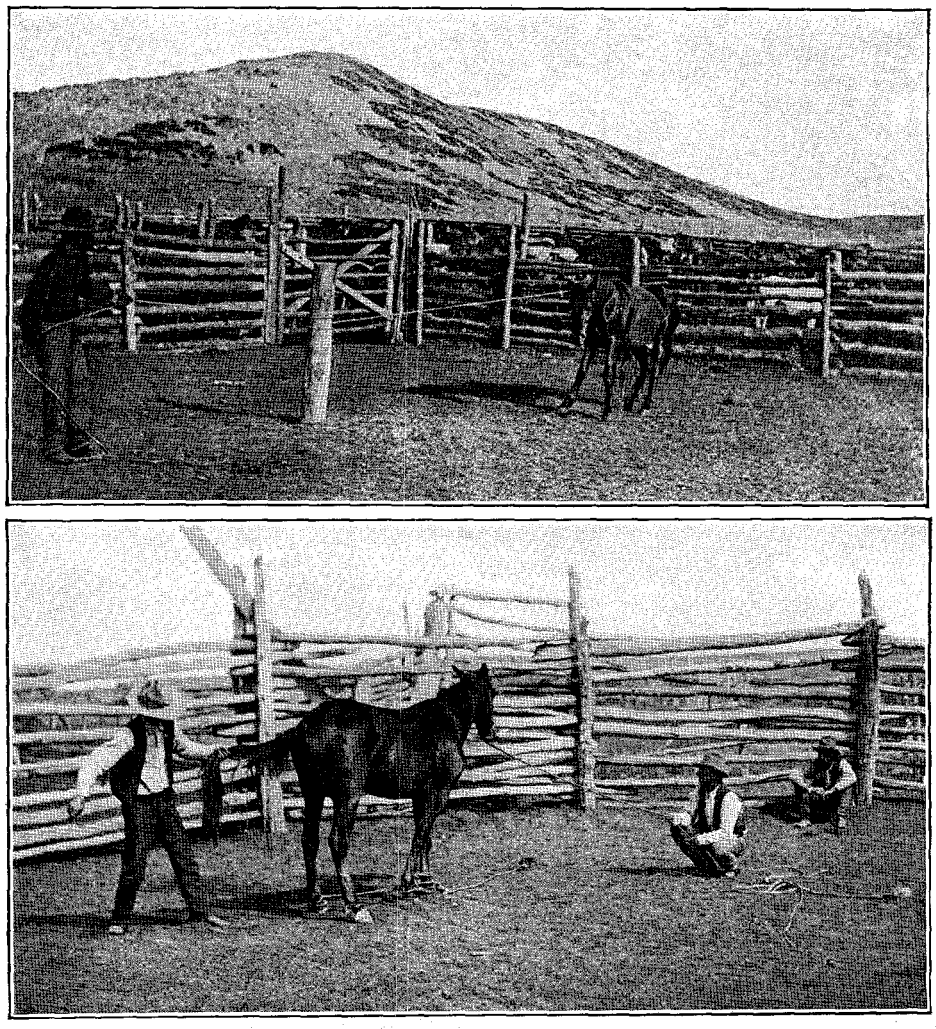

"Easy, easy now!"

He's cross-hobbled now and ready for the saddle.

is a-harboring has him set afoot proper, exceptin' the clothes he's got on, and one pop. When he just *kain't* choke down another round of the marrow-gut and pemican dawg-feed this outfit feasts on, he borrows a hoss one dark night, and lights out on the back trail. It's a cinch that lone gents ridin' mares* ain't so permiscous that away but what this Stutterin' Bob makes a hit with the A outfit, we bein' three hundred miles from a neighboring cow camp or a stage ranch when he shows up on us in that rig of his'n. Starvin', hidin', and hard ridin' fixes it that he gets the red ticket easy over anything that hits Powder River up to then. We all has our preejidices. Old Twodot has his. No squawmen, breeds, or Injuns for his'n. He catches a whiff of that teepee smell that's waftin' all the way from the old Dock's Cree Wickup in them remnants of what's onct Bob's clothes; while Bob, all onbeknownst to them preejidices, is throwin' the feast of *his* life into hisself; after which he loses no time bracin' Old Satchel fer a job, ridin'. 'Well, stranger,' says old Twodot, smoothlike, disguisin' his feelin's, 'we ain't short-handed for riders,

* Never used by cow outfits.

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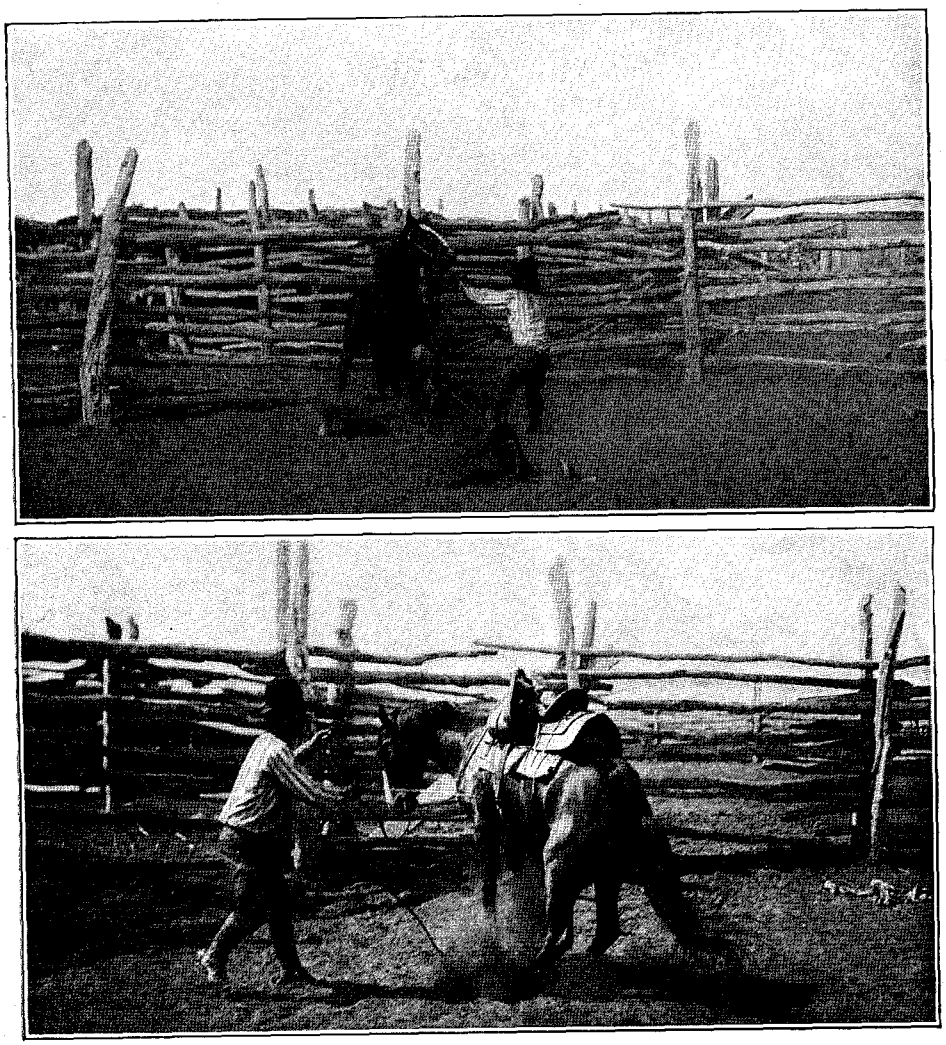

Cross-hobbled as he is, the horse dodges the saddle blanket successfully.

The first hard pull and the saddle is firmly in place.

just at present, but, if you-all hain't drawin' the line at *mares*, I might stake you to an old gentle hoss or two, out of my string, so you can help with the cattle for a spell, until you can strike something better.'

"That's all right with him. Next thing we see is this wild man leadin' old Zebra out of the bunch with this hackamore of his. Now, Zebra, he's one of these splay-footed, old hellyans that'll stand kinder spraddled, thoughtful, and meek-like for saddlin', never making a flounce until his man starts swingin' up; then of a sudden he breaks out er-rocketin', hoggin', sun-fishin', and plowin' up the yarth for about seven jumps, when he changes ends, caterpillers, goin' over back quicker'n lightnin'. The way the outfit begins to line up watchin' him cinch that old centre-fire tree on old Zebra confirms his suspicions.. He gives Twodot a savage look like a trapped wolf, tucks the loose coil of that hackamore rope into his belt, and just *walks* onto that hoss; never tries to find the off-stirrup, but stands high in the nigh one, a-rakin' old Zeeb up and down, and reachin' fer the root of his tail, and jabbin' him with his heel every jump until he goes to the earth, feet up-

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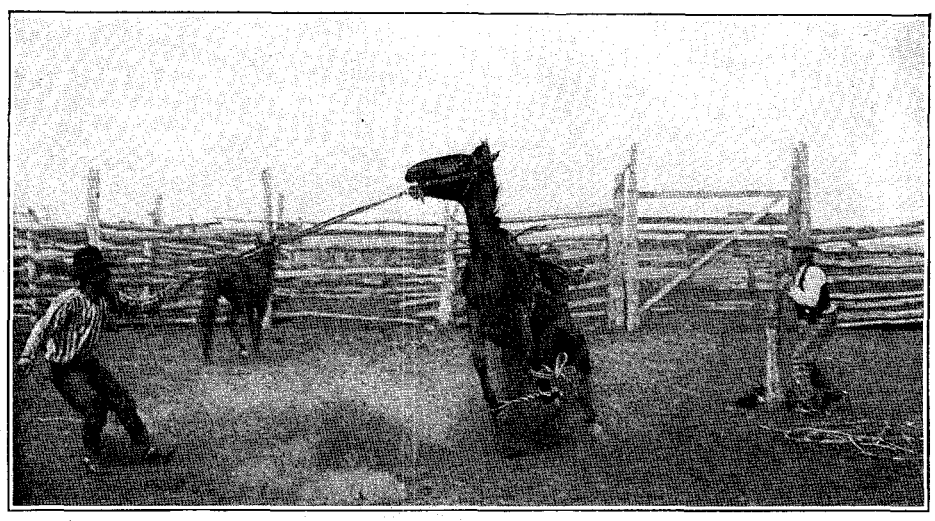

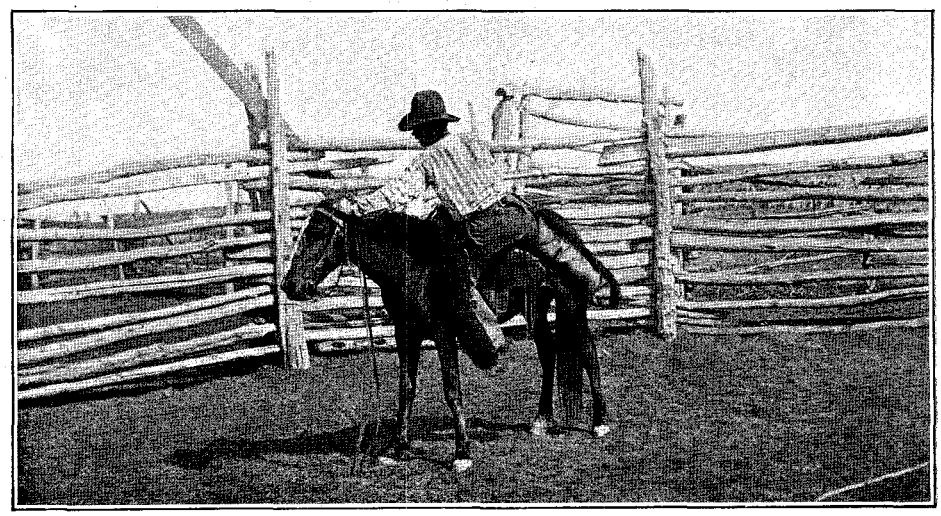

Sometimes it's quite as interesting getting the hobbles off as on.

Mounting—the ear twist.

wards like a bear fightin' bees. Old Bob ain't under there to get pinched none, though, not on your type; he's jest calmly puttin' a pair of rawhide hobbles on them front feet and a-wroppin' old Zeeb's head and ears in that rag of a coat of his'n, that seems like he shucks before he hits the ground. I'll never tell a man what that long-legged, stutterin' maverick does to a bronc. Zebra ain't the last horse, though, that I sees him mesmerize, until they'd seem to firgit their past life when he'd let 'em up to foller him around crow hoppin' in the hobbles like a trick mewl in a circus. Less time than I'm tellin' you, he has them hobbles off again, and is ridin' old Zebra round as quiet as a night hoss.

"The laugh is on old Twodot; and he's that ringey he breaks out intimatin' Bob of some dirty breed work, like slippin' a handful of gravel or a string of buckshot into old Zeeb's ear, and a chow-ow-in' that he never *did* see no Squawherdin' —— that rides fair. At that Bob climbs down, sayin' quiet like, 'Eat that Injun part and that name or I'll *ride* you.' Old Satchel goes after his gun, but Bob is too quick. He has him plugged through the wrist, and

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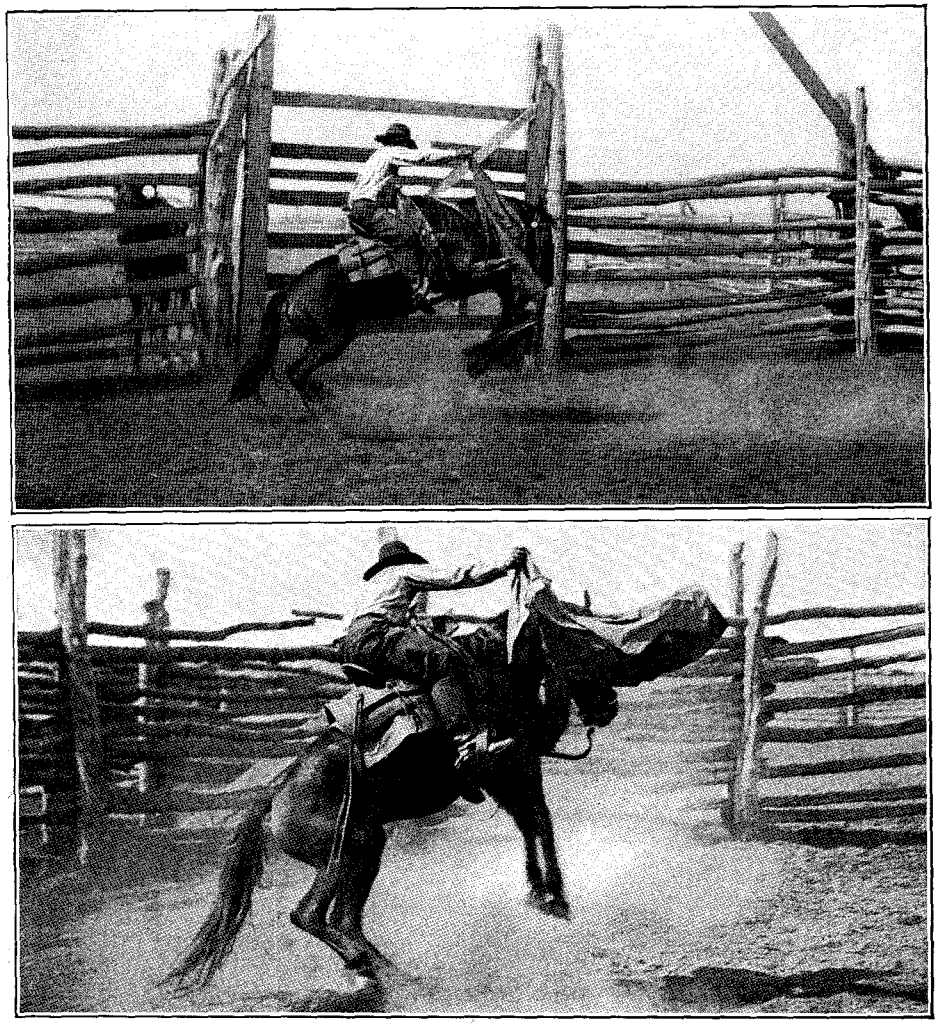

He discovers his legs are once more unshackled.

Again and again he goes high.

sends another barkin' his scalp that downs him like a beef before he ever gets action. That's however I got *my* start in life, running the old A outfit."

It was a far, far cry between those two September days, between those two samples of blackberry pie. Stutterin' Bob, Two-dot, Old Andy, and Gentleman Bill had passed away. In the shade of this old Bow-Gun blacksmith shop, vaqueros born since their time were listening to tales of their prowess, while tentatively mending gear, from saddles to sougans, through the long afternoon.

It was the third and last day of my stay at the old ranch. Warren, rising from breakfast asked—of no one in particular—"Who all is going to haze me?" Which was to say that Oscar, Flaxey, Stripes, and their fellows of that day's work are to-day to get their first gallop outside—with a hazer, a rider mounted on something wise to the game and swift enough of foot to stay alongside, heading them from washouts, dog-towns, and miles on miles of breaks and cut-banks, any direction from the Bow-Gun, where there's such footing as one takes with caution on well-broken mounts.

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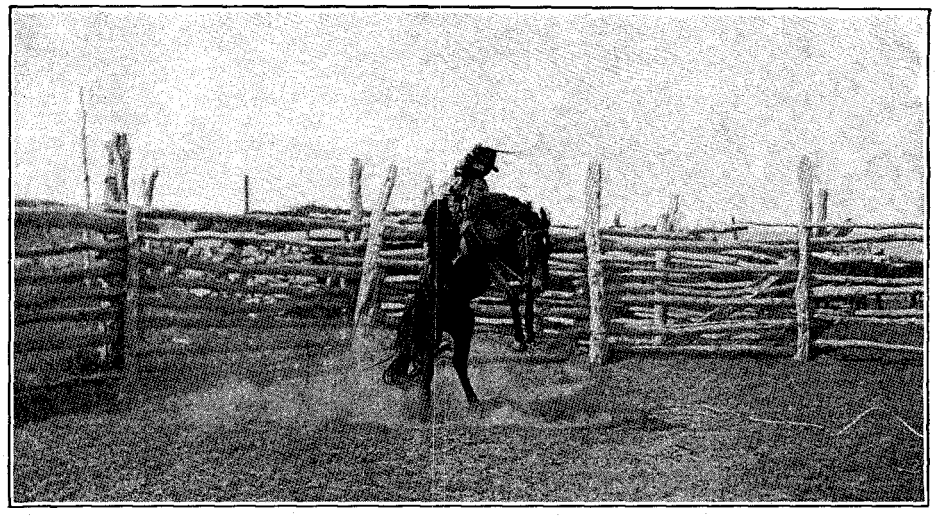

Rearing and backing.

Plumb gentle.

Now he dispensed with hobbles and helpers, roped, bridled, and saddled the horses unaided, mounted them, circled the corral a turn or two, gave the gateman the word, and out they went like a shot, buster and hazer neck and neck, off up the flat like a whipping finish in a quarter race. Four rides with a slicker lesson or two, and these dare-devil riders call them "plumb gentle," and each man gets his share of the new ones for immediate use in his string.

"Of course," mused Lee, as we lounged by the cook's fire that last evening; "of course, if a buster was getting fifteen bones a head instead of five, and all the time he needed, say thirty instead of five days, for a bunch like this one, horse fighting would be safer, less exciting, less picturesque, as you'd say. We would do our work, too, in a heap safer way for horses and men; but will it pay? is the question. Whether it's bustin' a bronc or a bank, bosses won't stand for a fifteen-dollar finish on a thirty-five dollar horse."

"Where do you go to ride your next bunch?" I asked.

Warren fell silent, twirling thoughtfully the rowel of a spur, before replying.

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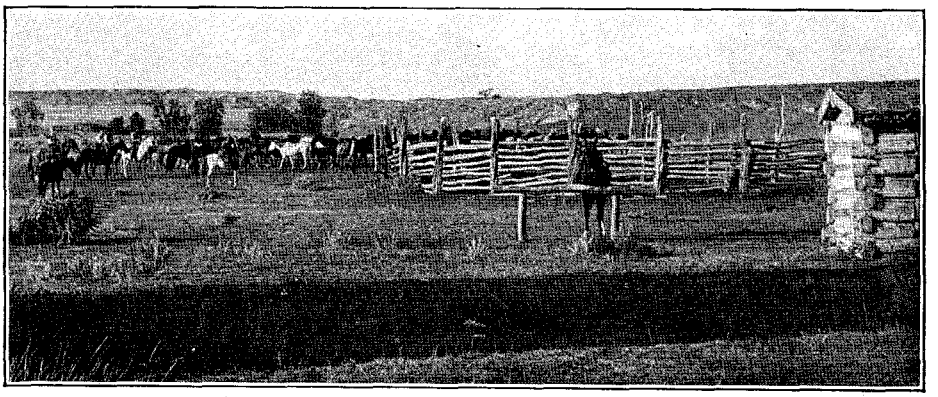
"Just between ourselves, I am quitting the game right here—riding my last bronc'. *She* wants that in our "contrack." I am to be premoted to run the Flying Eight over on the river. We'll be at home to our friends along about turkey time, and you'll be welcome, if you happen that way, to the best we've got, and the spin of your life behind a pair of flyin' hole colts."



The old Bow-Gun Ranch.

FINALITIES

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

THE AMBUSH

SUDDEN turnings of the trail,
Fading footprints, clues that fail—
What may not these portents mean
When the foe is all unseen,
And each fated pioneer
Fares along a grim frontier?
Lurking somewhere, left or right,
Near the pathway, safe from sight,
In his ambush subtly laid,
Stands the patient, hostile Shade.
Come you marching like a king,
Like a craven loitering,
Still the unconquerable foe
Waits your coming: forward, go!
Thus along the grim frontier
Fares each fated pioneer.

THE LAST ENEMY

For my destined last defeat
Naught of mercy I entreat;
Only borne to earth and faint
May I fall without complaint;
But, dear Foe, for them I love
All thy mercy would I move.
Torture not their end with vain
Long vicissitudes of pain;
Though they feel thee lurking near,
Let their brave hearts laugh at fear;
Then bestow thy sweetest gift,
Smiting merciful and swift.
Yet—yet may the stroke be stayed
Till at evening, undismayed,
They shall seize the vision far
Of one reassuring star!

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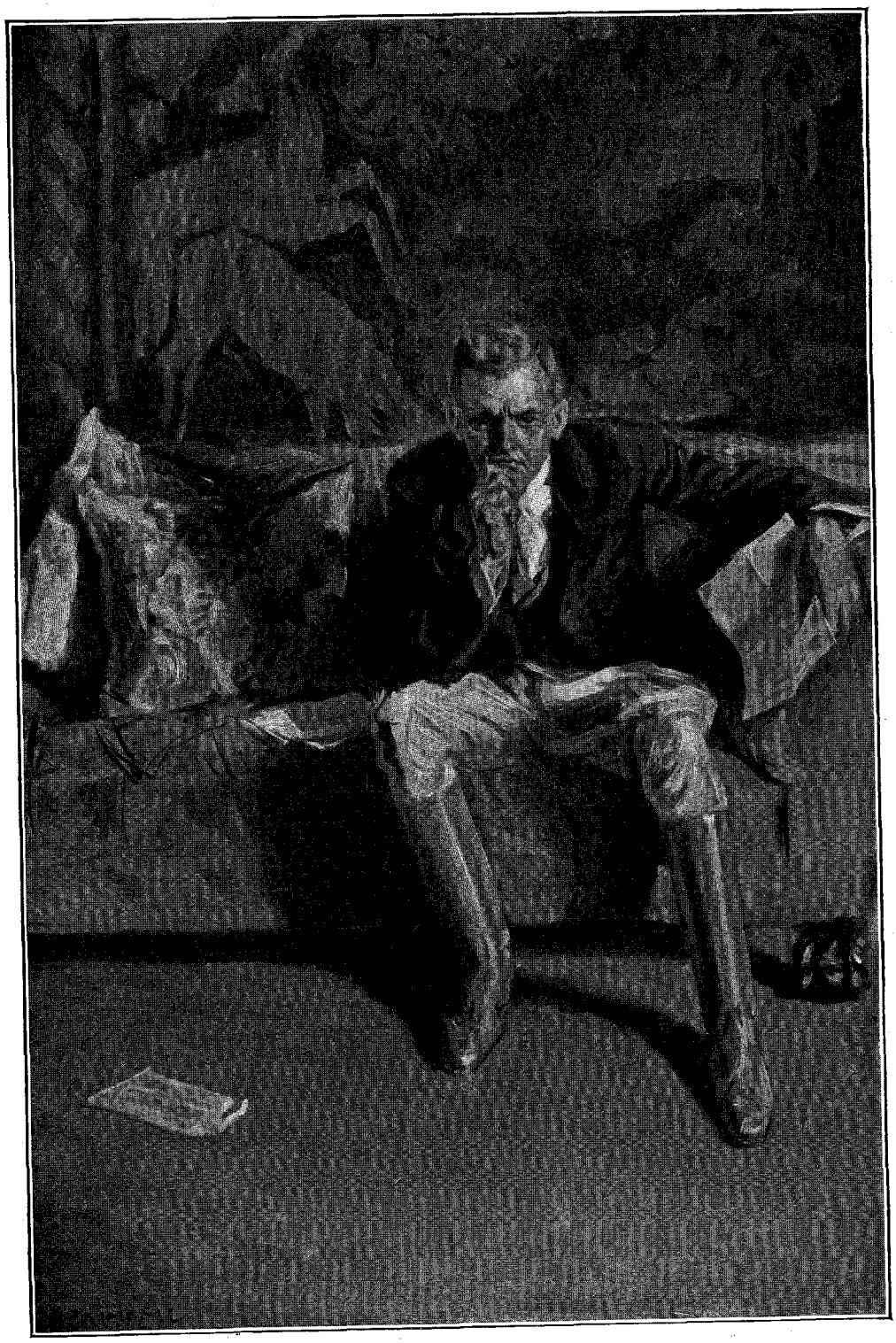

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

What was there to keep him from accepting?—Page 99.

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THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK III—(Continued)

XIX

IT was late in October when Amherst returned to Lynbrook.

He had begun to learn, in the interval, the lesson most difficult to his direct and trenchant nature: that compromise is the law of married life. On the afternoon of his talk with his wife he had sought her out, determined to make a final effort to clear up the situation between them; but he learned that, immediately after luncheon, she had gone off in the motor with Mrs. Carbury and two men of the party, leaving word that they would probably not be back till evening. It cost Amherst a struggle, when he had humbled himself to receive this information from the butler, not to pack his portmanteau and take the first train for Hanaford; but he was still under the influence of Justine Brent's words, and also of his own feeling that, at this juncture of their lives, a break between himself and Bessy would be final.

He stayed on accordingly, enduring as best he might the mute observation of the household, and the gentle irony of Mr. Langhope's attentions; and before he left Lynbrook, two days later, a kind of provisional understanding had been reached.

His wife proved more firm than he had foreseen in her resolve to regain control of her income, and the talk between them ended in reciprocal concessions, Bessy consenting to let the town house for the winter and remain at Lynbrook, while Amherst agreed to restrict his improvements at Westmore to such alterations as had already been begun, and to reduce the expenditure on these as much as possible. It was virtually the defeat of his policy, and he had to suffer the decent triumph of the Gaineses, as well as the bitterer pang of his foiled aspirations. In spite of the opposition of the directors, he had taken advantage of Truscomb's resignation to put Duplain at the head of the mills; but the new manager's outspoken disgust at the company's change of plan made it clear that he would not remain long at Westmore, and it was one of the miseries of Amherst's situation that he could not give the reasons for his defection, but must bear to figure in Duplain's terse vocabulary as a "quitter." The difficulty of finding a new manager expert enough to satisfy the directors, yet in sympathy with his own social theories, made Amherst fear that Duplain's withdrawal would open the way for Truscomb's triumphant reinstatement, an outcome on which he suspected that Halford Gaines had always counted; and this possibility loomed before him as the final defeat of his hopes.

Meanwhile the issues confronting him had at least the merit of keeping him busy. The task of modifying and retrenching his plans contrasted drearily with the hopeful activity of the past months, but he had an iron capacity for hard work under adverse conditions, and the fact of being too busy for thought helped him to wear through the days. This pressure of work relieved him, at first, from too close consideration of his relation to Bessy. He had yielded up his dearest hopes at her wish, and for the moment his renunciation had set a chasm between them; but gradually he saw that, as he was patching together the ruins of his Westmore plans, so he must presently apply himself to the reconstruction of his married life.

Before leaving Lynbrook he had had a last word with Miss Brent; not a word of confidence—for the same sense of reserve kept both from any explicit renewal of their moment's intimacy—but one of those exchanges of commonplace phrase that circumstances may be left to charge with special meaning. Justine had merely asked if he were really leaving and, on his assenting,

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had exclaimed quickly: "But you will come back soon?"

"I shall certainly come back," he answered; and after a pause he added: "I shall find you here? You are going to remain at Lynbrook?"

On her part also there was a shade of hesitation; then she said with a smile: "Yes, I shall stay."

His look brightened. "And you will write me if anything—if Bessy should not be well?"

"I will write you," she promised; and a few weeks after his return to Hanaford he had, in fact, received a short note from her. Its ostensible purpose was to reassure him as to Bessy's health, which had certainly grown stronger since Dr. Wyant had persuaded her, after the dispersal of the last house-party, to accord herself a short period of quiet; but (the writer added) now that Mr. Langhope and Mrs. Ansell had also left, the quiet was perhaps too complete, and Bessy's nerves were beginning to suffer from the reaction.

Amherst had no difficulty in interpreting this brief communication. "I have succeeded in dispersing the people who are always keeping you and your wife apart; now is your chance: come and take it." That was what Miss Brent's letter meant; and his answer was a telegram to Bessy, announcing his return to Long Island.

The step was not an easy one to take; but decisive action, however hard, was always easier to Amherst than the ensuing interval of readjustment. To come to Lynbrook had required a strong effort of will; but the effort of remaining there called into play less disciplined faculties.

Amherst had always been used to doing things; now he had to resign himself to enduring a state of things. The material facilities of the life about him, the way in which the machinery of the great empty house ran on like some complex apparatus working in the void, increased the exasperation of his nerves. Dr. Wyant's suggestion—which Amherst suspected Justine of having prompted—that Mrs. Amherst should cancel her autumn engagements, and give herself up to a quiet outdoor life with her husband, seemed to present the very opportunity these two distracted spirits needed to find and repossess each other. But, though Amherst was grateful to Bessy for having dismissed her visitors—partly to please him, as he guessed—yet he found the routine of the establishment more oppressive than when the house was full. If he could have been alone with her in a quiet corner—the despised cottage at Westmore, even!—he fancied they might still have been brought together by restricted space and the familiar exigencies of life. All the primitive necessities which bind together, through their recurring daily wants, natures fated to find no higher point of union, had been carefully eliminated from the life at Lynbrook, where material needs were not only provided for but anticipated by a hidden mechanism that filled the house with the perpetual sense of invisible attendance. Though Amherst knew that he and Bessy could never meet in the region of great issues, he thought he might have regained the way to her heart, and found relief from his own inaction, in the small ministrations of daily life; but the next moment he smiled to picture Bessy in surroundings where the clocks were not wound of themselves and the doors did not fly open at her approach. Those thick-crowding cares and drudgeries which serve as merciful screens between so many discordant natures would have been as intolerable to her as was to Amherst the great glare of leisure in which he and she were now confronted.

He saw that Bessy was in the state of propitiatory eagerness which always followed on her gaining a point in their long duel; and he could guess that she was tremulously anxious not only to make up to him, by all the arts she knew, for the sacrifice she had exacted, but also to conceal from every one the fact that, as Mr. Langhope bluntly put it, he had been "brought to terms." Amherst was touched by her efforts, and half-ashamed of his own inability to respond to them. But his mind, released from its normal preoccupations, had become a dangerous instrument of analysis and disintegration, and conditions which, a few months before, he might have accepted with the wholesome tolerance of the busy man, now pressed on him unendurably. He saw that he and his wife were really face to face for the first time since their marriage. Hitherto something had always intervened between them—first the spell of her grace and beauty, and the brief joy of her participation in his work; then the sorrow of their

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child's death, and after that the temporary exhilaration of carrying out his ideas at Westmore—but now that the last of these veils had been torn away they confronted each other as strangers.

The habit of keeping factory hours drove Amherst forth long before his wife's day began, and in the course of one of these early tramps he met Miss Brent and Cicely setting out for a distant swamp where rumour had it that a rare native orchid might be found. Justine's sylvan tastes had developed in the little girl a passion for these pillaging expeditions, and Cicely, who had discovered that her step-father knew almost as much about birds and squirrels as Miss Brent did about flowers, was not to be appeased till Amherst had scrambled into the pony-cart, wedging his long legs between a fern-box and a lunch-basket, and balancing a Scotch terrier's telescopic body across his knees.

The season was so mild that only one or two light windless frosts had singed the foliage of oaks and beeches, and gilded the roadsides with a smooth carpeting of maple leaves. The morning haze rose like smoke from burnt-out pyres of sumach and sugar-maple; a silver bloom lay on the furrows of the ploughed fields; and now and then, as they drove on, the wooded road showed at its end a tarnished disk of light, where sea and sky were merged.

At length they left the road for a winding track through scrub-oaks and glossy thickets of mountain-laurel; the track died out at the foot of a wooded knoll, and clambering along its base they came upon the swamp. There it lay in charmed solitude, shut in by a tawny growth of larch and swamp-maple, its edges burnt out to smouldering shades of russet, ember-red and ashen-grey, while the quaking centre still preserved a jewel-like green, where hidden lanes of moisture wound between islets tufted with swamp-cranberry and with the charred browns of fern and wild-rose and bay. Sodden earth and decaying branches gave forth a strange sweet odour, as of the aromatic essences embalming a dead summer; and the air charged with this scent was so still that the snapping of witch-hazel pods, the drop of a nut, the leap of a startled frog, pricked the silence with separate points of sound.

The pony made fast, the terrier released, and fern-box and lunch-basket slung over Amherst's shoulder, the three explorers set forth on their journey. Amherst, as became his sex, led the way; but after a few absent-minded plunges into the sedgy depths between the islets, he was ordered to relinquish his command and fall to the rear, where he might perform the humbler service of occasionally lifting Cicely over unspannable gulfs of moisture.

Justine, leading the way, guided them across the treacherous surface as fearlessly as a king-fisher, lighting instinctively on every grass-tussock and submerged tree-stump of the uncertain path. Now and then she paused, her feet drawn close on their narrow perch, and her slender body swaying over as she reached down for some rare growth detected among the withered reeds and grasses; then she would right herself again by a backward movement as natural as the upward spring of a branch—so free and flexible in all her motions that she seemed akin to the swaying reeds and curving brambles which caught at her as she passed.

At length the explorers reached the mossy corner where the orchids lurked, and Cicely, securely balanced on a fallen tree-trunk, was allowed to dig the coveted roots. When they had been packed away, it was felt that this culminating moment must be celebrated with immediate libations of jam and milk; and having climbed to a dry slope among the fragrant pepper-bushes, the party fell on the contents of the lunch-basket. It was just the hour when Bessy's maid was carrying her breakfast-tray, with its delicate service of old silver and porcelain, into the darkened bed-room at Lyn-brook; but early rising and hard scrambling had whetted the appetites of the naturalists, and the plain nursery fare which Cicely spread before them seemed a sumptuous reward for their toil.

"I do like this kind of picnic much better than the ones where mother takes all the footmen, and the mayonnaise has to be scraped off things before I can eat them," Cicely declared, lifting her foaming mouth from a beaker of milk.

Amherst, lighting his pipe, stretched himself contentedly among the pepper-bushes, steeped in that unreflecting peace which is shed into some hearts by communion with

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trees and sky. He too was glad to get away from the footmen and the mayonnaise, and he imagined that his stepdaughter's exclamation summed up all the reasons for his happiness. The boyish wood-craft which he had cultivated in order to encourage the same taste in his factory lads came to life in this sudden return to nature, and he redeemed his clumsiness in crossing the swamp by spying a marsh-wren's nest that had escaped Justine, and detecting in a swiftly-flitting olive-brown bird a belated tanager in autumn incognito.

Cicely sat rapt while he pictured the bird's winter pilgrimage, with glimpses of the seas and islands that fled beneath him till his long southern flight ended in the dim glades of the equatorial forests.

"Oh, what a good life—how I should like to be a wander-bird, and look down people's chimneys twice a year!" Justine laughed, tilting her head back to catch a last glimpse of the tanager.

The sun beamed full on their ledge from a sky of misty blue, and she had thrown aside her hat, uncovering her thick waves of hair, blue-black in the hollows, with warm rusty edges where they took the light. Cicely dragged down a plumy spray of traveller's joy and wound it above her friend's forehead; and thus wreathed, with her bright pallour relieved against the dusky autumn tints, Justine looked like a wood-spirit who had absorbed into herself the last golden juices of the year.

She leaned back laughing against a tree-trunk, pelting Cicely with witch-hazel pods, making the terrier waltz for scraps of gingerbread, and breaking off now and then to imitate, with her clear full notes, the call of some hidden marsh-bird, or the scolding chatter of a squirrel in the scrub-oaks.

"Is that what you'd like most about the journey—looking down the chimneys?" Amherst asked with a smile.

"Oh, I don't know—I should love it all! Think of the joy of skimming over half the earth—seeing it born again out of darkness every morning! Sometimes, when I've been up all night with a patient, and have seen the world *come back to me* like that, I've been almost mad with its beauty; and then the thought that I've never seen more than a little corner of it makes me feel as if I were chained. But I think if I had wings I should choose to be a house-swallow; and then, after I'd had my fill of wonders, I should come back to my familiar corner, and my house full of busy humdrum people, and fly low to warn them of rain, and wheel up high to show them it was good haying weather, and know what was going on in every room in the house, and every house in the village; and all the while I should be hugging my wonderful big secret—the secret of snow-plains and burning deserts, and coral islands and buried cities—and should put it all into my chatter under the eaves, that the people in the house were always too busy to stop and listen to—and when winter came I'm sure I should hate to leave them, even to go back to my great Brazilian forests full of orchids and monkeys!"

"But, Justine, in winter you could take care of the monkeys," the practical Cicely suggested.

"Yes—and that would remind me of home!" Justine cried, swinging about to pinch the little girl's chin.

She was in one of the buoyant moods when the spirit of life caught her in its grip, and shook and tossed her on its mighty waves as a sea-bird is tossed through the spray of flying rollers. At such moments all the light and music of the world seemed distilled into her veins, and forced up in bubbles of laughter to her lips and eyes. Amherst had never seen her thus, and he watched her with the sense of relaxation which the contact of limpid gaiety brings to a mind obscured by failure and self-distrust. The world was not so dark a place after all, if such springs of merriment could well up in a heart as sensitive as hers to the burden and toil of existence.

"Isn't it strange," she went on with a sudden drop to gravity, "that the bird whose wings carry him farthest and show him the most wonderful things, is the one who always comes back to the eaves, and is happiest in the thick of everyday life?"

Her eyes met Amherst's. "It seems to me," he said, "that you're like that yourself—loving long flights, yet happiest in the thick of life."

She raised her dark brows laughingly. "So I imagine—but then you see I've never had the long flight!"

Amherst smiled. "Ah, there it is—one never knows—one never says, *This is the moment!* because, however good it is, it always seems the door to a better one beyond.

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Faust never said it till the end, when he'd nothing left of all he began by thinking worth while; and then, with what a difference it was said!"

She pondered. "Yes—but it *was* the best, after all—the moment in which he had nothing left. . . ."

"Oh," Cicely broke in suddenly, "do look at the squirrel up there! See, father—he's off! Let's follow him!"

As she crouched there, with head thrown back, and sparkling lips and eyes, her fair hair—of her mother's very hue—making a shining haze about her face, Amherst recalled with a pang the winter evening at Hopewood, when he and Bessy had tracked the grey squirrel under the snowy beeches. Scarcely three years ago—and how bitter memory had turned! A chilly cloud spread over his spirit, reducing everything once more to the leaden hue of reality. . . .

"It's too late for any more adventures—we must be going home," he said.

XX

Amherst's morning excursions with his step-daughter and Miss Brent renewed themselves more than once. He welcomed any pretext for escaping from the unprofitable round of his thoughts, and these woodland explorations, with their breathless rivalry of search for some rare plant or elusive bird, and the contact with the child's happy wonder, and with the morning brightness of Justine's mood, gave him his only moments of self-forgetfulness.

But the first time that Cicely's chatter carried home an echo of their adventures, Amherst saw a cloud on his wife's face. Her passing resentment of Justine's influence over the child had long since subsided, and in the temporary absence of the governess she was glad to have Cicely amused; but she was never quite satisfied that those about her should have pursuits and diversions in which she did not share. Her jealousy did not concentrate itself upon her husband and Miss Brent: Amherst had never shown any inclination for the society of other women, and if the possibility had been suggested to her, she would probably have said that Justine was not "in his style"—so unconscious is a pretty woman apt to be of the versatility of masculine tastes. But Amherst saw that she felt herself excluded from amusements in which she had no desire to join, and of which she consequently failed to see the purpose; and he gave up accompanying his step-daughter.

Bessy, as if in acknowledgment of his renunciation, rose earlier in order to prolong their rides together. Dr. Wyant had counselled her against the fatigue of following the hounds, and she instinctively turned their horses away from the course the hunt was likely to take; but now and then the cry of the pack, or the flash of red on a distant slope, sent the blood to her face and made her press her mare to a gallop. When they escaped such encounters she showed no great zest in the exercise, and their rides resolved themselves into a spiritless middle-aged jog along the autumn lanes. In the early days of their marriage the joy of a canter side by side had merged them in a community of sensation beyond need of speech; but now that the physical spell had passed they felt the burden of a silence that neither knew how to break.

Once only, a moment's friction galvanized these lifeless rides. It was one morning when Bessy's wild mare Impulse, underexercised and over-fed, suddenly broke from her control, and would have unseated her but for Amherst's grasp on the bridle.

"The horse is not fit for you to ride," he exclaimed, as the hot creature, with shudders of defiance rippling her flanks, lapsed into sullen subjection to his hand.

"It's only because I don't ride her enough," Bessy panted. "That new groom is ruining her mouth."

"You must not ride her alone, then."

"I shall not let that man ride her."

"I say you must not ride her alone."

"It's ridiculous to have a groom at one's heels!"

"Nevertheless you must, if you ride Impulse."

Their eyes met, and she quivered and yielded like the horse. "Oh, if you say so——" She always hugged his brief flashes of authority.

"I do say so. You promise me?"

"If you like——"

Amherst had made an attempt to occupy himself with the condition of Lynbrook, one of those slovenly villages, without individual character or the tradition of self-respect, which spring up in America on the skirts of

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the rich summer colonies. But Bessy had never given Lynbrook a thought, and he realized the futility of hoping to interest her in its mongrel population of day-labourers and publicans so soon after his glaring failure at Westmore. The sight of the village irritated him whenever he passed through the Lynbrook gates, but having perforce accepted the situation of prince consort, without voice in the government, he tried to put himself out of relation with all the questions which had hitherto engrossed him, and to see life simply as a spectator. He could even conceive that, under certain conditions, there might be compensations in the passive attitude; but unfortunately these conditions were not such as the life at Lynbrook presented.

The temporary cessation of Bessy's week-end parties had naturally not closed her doors to occasional visitors, and glimpses of the autumnal animation of Long Island passed now and then across the Amhersts' horizon. Blanche Carbury had installed herself at Mapleside, a fashionable autumn colony half-way between Lynbrook and Clifton, and even Amherst, unused as he was to noting the seemingly inconsecutive movements of idle people, could not but remark that her visits to his wife almost invariably coincided with Ned Bowfort's cantering over unannounced from the Hunt Club where he had taken up his autumn quarters.

There was something very likeable about Bowfort, to whom Amherst was attracted by the fact that he was one of the few men of Bessy's circle who knew what was going on in the outer world. Throughout an existence which one divined to have been both dependent and desultory, he had preserved a sense of wider relations and acquired a smattering of information to which he applied his only independent faculty, that of clear thought. He could talk intelligently and not too inaccurately of the larger questions which Lynbrook ignored, and a gay indifference to the importance of money seemed the crowning grace of his nature, till Amherst suddenly learned that this attitude of detachment was generally ascribed to the liberality of Mrs. Fenton Carbury. "Everybody knows she married Fenton to provide for Ned," some one let fall in the course of one of the smoking-room dissertations upon which the host of Lynbrook had such difficulty in fixing his attention; and the speaker's matter-of-course tone, and the careless acquiescence of his hearers, were more offensive to Amherst than the fact itself. In the first flush of his disgust he classed the story as one of the lies bred in the malarious air of after-dinner gossip; but gradually he saw that, whether true or not, it had sufficient circulation to cast a shade of ambiguity on the persons concerned. Bessy alone seemed deaf to the rumours about her friend. There was something captivating to her in Mrs. Carbury's slang and noise, in her defiance of decorum and contempt of criticism. "I like Blanche because she doesn't pretend," was Bessy's vague justification of the lady; but in reality she was under the mysterious spell which such natures cast over the less venturesome imaginations of their own sex.

Amherst at first tried to deaden himself to the situation, as part of the larger coil of miseries in which he found himself; but all his traditions were against such tolerance, and they were roused to revolt by the receipt of a newspaper clipping, sent by an anonymous hand and enlarging allusively on the fact that the clandestine meetings of a fashionable couple were being facilitated by the connivance of a Long Island *châtelaine*. Amherst, hot from the perusal of this paragraph, sprang into the first train, and laid the clipping before his father-in-law, who chanced to be passing through town on his way from the Hudson to the Hot Springs.

Mr. Langhope, ensconced in the cushioned privacy of the reading-room at the Amsterdam Club, where he had invited his son-in-law to meet him, perused the article with the cool eye of the collector to whom a new curiosity is offered.

"I suppose," he mused, "that in the time of the Pharaohs the Morning Papyrus used to serve up this kind of thing—" and then, as the nervous tension of his hearer expressed itself in a sudden movement, he added, handing back the clipping with a smile: "What do you propose to do? Kill the editor, and forbid Blanche and Bowfort the house?"

"I mean to do something," Amherst began, suddenly chilled by the realization that his wrath had not yet shaped itself into a definite plan of action.

"Well, it must be that or nothing," said Mr. Langhope, drawing his stick medita-

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tively across his knee. "And, of course, if it's *that*, you'll land Bessy in a devil of a mess."

Without giving his son-in-law time to protest, he touched rapidly but vividly on the inutility and embarrassment of libel suits, and on the devices whereby the legal means of vindication from such attacks may be turned against those who have recourse to them; and Amherst listened to him with a sickened sense of the incompatibility between abstract standards of honour and their practical application.

"What should you do, then?" he murmured, as Mr. Langhope ended with his light shrug and a "See Tredegar, if you don't believe me"—; and his father-in-law replied, with a gesture of evasion: "Why, leave the responsibility where it belongs!"

"Where it belongs?"

"To Fenton Carbury, of course. Luckily it's nobody's business but his, and if he doesn't mind what is said about his wife I don't see how you can take up the cudgels for her without casting another shade on her somewhat chequered reputation."

Amherst stared. "His wife? What do I care what's said of her? I'm thinking of mine!"

"Well, if Carbury has no objection to his wife's meeting Bowfort, I don't see how you can object to her meeting him at your house. In such matters, as you know, it has mercifully been decided that the husband's attitude shall determine other people's; otherwise we should be deprived of the legitimate pleasure of slandering our neighbours." Mr. Langhope was always careful to temper his explanations with an "as you know": he would have thought it ill-bred to omit this parenthesis in elucidating the social code to his son-in-law.

"Then you mean that I can do nothing?" Amherst exclaimed, frowning.

Mr. Langhope smiled. "What applies to Carbury applies to you—by doing nothing you establish the fact that there's nothing to do; just as you create the difficulty by recognizing it." And he added, as Amherst sat silent: "Take Bessy away, and they'll have to see each other elsewhere."

Amherst returned to Lynbrook with the echoes of this casuistry in his brain. It seemed to him but a part of the ingenious system of evasion whereby a society bent on the undisturbed pursuit of amusement had contrived to protect itself from the intrusion of the disagreeable: a policy summed up in Mr. Langhope's concluding advice that Amherst should take his wife away. Yes—that was wealth's contemptuous answer to every challenge of responsibility: duty, sorrow and disgrace were equally to be evaded by a change of residence, and nothing in life need be faced and fought out while one could pay for a passage to Europe!

In a calmer mood Amherst's sense of humour would have preserved him from such a view of his father-in-law's advice; but just then it fell like a spark on his smouldering prejudices. He was clear-sighted enough to recognize the obstacles to legal retaliation; but this only made him the more resolved to assert his will in his own house. He no longer paused to consider the possible effect of such a course on his already strained relations with his wife: the man's will rose in him and spoke.

The scene between Bessy and himself was short and sharp; and it ended in a way that left him more than ever perplexed at the ways of her sex. Impatient of preamble, he had opened the attack with his ultimatum: the suspected couple were to be denied the house. Bessy flamed into immediate defence of her friend; but to Amherst's surprise she no longer sounded the note of her own rights. Both were animated by emotions deeper-seated and more instinctive than had ever before confronted them; yet while Amherst's resistance was gathering strength from the conflict, his wife's suddenly and unexpectedly collapsed in tears and submission. She would do as he wished, of course—give up seeing Blanche, dismiss Bowfort, wash her hands, in short, of the imprudent pair—in such matters a woman needed a man's guidance, a wife must of necessity see with her husband's eyes; and she looked up into his through a mist of penitence and admiration. . . .

XXI

In the first reaction from her brief delusion about Stephen Wyant, Justine accepted with a good grace the necessity of staying on at Lynbrook. Though she was now well enough to return to her regular work, her talk with Amherst had made her feel that, for the present, she could be of more use by remaining with Bessy; and she was not sorry

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to have a farther period of delay and reflection before taking the next step in her life. These at least were the reasons she gave herself for deciding not to leave; and if any less ostensible lurked beneath, they were not as yet visible even to her searching self-scrutiny.

At first she was embarrassed by the obligation of meeting Dr. Wyant, on whom her definite refusal had produced an effect for which she could not hold herself free from blame. She had not kept her promise of seeing him on the day after their encounter at the post-office, but had written, instead, in terms which obviously made such a meeting unnecessary. But all her efforts to soften the abruptness of her answer could not conceal, from either herself or her suitor, that it was not the one she had led him to expect; and she foresaw that if she remained at Lynbrook she could not escape a scene of recrimination.

When the scene took place, Wyant's part in it went far toward justifying her decision; yet his vehement reproaches contained a sufficient core of truth to humble her pride. It was lucky for her somewhat exaggerated sense of fairness that he overshot the mark by charging her with a coquetry of which she knew herself innocent, and laying upon her the responsibility for any follies to which her rejection might drive him. Such threats, as a rule, no longer move the feminine imagination; yet Justine's pity for all forms of weakness made her recognize, in the very heat of her contempt for Wyant, that his reproaches were not the mere cry of wounded vanity but the appeal of a nature conscious of its lack of recuperative power. It seemed to her as though she had done him an irreparable harm, and the feeling might have betrayed her into too great a show of compassion had she not been restrained by a salutary fear of the result.

The state of Bessy's nerves necessitated frequent visits from her physician, but Justine, on these occasions, could usually shelter herself behind the professional reserve which kept even Wyant from any open expression of feeling. One day, however, they chanced to find themselves alone before Bessy's return from her ride. The servant had ushered Wyant into the library where Justine was writing, and when she had replied to his enquiries about his patient they found themselves face to face with an awkward period of waiting. Justine was too proud to cut it short by leaving the room; but Wyant answered her commonplaces at random, stirring uneasily to and fro between window and fireside, and at length halting behind the table at which she sat.

"May I ask how much longer you mean to stay here?" he said in a low voice, his eyes darkening under the sullen jut of the brows.

As she glanced up in surprise she noticed for the first time an odd contraction of his pupils, and the discovery, familiar enough in her professional experience, made her disregard the abruptness of his question and softened the tone in which she answered. "I hardly know—I suppose as long as I am needed."

Wyant laughed. "Needed by whom? By John Amherst?"

A moment passed before Justine took in the full significance of the retort; then the blood rushed to her face. "Yes—I believe both Mr. and Mrs. Amherst need me," she answered, keeping her eyes on his; and Wyant laughed again.

"You didn't think so till Amherst came back from Hanaford. His return seems to have changed your plans in several respects."

She looked away from him, for even now the expression of his eyes moved her to pity and self-reproach. "Dr. Wyant, you are not well; why do you wait to see Mrs. Amherst?" she said.

He stared at her and then his glance fell. "I'm much obliged—I'm as well as usual," he muttered, pushing the hair from his forehead with a shaking hand; and at that moment the sound of Bessy's voice gave Justine a pretext for escape.

In her own room she sank for a moment under a rush of self-disgust and misery; but it soon receded before the saner forces of her nature, leaving only a residue of pity for the poor creature whose secret she had surprised. She had never before suspected Wyant of taking a drug, nor did she now suppose that he did so habitually; but to see him even momentarily under such an influence explained her instinctive sense of his weakness. She felt now that what would have been an insult on other lips was only a cry of distress from his; and once more she blamed herself and forgave him.

But if she had been inclined to any morbidness of self-reproach she would have

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been saved from it by other cares. For the moment she was more concerned with Bessy's fate than with her own—her poor friend seemed to have so much more at stake, and so much less strength to bring to the defence of her happiness. Justine was always saved from any excess of self-compassion by the sense, within herself, of abounding forces of growth and self-renewal, as though from every lopped aspiration a fresh shoot of energy must spring; but she felt that Bessy had no such sources of renovation, and that every disappointment left an arid spot in her soul.

Even without the aid of her friend's confidences, Justine would have had no difficulty in following the successive stages of the Amhersts' inner history. She knew that Amherst had virtually resigned his rule at Westmore, and that his wife, in return for the sacrifice, was trying to conform to the way of life she thought he preferred; and the futility of both attempts was more visible to Justine than to either of the two concerned. She saw that the failure of the Amhersts' marriage lay not in any accident of outward circumstances but in the lack of all natural points of contact. As she put it to herself, they met neither underfoot nor overhead: practical necessities united them no more than imaginative joys.

There were moments when Justine thought that Amherst was hard to Bessy, as she suspected that he had once been hard to his mother—as the leader of men must perhaps always be hard to the hampering sex. Yet she did justice to his efforts to accept the irretrievable, and to develop in his wife some capacity for sharing in his minor interests, since she had none of her own with which to fill their days.

Amherst had always been a reader; not, like Justine herself, a flame-like devourer of the page, but a slow and silent absorber of its essence; and in the early days of his marriage he had fancied it would be easy to make Bessy share this taste. Though his mother was not a bookish woman, he had breathed at her side an air rich in allusion and filled with the bright presences of romance; and he had grown to regard this commerce of the imagination as one of the normal conditions of life. The discovery that there were no books at Lynbrook save a few morocco "sets" imprisoned behind the brass trellisings of the library had been one of the many surprises of his new state. But in his first months with Bessy there was no room for books, and if he thought of the matter it was only in a glancing vision of future evenings, when he and she, in the calm afterglow of happiness, should lean together over some cherished page. Her lack of response to any reference outside the small circle of daily facts had long since dispelled that vision; but now that his own mind felt the need of inner sustenance he began to ask himself whether he might not have done more to waken her imagination. During the long evenings over the library fire he tried to lead the talk to books, with a parenthesis, now and again, from the page beneath his eye; and Bessy met the experiment with conciliatory eagerness. She showed, in especial, a hopeful but misleading preference for poetry, leaning back with dreaming lids and lovely parted lips while he rolled out the immortal measures; but her outward signs of attention never ripened into any expression of opinion, or any after-allusion to what she had heard, and before long he discovered that Justine Brent was his only listener. It was to her that the words he read began to be unconsciously addressed; her comments directed him in his choice of subjects, and the ensuing discussions restored him to some semblance of mental activity.

Bessy, true to her new rôle of acquiescence, shone silently on this interplay of ideas; Amherst even detected in her a vague admiration for his power of conversing on subjects which she regarded as abstruse; and this childlike approval, combined with her submission to his will, deluded him with a sense of recovered power over her. He could not but note that the new phase in their relations had coincided with his first decided assertion of mastery; and he rashly concluded that, with the removal of the influences tending to separate them, his wife might gradually be won back to her earlier sympathy with his views.

To accept this theory was to apply it; for nothing could long divert Amherst from his main purpose, and all the thwarted strength of his will was only gathering to itself fresh stores of energy. He had never been a skilful lover, for no woman had as yet stirred in him those sympathies which call the finer perceptions into play; and there was no instinct to tell him that Bessy's sudden con-

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formity to his wishes was as unreasoning as her surrender to his first kiss. He fancied that he and she were at length reaching some semblance of that moral harmony which should grow out of the physical accord, and that, poor and incomplete as the understanding was, it must lift and strengthen their relation.

He waited till the early winter had brought solitude to Lynbrook, dispersing the hunting colony to various points of the compass, and sending Mr. Langhope to Egypt and the Riviera, while Mrs. Ansell, as usual, took up her annual tour of a social circuit whose extreme points were marked by Boston and Baltimore—and then he made his final appeal to his wife.

His pretext for speaking was a letter from Duplain, definitely announcing his resolve not to remain at Westmore. A year earlier Amherst, deeply moved by the letter, would have given it to his wife in the hope of its producing the same effect upon her. He knew better now—he had learned her instinct for detecting "business" under every serious call on her attention. His only hope, as always, was to reach her through the personal appeal; and he put before her the fact of Duplain's withdrawal as the open victory of his antagonists. But he saw at once that even this expedient could not infuse new life into the question.

"If I go back he will stay—I can hold him, can gain time till things take a turn," he urged.

"Another? I thought they were definitely settled," she objected languidly.

"No—they're not; they can't be, on such a basis," Amherst broke out with sudden emphasis. He walked across the room, and came back to her side with a determined face. "It's a delusion, a deception," he exclaimed, "to think that I can stand by any longer and see things going to ruin at Westmore! If I've made you think so, I've unconsciously deceived us both. As long as you're my wife we've only one honour between us, and that honour is mine to take care of."

"Honour? What an odd expression!" she said with a forced laugh, and a little tinge of pink in her cheek. "You speak as if I had—had made myself talked about—when you know I've never even looked at another man!"

"Another man?" Amherst looked at her in wonder. "Good God! Can't you conceive of any vow to be kept between husband and wife but the primitive one of bodily fidelity? Heaven knows I've never looked at another woman—but, by my reading of our compact, I shouldn't be keeping faith with you if I didn't help you to keep faith with better things. And you owe me the same help—the same chance to rise through you, and not sink by you—else we've betrayed each other more deeply than any adultery could make us!"

She had drawn back, turning pale again, and shrinking a little at the sound of words which, except when heard in church, she vaguely associated with oaths, slammed doors, and other evidences of ill-breeding; but Amherst had been swept too far on the flood of his indignation to be checked by such minor signs of disapproval.

"You'll say that what I'm asking you is to give me back the free use of your money. Well! Why not? Is it so much for a wife to give? I know you all think that a man who marries a rich woman forfeits his self-respect if he spends a penny without her approval. But that's because money is so sacred to you all! It seems to me the least important thing that a woman entrusts to her husband. What of her dreams and her hopes, her belief in justice and goodness and decency? If he takes those and destroys them, he'd better have had a millstone about his neck. But nobody has a word to say till he touches her dividends—then he's a calculating brute who has married her because he wanted her money!"

He had come close again, facing her with outstretched hands, half-commanding, half in appeal. "Don't you see that I can't go on in this way—that I've *no right* to let you keep me from Westmore?"

Bessy was looking at him coldly, under the half-dropped lids of indifference. "I hardly know what you mean—you use such peculiar words; but I don't see why you should expect me to give up all the ideas I was brought up in. Our standards *are* different—but why should yours always be right?"

"You believed they were right when you married me—have they changed since then?"

"No; but——" Her face seemed to harden and contract into a small expressionless mask, in which he could no longer read anything but blank opposition to his will.

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"You trusted my judgment not long ago," he went on, "when I asked you to give up seeing Mrs. Carbury——"

She flushed, but with anger, not compunction. "It seems to me that should be a reason for your not asking me to make other sacrifices! When I gave up Blanche I thought you would see that I wanted to please you—and that you would do something for me in return. . . ."

Amherst interrupted her with a laugh. "Thank you for telling me your real reasons. I was fool enough to think you acted from conviction—not that you were simply striking a bargain——"

He broke off, and they looked at each other with a kind of fear, each hearing between them the echo of irreparable words. Amherst's only clear feeling was that he must not speak again till he had beaten down the horrible sensation in his breast—the rage of hate which had caught him in its grip, and which made him almost afraid, while it lasted, to let his eyes rest on the fair weak creature confronting him. Bessy, too, was in the clutch of a mute anger which slowly poured its benumbing current around her heart. Strong waves of passion did not quicken her vitality: she grew inert and cold under their shock. Only one little pulse of self-pity continued to beat in her, trembling out at last on the cry: "Ah, I know it's not because you care so much for Westmore—it's only because you want to get away from me!"

Amherst stared at her as if her words had flashed a light into the darkest windings of his misery. "Yes—I want to get away. . ." he said; and he turned and walked out of the room.

He went down to the smoking-room, and ringing for a servant, ordered his horse to be saddled. The footman who answered his summons brought the afternoon's mail, and Amherst, throwing himself down on the sofa, began to tear open his letters mechanically while he waited.

He ran through the first few without knowing what he read; but suddenly his attention was arrested by the hand-writing of a man whom he had known well in college, and who had lately come into possession of a large cotton-mill in the south. He wrote now to ask if Amherst could recommend a good superintendent—"not one of your old routine men, but a young fellow with the new ideas. Things have been in pretty bad shape down here," the writer added, "and now that I'm in possession I want to see what can be done to civilize the place"; and he went on to urge that Amherst should come down himself to inspect the mills, and propose such improvements as his experience suggested. "We've all heard of the great things you're doing at Westmore," the letter ended; and Amherst cast it from him with a groan. . . .

It was Duplain's chance, of course . . . that was his first thought. He caught up the letter and read it over. He knew the man who wrote—no sentimentalist seeking emotional variety from vague philanthropic experiments, but a serious student of social conditions, now unexpectedly provided with the opportunity to apply his ideas. Yes, it was Duplain's chance—if indeed it might not be his own! . . . Amherst sat upright, dazzled by the thought. Why Duplain—why not himself? Bessy had spoken the illuminating word—what he wanted was to get away—to get away at any cost! Escape had become his dominating thought: escape from the bondage of Lynbrook, from the bitter memory of his failure at Westmore; and here was the chance to escape back into life—into independence, activity and usefulness! Every atrophied faculty in him suddenly started from its torpor, and his brain throbbed with the pain of the awakening. . . . The servant came to tell him that his horse waited, and he sprang up, took his riding-whip from the rack, stared a moment, absently, after the man's retreating back, and then dropped down again upon the sofa. . . .

What was there to keep him from accepting? His wife's affection was dead—if her sentimental fancy for him had ever deserved the name! And his momentary mastery over her was gone too—he smiled to remember that, hardly two hours earlier, he had been fatuous enough to think he could still regain it! Now he said to himself that she would sooner desert a friend to please him than sacrifice a fraction of her income; and the discovery cast a stain of sordidness on their whole relation. He could still imagine struggling to win her back from another man, or even to save her from some folly into which mistaken judgment or perverted enthusiasm might have hurried her; but to go on battling against the dull unimaginative

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subservience to personal luxury—the slavery to houses and servants and clothes—ah, no, while he had any fight left in him it was worth spending in a better cause than that!

Through the open window he could hear, in the mild December stillness, his horse's feet coming and going on the gravel. *Her* horse, led up and down by *her* servant, at the door of *her* house! . . . The sound symbolized his whole future . . . the situation his marriage had made for him, and to which he must henceforth bend, unless he broke with it then and there. . . . He tried to look ahead, to follow up, one by one, the consequences of such a break. That it would be final he had no doubt. There are natures which seem to be drawn closer by dissension, to depend, for the renewal of understanding, on the spark of generosity and compunction that anger strikes out of both; but Amherst knew that between himself and his wife no such clearing of the moral atmosphere was possible. The indignation which left him with tingling nerves and a burning need of some immediate escape into action, crystallized in Bessy into a hard kernel of obstinacy, into which, after each fresh collision, he felt that a little more of herself had been absorbed. . . . No, the break between them would be final—if he went now he would not come back. And it flashed across him that this solution might have been foreseen by his wife—might even have been deliberately planned and led up to by those about her. His father-in-law had never liked him—the disturbing waves of his activity had rippled even the sheltered surface of Mr. Langhope's existence. He must have been horribly in their way! Well—it was not too late to take himself out of it. In Bessy's circle the severing of such ties was regarded as an expensive but unhazardous piece of surgery—nobody bled to death of the wound. . . . The footman came back to remind him that his horse was waiting, and Amherst started to his feet.

"Send him back to the stable," he said with a glance at his watch, "and order a trap to take me to the next train for town."

XXII

When Amherst woke, the next morning, in the hotel to which he had gone up from Lynbrook, he was oppressed by the sense that the most difficult step he had to take still lay before him. It had been almost easy to decide that the moment of separation had come, for circumstances seemed to have closed every other issue from his unhappy situation; but how tell his wife of his determination? Amherst, to whom decisive action was the first necessity of being, became a weak procrastinator when he was confronted by the need of writing instead of speaking.

To account for his abrupt departure from Lynbrook he had left word that he was called to town on business; but, since he did not mean to return, some farther explanation was now necessary, and he was paralyzed by the difficulty of writing. He had already telegraphed to his friend that he would be at the mills the next day; but the southern express did not leave till the afternoon, and he still had several hours in which to consider what he should say to his wife. To postpone the dreaded task, he invented the pretext of some business to be despatched, and taking the Subway to Wall Street consumed the morning in futile activities. But since the renunciation of his work at Westmore he had no active concern with the financial world, and by twelve o'clock he had exhausted his imaginary affairs and was journeying uptown again. He left the train at Union Square, and walked along Fourth Avenue, now definitely resolved to go back to the hotel and write his letter before lunching.

At Twenty-fourth Street he had struck into Madison Avenue, and was striding onward with the fixed eye and aimless haste of the man who has interminable hours to consume, when a hansom drew up ahead of him and Justine Brent sprang out. She was trimly dressed, as if for travel, with a small bag in her hand; but at sight of him she paused with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Oh, Mr. Amherst, I'm so glad! I was afraid I might not see you for goodbye."

"For goodbye?" Amherst paused, embarrassed. How had she guessed that he did not mean to return to Lynbrook?

"You know," she reminded him with a smile, "I'm going to some friends near Philadelphia for ten days—" and he remembered confusedly that a long time ago—probably yesterday morning—he had heard her speak of her projected departure.

"I had no idea," she continued, "that you were coming up to town yesterday, or

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I should have tried to see you before you left. I wanted to ask you to send me a line if Bessy needs me—I'll come back at once if she does." Amherst continued to listen to her blankly, as if making a painful effort to regain some consciousness of what was being said to him; and she went on: "She seemed so nervous and poorly yesterday evening that I was sorry I had decided to go——"

The unusual intentness of her gaze reminded him that the emotions of the last twenty-four hours must still be visible in his face; and the thought of what she might detect helped to restore his self-possession. "You must not think of giving up your visit," he began hurriedly—he had meant to add "on account of Bessy," but he found himself suddenly unable to utter his wife's name.

Justine was still looking at him. "Oh, I'm sure everything will be all right," she rejoined, smiling. "You go back this afternoon, I suppose? I've left a little note for you, with my address, and I want you to promise——"

She broke off, for Amherst had made a motion as though to interrupt her. The old confused sense that there must always be truth between them was struggling in him with the strong restraints of habit and character; and suddenly, before he was conscious of having decided to speak, he heard himself say: "I ought to tell you that I am not going back."

"Not going back?" A flash of apprehension crossed her face. "Not till tomorrow, you mean?" she added, recovering her clear look.

Amherst hesitated, glancing vaguely up and down the street. At that noonday hour it was nearly deserted, and Justine's driver dozed on his perch above the hansom. They could speak almost as openly as if they had been in one of the wood-paths at Lynbrook.

"Nor tomorrow," Amherst said in a low voice. There was another pause before he added: "It may be some time before—" He broke off, and then continued with sudden decision: "The fact is, I am thinking of going back to my old work."

She caught him up with an exclamation of surprise and sympathy. "Your old work? You mean at——"

She was checked by the quick contraction of pain in his face. "Not that! I mean that I'm thinking of taking a new job—as superintendent in a Georgia mill. . . . It's the only thing I know how to do, and I've got to do something—" He forced a laugh. "The habit of work is incurable!"

Justine's face had grown as grave as his. She hesitated a moment, looking down the street toward the angle of Madison Square which was visible from the corner where they stood.

"Will you walk back to the square with me? Then we can sit down a moment."

She began to move as she spoke, and he walked beside her in silence till they had gained the seat she pointed out. Her hansom trailed after them, drawing up at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street.

As Amherst sat down beside her, Justine turned to him with an air of quiet resolution. "Mr. Amherst—will you let me ask you something? Is this a sudden decision?"

He met her eyes steadily. "Yes. I decided yesterday."

"And Bessy——?"

His glance dropped for the first time, but Justine pressed her point. "Bessy approves?"

"She—she will, I think—when she knows——"

"When she knows?" Her emotion sprang into her face, bathing it with a brightness which was more like light than colour. "When she knows? Then she does not—yet?"

"No. The offer came suddenly. I must go at once."

"Without seeing her?" She cut him short with a quick commanding gesture. "Mr. Amherst, you can't do this—you won't do it! You will not go away without seeing Bessy!" she said.

Her eyes sought his and drew them upward, constraining them to meet the full beam of her rebuking gaze.

"I must do what seems best under the circumstances," he answered hesitatingly. "She will hear from me, of course; I shall write today—and later——"

"Not later! *Now*—you will go back now to Lynbrook! Such things can't be told in writing—if they must be said at all, they must be spoken. Don't tell me that I don't understand—or that I'm meddling in what doesn't concern me. I don't care a fig for that! I've always meddled in what didn't concern me—I always shall, I suppose, until I die! And I understand enough to know

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that Bessy is very unhappy—and that you're the wiser and stronger of the two. I know what it's been to you to give up your work—to feel yourself useless," she interrupted herself, with softening eyes, "and I know how you've tried. . . . I've watched you . . . but Bessy has tried too; and even if you've both failed—if you've come to the end of your resources—it's for you to face the fact, and help her face it—not to run away from it like this!"

Amherst sat silent under the sudden assault of her eloquence. He was conscious of no instinctive movement of resentment, no sense that she was, as she confessed, meddling in matters which did not concern her. His ebbing spirit was revived by the shock of an ardour like his own. She had not shrunk from calling him a coward—and it did him good to hear her call him so! Her words put life back into its true perspective, restored their meaning to obsolete qualities: to truth and manliness and courage. He had lived so long among equivocations that he had forgotten how to look a fact in the face; but here was a woman who judged life by his own standards—and by those standards she had found him wanting!

Still, he could not forget the bitter experience of the last hours, or change his opinion as to the futility of attempting to remain at Lynbrook. He felt as strongly as ever the need of moral and mental liberation—the right to begin life again on his own terms. But Justine Brent had made him see that his first step toward self-assertion had been the inconsistent one of trying to evade its results.

"You are right—I will go back," he said.

She thanked him with her eyes, as she had thanked him on the terrace at Lynbrook, on the autumn evening which had witnessed their first strange, broken exchange of confidences; and he was struck once more with the change that strong feeling produced in her face. Emotions flashed across her like the sweep of sun-rent clouds over a quiet landscape, bringing out the gleam of hidden waters, the fervour of smouldering colours, all the subtle delicacies of modelling that are lost under the flat light of an open sky. And it was extraordinary how she could infuse into a principle the warmth and colour of a passion! If conduct, to most people, seemed a cold matter of social prudence or inherited habit, to her it was always the newly-discovered question of her own relation to life—as most women see the great issues only through their own wants and prejudices, so she seemed always to see her personal desires in the light of the larger claims.

"But I don't think," Amherst went on, "that anything can be said to convince me that I ought to alter my decision. These months of idleness have shown me that I'm one of the members of society who are a danger to the community if their noses are not kept to the grindstone——"

Justine lowered her eyes musingly, and he saw she was undergoing the reaction of constraint which always followed on her bursts of unpremeditated frankness.

"That is not for me to judge," she answered after a moment. "But if you decide to—to go away for a time—surely it ought to be in such a way that your going does not seem to cast any reflection on Bessy, or subject her to any unkind criticism."

Amherst, reddening slightly, glanced at her in surprise. "I don't think you need fear that—I shall be the only one criticized," he said drily.

"Are you sure—if you take such a position as you spoke of? So few people understand the love of hard work for its own sake. They will say that your quarrel with your wife has driven you to support yourself—and that will be cruel to Bessy."

Amherst shrugged his shoulders. "They will be more likely to say that I tried to play the gentleman and failed, and wasn't happy till I got back to my own place in life—which is true enough," he added with a touch of irony.

"They may say that too; but they will make Bessy suffer first—and it will be your fault if she is humiliated in that way. If you decide to take up your factory work for a time, can't you do so without—without accepting a salary? Oh, you see I stick at nothing," she broke in upon herself with a laugh, "and Bessy has said things which make me see that she would suffer horribly if—if you put such a slight upon her." He remained silent, and she went on urgently: "From Bessy's standpoint it would mean a decisive break—the repudiating of your whole past. And it is a question on which you can afford to be generous because I know . . . I think . . . it's less important in your eyes than hers. . . ."

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Amherst glanced at her quickly. "That particular form of indebtedness, you mean?"

She smiled. "Yes: the easiest to cancel, and therefore the least galling; isn't that the way you regard it?"

"I used to—yes; but—" He was about to add: "No one at Lynbrook does," but the flash of intelligence in her eyes restrained him, while at the same time it seemed to answer: "There's my point! To see their limitation is to allow for it, since every enlightenment brings a corresponding obligation."

She made no attempt to put into words the argument her look conveyed, but rose from her seat with a rapid glance at the clock-tower above them.

"And now I must go, or I shall miss my train," she said, signalling to her drowsy cabman; and as she held out her hand, and Amherst's met it, he said in a low tone, as if in reply to her unspoken appeal: "I shall remember all you have said."

It was a new experience for Amherst to be acting under the pressure of another will; but during his return journey to Lynbrook that afternoon it was pure relief to surrender himself to this pressure, and the surrender brought not a sense of weakness but of recovered energy. It was not in his nature to analyze his motives, or spend his strength in weighing closely balanced alternatives of conduct; and though, during the last purposeless months, he had grown to brood over every spring of action in himself and others, this scrutinizing tendency disappeared at once in contact with the deed to be done. It was as though a tributary stream, gathering its crystal speed among the hills, had been suddenly poured into the stagnant waters of his will; and he saw now how thick and turbid those waters had become—how full of the slime-bred life that chokes the springs of courage.

His whole desire now was to be generous to his wife: to bear the full brunt of whatever pain their parting brought. Justine had said that Bessy seemed nervous and unhappy: it was clear, therefore, that she also had suffered from the wounds they had dealt each other, though she kept her unmoved front to the last. Poor child! Perhaps that insensible exterior was the only way she knew of expressing courage! It seemed to Amherst that all means of manifesting the finer impulses must slowly wither in the Lynbrook air. As he approached his destination, his thoughts of her were all pitiful: nothing remained of the personal resentment which had debased their parting. He had telephoned from town to announce the hour of his return, and when he emerged from the station he half-expected to find her seated in the brougham whose lamps signalled him through the early dusk. It would be like her to undergo such a reaction of feeling, and to express it, not in words, but by taking up their relation as if there had been no break in it. He had once condemned this facility of renewal as a sign of lightness, a result of that continual evasion of serious issues which made the life of Bessy's world a thin crust of custom above a void of thought. But now he saw that, if she was the product of her environment, that constituted but another claim on his charity, and made the more precious any impulses of natural feeling that had survived the unifying pressure of her life. As he approached the brougham, he murmured mentally: "What if I were to try once more?"

Bessy had not come to the station to meet him; but he said to himself that he should find her alone at the house, and that he would make his confession at once. As the carriage passed between the lights on the tall stone gate-posts, and rolled through the bare shrubberies of the winding avenue, he felt a momentary tightening of the heart—a sense of stepping back into the trap from which he had just wrenched himself free—a premonition of the way in which the smooth systematized organization of his wife's existence might draw him back into its revolutions as he had once seen a careless factory hand seized and dragged into a flying belt. . . .

But it was only for a moment; then his thoughts reverted to Bessy. It was she who was to be considered—this time he must be strong enough for both. . . .

The butler met him on the threshold, flanked by the usual array of footmen; and as he saw his portmanteau ceremoniously passed from hand to hand, Amherst once more felt the cold steel of the springe on his neck.

"Is Mrs. Amherst in the drawing-room, Knowles?" he asked, advancing into the hall.

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"No, sir," said Knowles, who had too high a sense of fitness to volunteer any information beyond the immediate fact required of him.

"She has gone up to her sitting-room, then?" Amherst continued, turning toward the broad sweep of the oak stairway.

"No, sir," said the butler slowly; "Mrs. Amherst has gone away."

"Gone away?" Amherst stopped short, staring blankly at the man's smooth official mask.

"This afternoon, sir; by motor—to Mapleside."

"To Mapleside?"

"Yes, sir—to stay with Mrs. Carbury."

There was a moment's silence. It had all happened so quickly that Amherst, with the dual vision which comes at such moments, noticed that the third footman—or was it the fourth?—was just passing his portmanteau on to a shirt-sleeved arm behind the door which led to the servant's wing. . . .

He roused himself to look at the tall clock facing the door. It was six o'clock. He had telephoned from town at two.

"At what time did Mrs. Amherst leave?" he asked.

The butler meditated. "Sharp at four, sir. The maid took the three-forty with the luggage."

With the luggage! So it was not a mere one-night visit. The blood rose slowly to Amherst's face. The footmen had disappeared, but presently the door at the back of the hall reopened, and one of them came out, carrying an elaborately-appointed tea-tray toward the smoking-room. The routine of the house was going on as if nothing had happened. . . The butler looked at Amherst with respectful—too respectful—interrogation, and he was suddenly conscious that he was standing motionless in the middle of the hall, with one last intolerable question on his lips.

Well—it had to be spoken! "Did Mrs. Amherst receive my telephone message?"

"Yes, sir. I gave it to her myself."

It occurred confusedly to Amherst that a well-bred man—as Lynbrook understood the phrase—would, at this point, have made some tardy feint of being in his wife's confidence, of having, on second thoughts, no reason to be surprised at her departure. It was humiliating, he supposed, to be thus laying bare his discomfiture to his dependents—he could see that even Knowles was affected by the manifest impropriety of the situation—but no pretext presented itself to his mind, and after another interval of silence he turned slowly toward the door of the smoking-room.

"My letters are here, I suppose?" he paused on the threshold to enquire; and on the butler's answering in the affirmative, he said to himself, with a last effort to suspend his judgment: "She has left a line—there will be some explanation——"

But there was nothing—neither word nor message; nothing but the reverberating retort of her departure in the face of his return—her flight to Blanche Carbury as the final answer to his final appeal.

XXIII

JUSTINE was coming back to Lynbrook.

She had been, after all, unable to stay out the ten days of her visit: the undefinable sense of being needed, so often the determining motive of her actions, drew her back to Long Island at the end of the week. She had received no word from Amherst or Bessy; only Cicely had told her, in a big round hand, that mother had been away three days, and that it had been very lonely, and that the housekeeper's cat had kittens, and she was to have one; and were kittens christened, or how did they get their names?—because she wanted to call hers Justine; and she had found in her book a bird like the one father had shown them in the swamp; and they were not alone now, because the Telfers were there, and they had all been out sleighing; but it would be much nicer when Justine came back. . . .

It was as difficult to extract any sequence of facts from Cicely's letter as from an early chronicle. She made no reference to Amherst's return, which was odd, since she was fond of her step-father, yet not significant, since the fact of his arrival might have been crowded out by the birth of the kittens, or some incident equally prominent in her perspectiveless grouping of events; nor did she name the date of her mother's departure, so that Justine could not guess whether it had been contingent on Amherst's return, or wholly unconnected with it. What puzzled her most was Bessy's own silence—yet that too, in a sense, was reas-

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suring, for Bessy thought of others chiefly when it was painful to think of herself, and her not writing implied that she had felt no need of appealing to her friend's sympathy.

Justine did not greatly count on finding Amherst at Lynbrook. She had felt convinced, when they parted, that he would persist in his plan of going south; and the fact that the Telfer girls were again in possession made it seem probable that he had already left. Under the circumstances, Justine thought the separation advisable; but she was eager to be assured that it had been effected amicably, and without open affront to Bessy's pride.

She arrived on a Saturday afternoon, and when she entered the house the sound of voices from the drawing-room, and the prevailing sense of bustle and movement, amid which her own coming was evidently an unconsidered detail, showed that the normal life of Lynbrook had resumed its course. The Telfers, as usual, had brought a lively throng in their train; and amid the bursts of merriment about the drawing-room tea-table she caught Westy Gaines's impressive accents, and the screaming laughter of Blanche Carbury. . . .

So Blanche Carbury was back at Lynbrook! The discovery gave Justine fresh cause for conjecture. Whatever reciprocal concessions might have resulted from Amherst's return to his wife, it seemed hardly probable that they included a renewal of relations with Mrs. Carbury. Had his mission failed then—had he and Bessy parted in anger, and was Mrs. Carbury's presence at Lynbrook Bessy's retort to his assertion of independence?

In the school-room, where Justine was received with the eager outpouring of Cicely's minutest experiences, she dared not put the question that would have solved these doubts; and she left to dress for dinner without knowing whether Amherst had returned to Lynbrook. Yet in her heart she never questioned that he had done so; all her fears revolved about what had since taken place.

She saw Bessy first in the drawing-room, surrounded by her guests; and their brief embrace told her nothing, except that she had never beheld her friend more brilliant, more triumphantly in possession of recovered spirits and health.

That Amherst was absent was now made evident from Bessy's requesting Westy Gaines to lead the way to the dining-room with Mrs. Ansell, who was one of the reassembled visitors; and the only one, as Justine presently observed, not in key with the prevailing gaiety. Mrs. Ansell, usually so tinged with the colours of her environment, preserved on this occasion a grey neutrality of tone which was the only break in the general brightness. It was not in her graceful person to express anything as gross as disapproval, yet that sentiment was manifest, to the nice observer, in the delicate aloofness which made the waves of laughter fall back from her, and spread a circle of cloudy calm about her end of the table. Justine had never been greatly drawn to Mrs. Ansell. Her own adaptability was not in the least akin to the older woman's studied self-effacement; and the independence of judgment which Justine preserved in spite of her perception of divergent standpoints made her a little contemptuous of an excess of charity that seemed to have been acquired at the cost of all individual convictions. Tonight for the first time she felt in Mrs. Ansell a secret sympathy with her own fears; and the sense of this tacit understanding made her examine with sudden interest the face of her unexpected ally. . . . After all, what did she know of Mrs. Ansell's history—of the hidden processes which had gradually subdued her own passions and desires, making of her, as it were, a mere decorative background, a connecting link between other personalities? Perhaps, for a woman alone in the world, without the power and opportunity that money gives, there was no alternative between letting one's individuality harden into a small dry nucleus of egoism, or diffuse itself thus in the interstices of other lives—and there fell upon Justine the chill thought that just such a future might await her if she missed the liberating gift of personal happiness. . . .

Neither that night nor the next day did she have a private word with Bessy—and it became evident, as the hours passed, that Mrs. Amherst was deliberately postponing the moment when they should find themselves alone. But the Lynbrook party was to disperse on the Monday; and Bessy, who hated early rising, and all the details of household administration, tapped at Justine's door late on Sunday night to ask her to speed the departing visitors.

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She pleaded this necessity as an excuse for her intrusion, and the playful haste of her manner showed a nervous shrinking from any renewal of confidence; but as she leaned in the doorway, fingering the diamond chain about her neck, while one satin-tipped foot emerged restlessly from the edge of her lace gown, her face lost the bloom of animation which lights and laughter always produced in it, and she looked so pale and weary that Justine needed no better pretext for drawing her into the room.

It was not in Bessy to resist a soothing touch in her moments of nervous reaction. She sank into the chair by the fire and let her head rest wearily against the cushion which Justine slipped behind it.

Justine dropped into the low seat beside her, and laid a hand on hers. "You don't look as well as when I went away, Bessy. Are you sure you've done wisely in beginning your house-parties so soon?"

It always alarmed Bessy to be told that she was not looking her best, and she sat upright at once, a wave of pink rising under her sensitive skin.

"I am quite well, on the contrary; but I was dying of inanition in this big empty house, and I suppose I haven't got the boredom out of my system yet!"

Justine recognized the echo of Mrs. Carbury's manner.

"Even if you *were* bored," she rejoined, "the inanition was probably good for you. What does Dr. Wyant say to your breaking away from his régime?" She named Wyant purposely, knowing that Bessy had that respect for the medical verdict which is the last trace of reverence for authority in the mind of the modern woman. But Mrs. Amherst surprised her by a gently malicious laugh.

"Oh, I haven't seen Dr. Wyant since you went away. His interest in me died out the day you left."

It was beyond Justine's self-control to conceal the annoyance which this allusion caused her. She had not yet recovered from the shrinking disgust of her last scene with Wyant.

"Don't be foolish, Bessy. If he hasn't come, it must be because you've told him not to—because you're afraid of letting him see that you're disobeying him."

Bessy laughed again. "My dear, I'm afraid of nothing—nothing! Not even of your big eyes when they glare at me like coals. I suppose you must have looked at poor Wyant like that to frighten him away! And yet the last time we talked of him you seemed to like him—you even hinted that it was because of him that Westy had no chance."

Justine uttered an impatient exclamation. "If neither of them existed it wouldn't affect the other's chances in the least! Their only merit is that they both enhance the charms of celibacy!"

Bessy's smile dropped, and she turned a grave glance on her friend. "Ah, most men do that—you're so clever to have found it out!"

It was Justine's turn to smile. "Oh, but I haven't—as a generalization. I mean to marry as soon as I get the chance!"

"The chance——?"

"To meet the right man. I'm gambler enough to believe in my luck yet!"

Mrs. Amherst sighed compassionately. "There *is* no right man! As Blanche says, matrimony's as uncomfortable as a ready-made shoe. How can one and the same institution fit every individual case? And why should we all have to go lame because marriage was once invented to suit an imaginary case?"

Justine gave a slight shrug. "You talk of walking lame—how else do we all walk? It seems to me that life's the tight boot, and marriage the crutch that may help one to hobble along!" She drew Bessy's hand into hers with a caressing pressure. "When you philosophize I always know you're tired. No one who feels well stops to generalize about symptoms. If you won't let your doctor prescribe for you, your nurse is going to carry out his orders. What you want is quiet. Be reasonable and send away everybody before Mr. Amherst comes back!"

She dropped the last phrase carelessly, glancing away from Bessy as she spoke; but the stiffening of the fingers in her clasp sent a little tremor through her hand.

"Thanks for your advice. It would be excellent but for one thing—my husband is not coming back!"

The mockery in Bessy's voice seemed to pass into her features, hardening and contracting them as frost shrivels a flower. Justine's face, on the contrary, was suddenly illuminated by compassion, as though a light

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had struck up into it from the cold glitter of her friend's unhappiness.

"Bessy! What do you mean by not coming back?"

"I mean that he's had the tact to see that we shall be more comfortable apart—without putting me to the unpleasant necessity of telling him so."

Again the piteous echo of Blanche Carbury's phrases! The laboured mimicry of her ideas!

Justine looked anxiously at her friend. It seemed horribly false not to mention her own talk with Amherst, yet she felt it was wiser to feign ignorance, since Bessy could never be trusted to interpret rightly any departure from the conventional.

"Please tell me what has happened," she said at length.

Bessy, with a smile, released her hand from Justine's. "John has gone back to the life he prefers—which I take to be a hint to me to do the same."

Justine hesitated again; then the pressure of truth overcame every barrier of expediency. "Bessy—I ought to tell you that I saw Mr. Amherst in town the day I went to Philadelphia. He spoke of going away for a time . . . he seemed unhappy . . . but he told me he was coming back to see you first—" She broke off, her clear eyes on her friend's; and she saw at once that Bessy was too self-engrossed to feel any surprise at her avowal. "Surely he came back?" she went on.

"Oh, yes—he came back for a night." Bessy sank into the cushions, watching the firelight play on her diamond chain as she repeated the restless gesture of lifting it up and letting it slip through her fingers.

"Well—and then?" Justine persisted.

"Then—nothing! I was not here when he came."

"You were not here? What had happened?"

"I had gone over to Blanche Carbury's for a day or two. I was just leaving when I heard he was coming back, and I couldn't throw her over at the last moment."

Justine tried to catch the glance that fluttered evasively under Bessy's lashes. "You knew he was coming back—and you chose that time to go to Mrs. Carbury's?"

"I didn't choose, my dear—it just happened! And it really happened for the best. I suppose he was annoyed at my going—you know he has a ridiculous prejudice against Blanche—and so the next morning he rushed off to his cotton mill."

There was a pause, while the diamonds continued to flow in threads of fire through Mrs. Amherst's fingers.

At length Justine said: "Did Mr. Amherst know that you knew he was coming back before you left for Mrs. Carbury's?"

Bessy feigned to meditate the question for a moment. "Did he know that I knew that he knew?" she mocked. "Yes—I suppose so—he must have known." She stifled a slight yawn as she drew herself languidly to her feet.

"Then he took that as your answer?"

"My answer——?"

"To his coming back——"

"So it appears. I told you he had shown unusual tact." Bessy stretched her softly tapering arms above her head and then dropped them along her sides with another yawn. "But it's almost morning—it's wicked of me to have kept you so late, when you must be up to look after all those people!"

She flung her arms with a light gesture about Justine's shoulders, and laid a dry kiss on her cheek.

"Don't look at me with those big eyes—they've eaten up the whole of your face! And you needn't think I'm sorry for what I've done," she declared. "I'm *not*—the—least—little—atom—of a bit!"

XXIV

JUSTINE was pacing the long library at Lynbrook, between the caged sets of standard authors.

She felt as much caged as they: as much a part of a conventional stage-setting totally unrelated to the action going on before it. Two weeks had passed since her return from Philadelphia; and during that time she had learned that her usefulness at Lynbrook was over. Though not unwelcome, she might almost call herself unwanted; life swept by, leaving her tethered to the stake of inaction; a bitter lot for one who chose to measure existence by deeds instead of days. She had found Bessy ostensibly preoccupied with a succession of guests; no one in the house needed her but Cicely, and even Cicely, at times, was caught up into

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the whirl of her mother's agitated life, swept off on sleighing parties and motor-trips, or carried to town for a dancing-class or an opera matinée.

Mrs. Fenton Carbury was not among the visitors who left Lynbrook on the Monday after Justine's return.

Mr. Carbury, with the other bread-winners of the party, had hastened back to his treadmill in Wall Street after a Sunday spent in silently studying the files of the Financial Record; but his wife stayed on, somewhat aggressively in possession, criticizing and rearranging the furniture, ringing for the servants, making sudden demands on the stable, telegraphing, telephoning, ordering fires lighted or windows opened, and leaving everywhere in her wake a trail of cigarette ashes and empty cocktail glasses.

Ned Bowfort had not been included in the house-party; but on the day of its dispersal he rode over unannounced for luncheon, put up his horse in the stable, threaded his way familiarly among the dozing dogs in the hall, greeted Mrs. Ansell and Justine with just the right shade of quiet deference, produced from his pocket a new puzzle-game for Cicely, and sat down beside her mother with the quiet urbanity of the family friend who knows his privileges but is too discreet to abuse them.

After that he came every day, sometimes riding home late to the Hunt Club, sometimes accompanying Bessy and Mrs. Carbury to town for dinner and the theatre; but always with his deprecating air of having dropped in by accident, and modestly hoping that his intrusion was not unwelcome.

The following Sunday brought another influx of visitors, and Bessy seemed to fling herself with renewed enthusiasm into the cares of hospitality. She had avoided Justine since their midnight talk, contriving to see her in Cicely's presence, or pleading haste when they found themselves alone. The winter was unusually open, and she spent long hours in the saddle when her time was not taken up with her visitors. For a while she took Cicely on her daily rides; but she soon wearied of adapting her hunter's stride to the pace of the little girl's pony, and Cicely was once more given over to the coachman's care.

Then there came snow and a long frost, and Bessy grew restless at her imprisonment, and grumbled that there was no way of keeping well in a winter climate which made regular exercise impossible.

"Why not build a squash-court?" Blanche Carbury proposed; and the two fell instantly to making plans under the guidance of Ned Bowfort and Westy Gaines. As the scheme developed, various advisers suggested that it was a pity not to add a bowling-alley, a swimming tank and a gymnasium; a fashionable architect was summoned from town, measurements were taken, sites discussed, sketches compared, and engineers consulted as to the cost of artesian wells and the best system for heating the tank.

Bessy seemed filled with a feverish desire to carry out the plan as quickly as possible, and on as large a scale as even the architect's invention soared to; but it was finally decided that, before signing the contracts, she should run over to New Jersey to see a building of the same kind on which a sporting friend of Mrs. Carbury's had recently lavished a fortune.

It was on this errand that the two ladies, in company with Westy Gaines and Bowfort, had departed on the day which found Justine restlessly measuring the length of the library. She and Mrs. Ansell had the house to themselves; and it was hardly a surprise to her when, in the course of the afternoon, Mrs. Ansell, after a discreet pause on the threshold, advanced toward her down the long room.

Since the night of her return Justine had felt sure that Mrs. Ansell would speak; but the elder lady was given to hawk-like circlings about her subject, to hanging over it and contemplating it before her wings dropped for the descent.

Now, however, it was plain that she had resolved to strike; and Justine had a sense of relief at the thought. She had been too long isolated in her anxiety, her powerlessness to help; and she had a vague hope that Mrs. Ansell's worldly wisdom might accomplish what her inexperience had failed to achieve.

"Shall we sit by the fire? I am glad to find you alone," Mrs. Ansell began, with the pleasant abruptness that was one of the subtlest instruments of her indirection; and as Justine acquiesced, she added, yielding her slight lines to the luxurious depths of an arm-chair: "I have been rather suddenly asked by an invalid cousin to go to Europe

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with her next week, and I can't go contentedly without being at peace about our friends."

She paused, but Justine made no answer. In spite of her growing sympathy for Mrs. Ansell she could not overcome an inherent distrust, not of her methods, but of her ultimate object. What, for instance, was her conception of being at peace about the Amhersts? Justine's own conviction was that, as far as their final welfare was concerned, any terms were better between them than the external harmony which had prevailed during Amherst's stay at Lynbrook.

The subtle emanation of her distrust may have been felt by Mrs. Ansell; for the latter presently continued, with a certain nobleness: "I am the more concerned because I believe I must hold myself, in a small degree, responsible for Bessy's marriage—" and as Justine looked at her in surprise, she added: "I thought she could never be happy unless her affections were satisfied—and even now I believe so."

"I believe so too," Justine said, surprised into assent by the simplicity of Mrs. Ansell's declaration.

"Well, then—since we are agreed in our diagnosis," the older woman went on, smiling, "what remedy do you suggest? Or rather, how can we administer it?"

"What remedy?" Justine hesitated.

"Oh, I believe we are agreed on that too. Mr. Amherst must be brought back—but how to bring him?" She paused, and then added, with a singular effect of appealing frankness: "I ask you, because I believe you to be the only one of Bessy's friends who is in the least in her husband's confidence."

Justine's embarrassment increased. Would it not be disloyal both to Bessy and Amherst to acknowledge to a third person a fact of which Bessy herself was unaware? Yet to betray any embarrassment under Mrs. Ansell's eyes was to risk giving it a dangerous significance.

"Bessy has spoken to me once or twice—but I know very little of Mr. Amherst's point of view; except," Justine added, after another moment's weighing of alternatives, "that I believe he suffers most from being cut off from his work at Westmore."

"Yes—so I think; but that is a difficulty that time and expediency must adjust. All *we* can do—their friends, I mean—is to get them together again before the breach is too wide."

Justine pondered. She was perhaps more ignorant of the situation than Mrs. Ansell imagined, for since her return Bessy had alluded only once, and in general terms, to Amherst's absence, and she could only conjecture that he had carried out his plan of taking a position in the southern mill he had spoken of. What she most desired to know was whether he had listened to her entreaty, and taken the position temporarily, without binding himself by the acceptance of a salary; or whether, stung by the outrage of Bessy's flight to Blanche Carbury, he had freed himself from financial dependence on her by engaging himself definitely as Superintendent.

"I really know very little of the present situation," she said, looking at Mrs. Ansell. "Bessy merely told me that Mr. Amherst had taken up his old work in a cotton mill in the south."

As her eyes met Mrs. Ansell's it flashed across her that the latter did not believe what she said, and the perception made her instantly shrink back into herself.

But there was nothing in Mrs. Ansell's tone to confirm the doubt which her eyes betrayed.

"Ah—I hoped you knew more," she said simply; "for, like you, I have only heard from Bessy that her husband went away suddenly to help a friend who is reorganizing some mills in Georgia. Of course, under the circumstances, such a temporary break is natural enough—perhaps inevitable—only he must not stay away too long."

Justine was silent. Mrs. Ansell's momentary self-betrayal had checked all farther possibility of frank communion, and the discerning lady had seen her error too late to remedy it.

But her hearer's heart gave a leap of joy. It was evident from what Mrs. Ansell said that Amherst had not bound himself definitely, since he would not have done so without making the fact clear to his wife. And with a secret thrill of happiness Justine recalled his last word to her: "I will remember all you have said."

He had kept that word and acted on it; in spite of Bessy's last assault on his pride, he had borne with her, and deferred the day of final rupture; and the sense that she had had a part in his decision filled Justine with a glow of hope. The uneasy consciousness of Mrs. Ansell's suspicions

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faded to insignificance—Mrs. Ansell and her kind might think what they chose, since all that mattered now was that she herself should act bravely and circumspectly in her last attempt to save her friends.

"I am not sure," Mrs. Ansell continued, gently scrutinizing her companion, "that I think it unwise of him to have gone; but if he stays too long Bessy may listen to bad advice—advice disastrous to her happiness." She paused, and turned her eyes meditatively toward the fire. "As far as I know," she said, with the same air of serious candour, "you are the only person who can tell him this."

"I?" exclaimed Justine, with a leap of colour to her pale cheeks.

Mrs. Ansell's eyes continued to avoid her. "My dear Miss Brent, Bessy has told me something of the wise counsels you have given her. Mr. Amherst is also your friend. As I said just now, you are the only person who might act as a link between them—surely you will not refuse the rôle."

Justine controlled herself. "My only rôle, as you call it, has been to urge Bessy to—to try to allow for her husband's views——"

"And have you not given the same advice to Mr. Amherst?"

The eyes of the two women met. "Yes," said Justine, after a moment.

"Then why refuse your help now? The moment is crucial."

Justine's thoughts had flown beyond the stage of resenting Mrs. Ansell's gentle pertinacity. All her faculties were really absorbed in the question as to how she could most effectually use whatever influence she possessed.

"I put it to you as one old friend to another—will you write to Mr. Amherst to come back?" Mrs. Ansell urged her.

Justine was past considering even the strangeness of this request, and its oblique reflection upon the kind of power ascribed to her. Through the confused beatings of her heart she merely struggled for a clearer sense of guidance.

"No," she said slowly. "I cannot."

"You cannot? With a friend's happiness in extremity?" Mrs. Ansell paused a moment before she added: "Unless you believe that Bessy would be happier divorced?"

"Divorced—? Oh, no," Justine shuddered.

"That is what it will come to."

"No, no! In time——"

"Time is what I am most afraid of, when Blanche Carbury disposes of it."

Justine drew a deep, shrinking sigh.

"You'll write?" Mrs. Ansell murmured, laying a soft touch on her hand.

"I have not the influence you think——"

"Can you do any harm by trying?"

"I might——" Justine faltered, losing her exact sense of the words she used.

"Ah," the other flashed back, "then you *have* influence! Why will you not use it?"

Justine waited a moment; then her resolve gathered itself into words. "If I have any influence, I am not sure it would be well to use it as you suggest."

"Not to urge Mr. Amherst's return?"

"No—not now."

She caught the same veiled gleam of incredulity under Mrs. Ansell's lids—caught and disregarded it.

"It must be now or never," Mrs. Ansell insisted.

"I can't think so," Justine held out.

"Nevertheless—will you try?"

"No—no! It might be fatal."

"To whom?"

"To both." She considered. "If he came back now I know he would not stay."

Mrs. Ansell was upon her abruptly. "You *know?* Then you speak with authority?"

"No—what authority? I speak as I feel," Justine faltered.

The older woman drew herself slowly to her feet. "Ah—then you shoulder a great responsibility!" She moved nearer to Justine, and once more laid a fugitive touch upon her. "You won't write to him?"

"No—no," the girl flung back; and the voices of the returning party in the hall made Mrs. Ansell, with an almost imperceptible gesture of warning, turn musingly away toward the fire.

Bessy came back brimming with the wonders she had seen. A glazed "sun-room," mosaic pavements, a marble fountain to feed the marble tank—and outside, a water-garden, descending in successive terraces, to take up and utilize—one could see how practically!—the overflow from the tank. If one did the thing at all, why not do it decently? She had given up her new motor, had let her town house, had pinched

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and stinted herself in a hundred ways—if ever woman was entitled to a little compensating pleasure, surely she was that woman!

The days were crowded with consultations. Architect, contractors, engineers, a landscape gardener, and a dozen minor craftsmen, came and went, unrolled plans, moistened pencils, sketched, figured, argued, persuaded, and filled Bessy with the dread of appearing, under Blanche Carbury's eyes, subject to any restraining influences of economy. What! She was a young woman, with an independent fortune, and she was always wavering, considering, secretly referring back to the mute criticism of an invisible judge—of the husband who had been first to shake himself free of any mutual subjection? The accomplished Blanche did not have to say this—she conveyed it by the raising of painted brows, by a smile of mocking interrogation, a judiciously placed silence or a resigned glance at the architect. So the estimates poured in, were studied, resisted—then yielded to and signed; then the hour of advance payments struck, and an imperious appeal was despatched to Mr. Tredegar, to whom the management of Bessy's affairs had been transferred.

Mr. Tredegar, to his client's surprise, answered the appeal in person. He had not been lately to Lynbrook, dreading the cold and damp of the country in winter; and his sudden *déplacement* had therefore an ominous significance.

He came for an evening in mid-week, when even Blanche Carbury was absent, and Bessy and Justine had the house to themselves. Mrs. Ansell had sailed the week before with her invalid cousin. No farther words had passed between herself and Justine—but the latter was conscious that their talk had increased instead of lessening the distance between them. Justine herself meant to leave soon. Her hope of regaining Bessy's confidence had been deceived, and seeing herself definitely superseded, she chafed anew at her purposeless inactivity. She had already written to one or two doctors in New York, and to the matron of Saint Elizabeth's. She had made herself a name in surgical cases, and it could not be long before a summons came. . . .

Meanwhile Mr. Tredegar arrived, and the three dined together, the two women bending meekly to his discourse, which was never more oracular and authoritative than when delivered to the gentler sex alone. Amherst's absence, in particular, seemed to loose the thin current of Mr. Tredegar's eloquence. He was never quite at ease in the presence of an independent mind, and Justine often reflected that, even had the two men known nothing of each other's views, there would have been between them an instinctive and irreducible hostility—they would have disliked each other if they had merely jostled elbows in the street.

Yet even freed from Amherst's disturbing presence Mr. Tredegar showed a darkling brow, and as Justine slipped away after dinner she felt that she left Bessy to something more serious than the usual business conference.

How serious, she was to learn that very night, when, in the small hours, her friend burst in upon her tearfully. Bessy was ruined—ruined—that was what Mr. Tredegar had come to tell her! She might have known he would not have travelled to Lynbrook for a trifle. . . . She had expected to find herself cramped, restricted—to be warned that she must "manage," hateful word! . . . But this! This was incredible! Unendurable! There was no money to build the gymnasium—none at all! And all because it had been swallowed up at Westmore—because the ridiculous changes there, the changes that nobody wanted, nobody approved of—that Truscomb and all the other experts had opposed and derided from the first—that these changes, even modified and arrested, had already involved so much of her income, that it might be years—yes, he said *years!*—before she should feel herself free again—free of her own fortune, of Cicely's fortune . . . of the money poor Dick Westmore had meant his wife and daughter to enjoy!

Justine listened anxiously to this confused outpouring of resentments. Bessy's born incapacity for figures made it indeed possible that the facts came on her as a surprise—that she had quite forgotten the temporary reduction of her income, and had begun to imagine that what she had saved in one direction was hers to spend in another. All this was conceivable. But why had Mr. Tredegar drawn so dark a picture of the future? Or was it only that, thwarted of her immediate desire, Bessy's disappointment blackened the farthest

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verge of her horizon? Justine, though aware of her friend's lack of perspective, suspected that a conniving hand had helped to throw the prospect out of drawing. . .

Could it be possible, then, that Mr. Tredegar was among those who desired a divorce? That the influences at which Mrs. Ansell had hinted proceeded not only from Blanche Carbury and her group? Helpless amid this rush of forebodings, Justine could do no more than soothe and restrain—to reason would have been idle. She had never till now realized how completely she had lost ground with Bessy.

"The humiliation—before my friends! Oh, I was warned . . . my father, every one . . . for Cicely's sake, I was warned . . . but I wouldn't listen—and *now!* From the first it was all he cared for—in Europe, even, he was always dragging me to factories. *Me?*—I was only the owner of Westmore! He wanted power—power, that's all—when he lost it he left me . . . oh, I'm glad now my baby is dead! Glad there's nothing between us—nothing, nothing in the world to tie us together any longer!"

The disproportion between this violent grief and its trivial cause would have struck Justine as simply grotesque, had she not understood that the incident of the gymnasium, which followed with cumulative pressure upon a series of similiar episodes, seemed to Bessy like the reaching out of a retaliatory hand—a mocking reminder that she was still imprisoned in the consequences of her unhappy marriage.

Such folly seemed past weeping for—it froze Justine's compassion into disdain, till she remembered that the sources of our sorrow are sometimes nobler than their means of expression, and that a baffled, unappeased love was perhaps the real cause of Bessy's childish anger against her husband.

At any rate, the moment was a critical one, and Justine remembered with a pang that Mrs. Ansell had foreseen such a contingency, and implored her to take measures against it. She had refused, from a sincere dread of precipitating a definite estrangement—but had she been right in judging the situation so logically? With a creature of Bessy's emotional uncertainties the result of contending influences was really incalculable—it might still be that, at this juncture, Amherst's return would bring about a reaction of better feelings. . . .

Justine sat and mused on these things in her room, after leaving her friend exhausted upon a tearful pillow. She felt that she had perhaps taken too large a survey of the situation—that the question whether there could ever be ultimate happiness between this tormented pair was not one to concern those who struggled for their welfare. Most marriages are a patch-work of jarring tastes and ill-assorted ambitions—if here and there, for a moment, two colours blend, two textures are the same, so much the better for the pattern! Justine, certainly, could foresee in reunion no positive happiness for either of her friends; but she saw positive disaster for Bessy in separation from her husband. . . .

Suddenly she rose from her chair by the falling fire, and crossed over to the writing-table. She would write to Amherst herself—she would tell him to come. The decision once reached, hope flowed back to her heart—the joy of action so often deceived her into immediate faith in its results!

"Dear Mr. Amherst," she wrote, "the last time I saw you, you told me you would remember what I said. I ask you to do so now—to remember that I urged you not to be away too long. I believe you ought to come back now, though I know Bessy will not ask you to. I am writing without her knowledge, but with the conviction that she needs you, though perhaps without knowing it herself. . . ."

She paused, and laid down her pen. Why did it make her so happy to write to him? Was it merely the sense of recovered helpfulness, or something warmer, more personal, that made it a joy to trace his name, and to remind him of their last intimate exchange of words? Well—perhaps it was that too. There were moments when she was so mortally lonely that any sympathetic contact with another life sent a glow into her veins—that she was thankful to warm herself at any fire.

(To be continued.)

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

Her face lost the bloom of animation, and she looked pale and weary.—Page 106.

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FOR A SMALL BOY

By Samuel McCoy

O PRAIRIE, Mother of my West,
Take this small waif to your broad breast:

Let his feet love your changeless ways,
To teach him firmness all his days;

Let your fields, stretching to the sky,
That sets no boundary to the eye,

Give him their own deep breadth of view,
The largeness of the cloudless blue;

Give him to drink your freshening breath
That will not brook a thought of death;

So he may go eternal young
Along your marshes, that have flung

Their yellowing willows' draperies
To the keen sweetness of the breeze;

And, prodigal of April hours,
Take benediction of her showers;

And when across the prairies come
The yellowhammer's fife and drum,

Then let him wander as he will,
From hill to ever-rising hill,

From your spring mornings, warm and bright,
Surcharged with quivering, living light,

Until the hazy sun at last
Withdraws and leaves the pallid, vast

Immensity of sky and moor
And gray dusk closing swift and sure.

In quiet let him bow his face
Before the Presence in that space,

When ghostly white the primrose stands,
The spirit of your twilight lands;

See the pale jewel of the evening skies
And hear the meadow's drowsy cries,

And, last sweet challenge through the dark—
The clear, thin whistle of the lark.

So, prairie that I loved and blessed,
The boy may know *your* way is best.

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GALAHAD'S DAUGHTER

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

"AND the young girl in white, with silver and roses? Miss——"

"Asbury," supplied young Wharton promptly. "Judith Anne; Judy Ann, most of us call her. Isn't she lovely? Her father——"

"Judith Anne!"

Anne Burgess looked up at him with a quick, startled breath. A shadowy rose warmed her soft withered cheek.

"Yes. It's a quaint little name, isn't it? But it suits her. Judith was her grandmother's name; the Anne was for a young girl her father used to know, they say. An old sweetheart, I fancy. She's a bit spoiled, of course; but with her beauty and her talent, it's no wonder. Have you read any of her little things? 'The Chisel'? Or 'Blood-Money'? They're bewilderingly clever for a slip of a girl like that."

"Yes. They are certainly — clever." Miss Burgess fumbled tremulously with her dinner-card. Her face took on a curious smitten look — the pallor which betrays some poignant thrust of the spirit. Her lips tightened; her delicate old hands opened and shut.

"She's a type to herself, don't you think so?" Wharton went on cheerfully. "She isn't really like a girl; she always makes me think of a splendid boy. They say she's the image of her father, frankness and all. He was something of a celebrity in his day. Did you ever know anything of him?"

"Was his name Stephen? Stephen Sumner Asbury? Was he a naval officer?"

"Yes. It was rather a romantic story. He resigned out of the Service two years after he had graduated from Annapolis, and threw in his lot with Phillips and Parker and the Underground. That must have been along about 1857. I've heard my father tell about it, times without number. He adored Stephen Asbury; the young fellows of that day made a hero and a saint out of him. I fancy he deserved every whiff of incense that floated his way; his ordeal was grim enough, at the best. Feeling was running pretty high then, you know; and the Abolitionists made a great deal out of his throwing over his prospects and his profession and his family—for they all disowned him, every one of them—all for the Cause. That advertising his martyrdom was the worst of it all. He was a shy, modest fellow, and the notoriety of it cut pretty deep. He had put his hand to the plough, though, and he wouldn't turn back; but he made his furrows mighty quietly. When the war broke out, he went back into the navy, and they gave him a commission. He stayed on in the Service always. He did not marry until very late in life, and he died when Judy here was just a baby. The mother had died when she was born."

Miss Burgess listened, silent.

"I'll never forget how queer and knocked out I felt when I heard that he was dead," he went on, after a pause. "I'd never seen him, of course; but I'd heard father talk of him so much, and I was an imaginative youngster; and somehow I thought of him always as of something too glorious to die, or to grow old, even; a prince; a young god, maybe. And when I heard how he had been killed, trying to save a little street urchin from a runaway, it was as if the world had jolted, somehow. I know I went off by myself, out of doors, and told it to myself, over and over, about sixteen times: 'Stephen Asbury is dead!' It seemed ridiculous for the sun to keep on shining after that. Children have queer notions."

Miss Burgess leaned back in her chair, with a faint, stealthy sigh. She peered into the rippling, merry young face across from her with solemn questioning eyes. It was as though she strove to trace another face, deep beyond the challenge of this fresh loveliness.

Young Wharton looked at her with quiet appreciation. He had dreaded the ordeal

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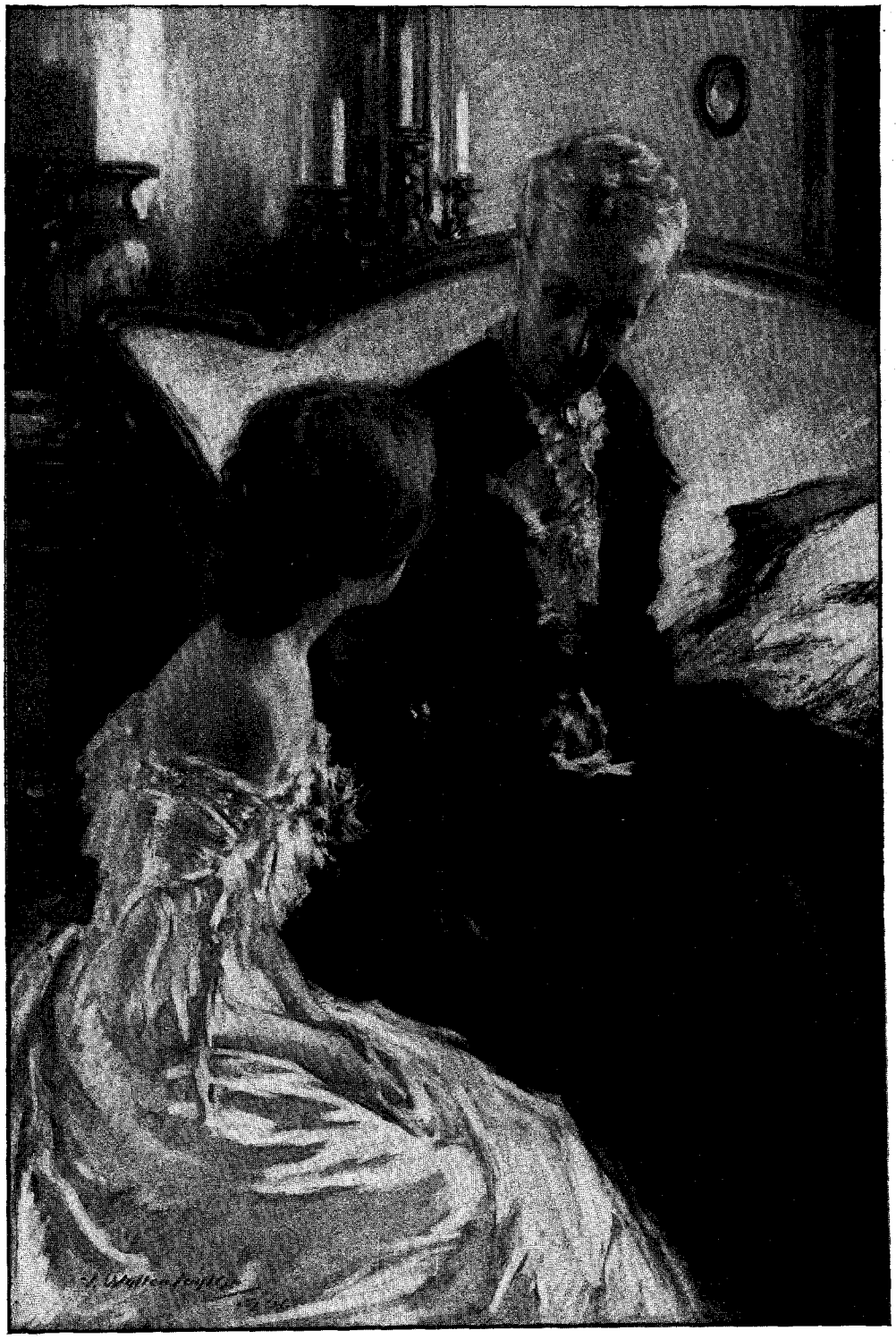

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

She felt the girl's keen, precocious gaze sweep and comprehend her.—Page 118.

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of taking her down to dinner; she was at once so gentle and so punctilious, so stately and so shy. He felt toward her the chivalrous deference which a man accords by instinct to the woman of his mother's generation; but he realized as well that she was a stranger in that strangest of all places, her own land, revisited now after half a lifetime, so he had taxed his wits to the uttermost in search of a topic which might interest her without reminding her of this long alienation.

And he had made preposterous choice. The Abolition period was dismally *mal-apropos*, he said to himself, with a rueful smile. Yet she seemed to overlook the Rip van Winkle interval in the fascination of the story; so he might well hold his peace and be thankful.

Meanwhile, she was in herself most charming. He felt a whimsical impulse to put out his hand and touch the slim veined wrist, and so make sure that its frail waxen curves were flesh and blood. There was a wraith-like pictured quality in every line of her beautiful head, in every fold of the soft, dull-flowered silk, with its quaint, velvet-rimmed ruffles, its falls and frosts of lace, so ancient in fashion that it had circled the wheel, and gave now a dim reflection of the mode of to-day. Her parted silvery hair framed her face in high archaic coils; soft tarnished pearls and shallow cameos glinted about her throat. For all her gentle interest, she held herself and ruled her speech with a sweet, rigid precision; she was as aloof as a lily. He recalled the score of picturing phrases with which his friends had described her to him. They had sounded fanciful, overdrawn; but now they seemed at best scant praise. She was like a carving in ivory; she was a white rose, withered on its stalk, still perfect; she was a frost painting on the window-pane; she was an April sunset. He counted them over, smiling at the thought of her fluttered amazement if he should dare to say the words aloud. She was the refrain of an old, dear song; a woman of twilight mist; the scent of lilacs after rain. Yes, that last lyric, whimsical note rang as clear as words could tell it. She was not a woman; she was a fragrance.

"And who cared for her—the little Judith?" she said presently, in her low wistful voice.

"Her aunts, and a grandmother, I believe. Though she's so independent that it's hard to imagine anybody presuming to take care of her. She has travelled a lot, and she goes in for all kinds of things, beside her writing: athletics, and Settlement work, and old brasses—really, I think there must be at least thirty-six hours to her day. She knocks about too much, perhaps. More, at any rate, than the girls do in your country—in France, I mean. But it doesn't seem to hurt her."

Miss Burgess turned to the girl again without replying. No, it could not have hurt her. Stephen Asbury's daughter was above contamination. Yet she looked on her white shoulders, her free ways, her ready laughter, with a sick reproach. Could this be his child? Stephen's child?

Throughout these last weeks she had mused upon the thought of meeting the girl as one dreams of the fulfilling of a dream. It could never come true. In this great, hurrying city, they were both straws on the current. It was inconceivable that they could ever meet. Yet here, by most mysterious chance, they two faced each other; and upon Anne Burgess lay the anguish of a dream come true.

Surely she was her father's child. Only the eyes of one who had known and loved him might see the cruel little differences. For all her flowing feminine graces, she was moulded like a splendid boy—the boy that he had been. Her gray eyes, sparkling beneath long lashes, shone with the eager joy of life which had been as his breath; but their radiance could not hold the deeps of his graver mood. Her clear-cut mouth curved in his half-wistful smile; her flickering dimples mocked it. She locked her fingers together when she spoke gravely; that had been Stephen's trick, a habit which he had striven in vain to break. Then she flung her hands outward with a shrug, a toss of her brown head, which taunted the moment's earnestness. Truly, she was Stephen's child. Oh, the pity of it!

Months before, she had read her little stories, those fugitive snatches, clever, assuredly. Little jewels of narrative they were, hard and cold and bright. She had seized upon them, eager to praise; she had put them away, harshly disquieted. These were not the stories that Stephen Asbury's daughter ought to write. There was no

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bloom upon them. They mirrored no gleam of his knightly faith, his honor, his high, pure spirit. They were smirched with the cheap cynicism of the day. A hurt, bewildered anger welled in her breast. How poor a reverence must his child's work grant to him!

She had loved Stephen Asbury with all her shy heart; a love exalted above mere girlish fancy by her adoration of his high aims, her worship of his sacrifice. Between them there had existed one of the graceful friendships of their time and place. They had been comrades in study, fellow-enthusiasts in the succession of reforms that absorbed New England through the mid-century. Comrades, and nothing more. The mighty convictions that had swept him from the pathway of his fathers rolled in widening seas between him and his old life, his childhood friends. From the day of his resignation, she had never even seen him. She had gone abroad to study—to remain for two years, perhaps. But there were no ties to draw her back to her own land, and her work was dearer than the country of her blood. She came back now, after forty years, to find herself a stranger in a strange land.

They had brought their meed of happiness, those tranquil working years. Her slow, conscientious study had won a quiet yet a satisfying success. She had lived on in the same narrow, rigid groove; she had never known Bohemia; the world of fads and whims and fancies in art had passed her by. Nor were the mountain heights for such as she; but her spirit knew the high quiet uplands. And the talisman of her silent love had kept her heart warm.

Once only had her brave soul faltered, stricken—the hour when she had learned of the birth of this girl, his child. Then long-hushed pulses stirred within her; she wakened sobbing, those first nights after. He had never cared, she told herself patiently, striving to dull the smart by yet a deeper wound. She must not let herself remember; she must not trammel her life with vain regrets. Yet he reigned still in her hushed innocent shrine, a boyish heroic memory, high above the altar of her dreams.

. . . . . .

"Mr. Wharton tells me that you used to know my people—my father, that is." Judith Asbury crossed the drawing-room to her side. "Do you remember him well? Were you in school together?"

She dropped down on a low gilded stool, her lace and silver draperies flaunting in shimmering waves. Her gray eyes were darkly earnest; her fleeting dimples derided.

"I knew him when I lived in Concord. We used to read Dante together. There were a number of us, fellow-students. . . ." Anne groped for her words; her gentle poise quivered beneath the wave of inarticulate anger which surged within her. How could she speak of him thus lightly before all these others, these cool, indifferent strangers? How could she breathe his name, except with reverence?

"He was awfully fond of Dante, I know. I have the little worn-out books with his notes in them, tucked away somewhere. He wrote a good deal of music, too. I've often wished that I could have heard him sing. Did you, ever?"

"Yes. He had a wonderful voice." Anne stopped, with a gasp; but the girl's eyes were upon her, persistent, compelling. "He was a wonderful man," she went on steadily, slow painful flushes beating in her cheeks. "You lost much in losing him from your life. He was the purest soul I ever knew."

She felt the girl's keen, precocious gaze sweep and comprehend her. She knew bitterly that her eyes caught and appraised each line and hue, each tone and gesture; she felt herself weighed and set aside, amusedly, a charming, antiquated trinket, by this pitiless childish judgment. Yet she spoke on:

"And you are—you will be like him, I hope. You resemble him much already."

"So they all tell me," said Judith indifferently. "I look as he did; I know that from his old daguerreotypes. But there's not so much resemblance in other ways, I fancy. Papa was such a rank idealist!" She finished with a laugh which was echoed by every man in the room, so sweet it rang, so rippling full of merciless youth.

Anne shrank back, paling. She did not try to speak with her again.

She had ordered her carriage for an early hour; but by some mishap, it did not arrive. She waited, nervous and dismayed, until the other guests were about to leave; then she called a servant, and sent him for a cab.

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Judith Asbury, radiant in her snowy furs, crossed the hallway as she stood giving the order.

"Your carriage didn't come? That's too bad. But mine is here, and my aunt, Mrs. Cope, and I will be delighted if you will drive over with us. We're on the West Side too, you know, out on Jackson Boulevard. It's only a mile from where we're stopping, and a mile doesn't count in Chicago. Oh, please don't! It will be just a pleasure to us. Come on, Aunt Emily!"

Anne followed in her imperious wake, bewildered yet relieved. She had dreaded the long, lonely night drive; the city was a drowsing Inferno to her eyes. It terrified her with a terror which was not of the flesh alone. She had lived too long apart from her place and time. This was no longer her country, nor were these her people. This great, restless, splendid evil city typified to her the bitter changes from her own day—a day whose memory still held for her the mystery and the glory of the dawn. This new order irked and daunted her: the arrogant prosperity; the haste; the incredible swing of the wheel which had cast her idols in the dust, and lifted strange new gods to the highest shrine. She shrank with a child's distrust from the brusque, extravagant honors which the men and women of this hurtling world strove to lavish upon her. Like the vast toppling, gorgeous fabric which they had reared, they grieved and bewildered her. She looked on them and all their ways as upon tormenting puzzles, which her dazzled eyes might not trace, her fingers were too weak to disentangle. And of all these fretting mysteries, none stung and baffled her as did the sight of this girl, her name-child—she knew by unwavering instinct: serene, cold-blooded, lovely; the hard awakening from her life-long dream.

The drive stretched out interminably. They had left the smooth-paved residence streets behind; they were jolting now through the dusky tunnels which stretch from the lake front to the river. From corner to corner gleamed feeble lights; through the block itself they blundered as through clefts of darkness.

"It makes me fidgety, driving through these canyons at this time of night," said Judith, looking out at the glimmer of red and green which marked the mouth of the bridge. "But there's very little more of it. We have a mile or so of slums to cross, then —— What in the world is the matter?"

The carriage stopped with a lurch. There rose a clamor of startled, questioning voices. The horses started, then stopped again, held back by a strong hand. The coachman bellowed an angry protest; above his shout there rang a woman's frightened, beseeching wail.

"Thompson was an idiot to bring us around this way," said Judith Asbury impatiently. She wrung the door open in the face of Mrs. Cope's remonstrances, and stepped lightly out. The crowd of shabby night-birds hung back as her straight white young apparition stood before them.

"What's the trouble here, officer? Why can't we be allowed to go on?"

The policeman began a noisy explanation. The coachman and the by-standers joined in.

"Well, they was a-crossin' the street together, not payin' no attention to where they went—" "An' he had both his lamps lit, leddy; ye kin see that fer yersilf." "—And yer carriage knocked 'em both over, flat." "Sure, now, ye needn't look so scairt. No great loss if they was kilt, to my mind. Both of thim that drunk they couldn't be findin' the way home, the hussies!"

Anne Burgess peered out, then leaned back, sick and faint. A girl in a huge white hat, toppling with plumes, stood leaning against the policeman's shoulder. Her long light cloak was spattered with mire; her bare, glittering hands wove and fluttered in pitiful, horrible gestures above the limp bundle in flaring scarlet which the men were lifting to the curb. The street flashed and darkened before her eyes; yet she missed no word nor motion from Judith, stooping, white and calm, above the red heap.

"Her heart is going all right, officer. I can't find any broken bones, either. She's only stunned."

"Thrue fer ye, miss. The carriage on'y rubbed by thim, that's all, an' they tipped over straight. Here'll be the ambylance the minute!"

"Judith, *please!*" entreated Mrs. Cope.

"Shut the carriage door, Aunt Emily. Then you won't feel the chill. I'm sorry to keep you, but it can't be helped. Here, let me lift her head. You're sure she's not

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hurt, doctor, apart from the shock? Take her to the Anastasia Home, and give Doctor McLain my card. She'll understand. Please hand me my purse, Aunt Emily. Easy, men!" She steadied the stretcher with both firm, small hands. "Now," as the ambulance rolled away, "I'll take care of—of her. You can go on, officer. We're much obliged."

She took the girl lightly by the arm. "Come."

"Judith, how can you!" "Miss, that won't do, never. Work'us is the place for her, an' all her kind." "Don't be dirtyin' yer leddy hands wid the smut of the likes of her, miss!"

"Pull the rugs up over you and Miss Burgess," commanded Judith, through the window. "It's only eight blocks to the Settlement Lodging House, and I won't trust anybody but myself to take her there. Come, child."

"This won't do at all, young lady." The policeman strove to flaunt a little brief authority. "Jail's the place for her, an' all her kind. You're wastin' yer time on her. That sort don't count."

"'That sort don't count!'"

Anne Burgess caught at the door. The stern thrill in the girl's low voice swept her heart like a call from a dear lost world.

Her father's voice!

She faced the policeman, white, defiant. Her face, set rigid beneath the airy frippery of lace and spangles, held a strange radiance; her gray eyes flared and darkened. She drew the girl to her and braced the wavering body against her arm.

"Put her into the carriage. Carefully, now. Go on, officer; I tell you I've taken the responsibility. It's my place to look after her now." She turned to the full light; Anne met her look. It was as though she looked into Stephen's eyes once more, ablaze with a holy anger, dark with unfathomable love, with pity all but divine. "I'm ready, Thompson. Go on."

. . . . . .

Anne stumbled through the soft darkness of her room, and sat down by the low open fire. She lay back in her chair, her frail hands falling loosely in her lap; her bosom fell with the deep, yielding breath which speaks relief of body, and calm unspeakable of soul. There was a lovely light in her tired eyes; the joy of one whose beloved hope, racked, tortured, tried as by fire, returns unscathed; the peace of a faith restored.

"It was not lost. It could not be lost," she whispered through the night. "It has no stain. It can never be wasted nor betrayed. She will always hold it, honor it. She has her father's soul."

THE MEADOW WIND

By Arthur Davison Ficke

Days full of labor—days wherein the mind
  Is tense with keen pursuit of some goal set—
  Come crowding, and would woo me to forget
All that beyond them lies. But as a wind
Sometimes a-sudden, in the summer's heat,
  Blows in on city dwellers parched and worn,
  Bringing the breath of country fields of corn
Afar from all the clamor of the street;
And those outwearied toilers start, and seem
  For that brief space transported otherwhere,
  And breathe the sweetness of the country air,
And see the hills, and hear the hillside stream;
So comes one thought to lead my soul afar—
Surely it must be summer, where you are.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

"My room looks out into a little court; there is a plot of grass, and to the right of it an old stone-built wall, close against which stands a row of aged lime-trees. Straight opposite, at right angles to the wall, is the east side of the Hall, with its big plain traceried windows enlivened with a few heraldic shields of stained glass. While I was looking out to-day there came a flying burst of sun, and the little corner became a sudden feast of delicate colour; the rich green of the grass, the foliage of the lime-trees, their brown wrinkled stems, the pale moss on the walls, the bright points of colour in the emblazonries of the window, made a sudden delicate harmony of tints. I had seen the place a hundred times before without ever guessing what a perfect picture it made. . . .

"And thus I went slowly back to College in that gathering gloom that seldom fails to bring a certain peace to the mind. The porter sat, with his feet on the fender, in his comfortable den, reading a paper. The lights were beginning to appear in the court, and the firelight flickering briskly upon walls hung with all the pleasant signs of youthful life, the groups, the family photographs, the suspended oar, the cap of glory. So when I entered my book-lined rooms, and heard the kettle sing its comfortable song on the hearth, and reflected that I had a few letters to write, an interesting book to turn over, a pleasant Hall dinner to look forward to, and that, after a space of talk, an undergraduate or two were coming to talk over a leisurely piece of work, an essay or a paper, I was more than ever inclined to acquiesce in my disabilities, to purr like an elderly cat, and to feel that while I had the priceless boon of leisure, set in a framework of small duties, there was much to be said for life, and that I was a poor creature if I could not be soberly content."

—*A. C. Benson, "From a College Window."*

From an American College Window

THE outlook from my room should in all charity be spared the disclosure of publicity. In arranging my study at home, my first precaution was to curtain the lower halves of the windows, so that if I chanced to look up and out I should see only a fair patch of sky and the tops of some struggling lindens. If unveiled, the windows would reveal a grimy wall, at the moment emblazoned by an advertiser's legend informing me what tobacco gentlemen of taste chew and whose ready-to-wear clothing I must purchase to masquerade as a prosperous man of fashion. From my "office" at the university, the outlook is more pleasing, yet equally lacks inspiration. The grass is green enough when not wholly worn shabby by students seeking a short cut to learning; the American elms rival the English lime-trees; the sun is brighter, the sky bluer than across the waters. But there is no den, and no porter! If I wish anything done, I am reminded that the most reliable servitor is one's self; so I clean my boots at home and my type-writer at the office. The roller-top desk, the type-writer stand, the filing-cabinet, greet me with a business-like air. The solace of tea or nicotine, university tradition frowns down upon as lures to idleness. Moreover, the undergraduates who call upon me in irregular procession, are as apt to appear in "shirt-waists" as in "sweaters"—academic costume is undemocratic. They appeal to me as to the oracle of the railway information bureau; and I suggest the various roads and junctions—the changes of trains and fittings of schedules, the management of their impedimenta—that will bring them most safely and economically to their cherished destinations. They rarely inquire about interesting scenery on the way; stop-over privileges are not in demand. Up-to-date equipments and personally conducted tours—and with some, easy berths in Pullman cars—are popular. A batch of official envelopes reminds me that I am also a uniformed conductor for my charges and have reports to prepare for headquarters. Moreover, my laboratory imposes insistent and heterogeneous housekeeping cares; these involve the expenditure of money, and thus acquire a peculiarly American halo of sanctity. A mere professor cannot be entrusted with matters so exalted; and when the item has run the gauntlet of officialdom, the delayed benefit seems sadly out of proportion to the entanglements of the pursuit. In compensation I have become a genius at makeshifts; and when the academic life palls, I may be qualified to serve as manager of some small corner (say the notion counter) of a "department store." Two portentous envelopes remain: the one bids me share the joys of a committee meeting—one of a series of soirées—and assist in framing devices to divert a larger share of the scholastic fry to our weir, and away from the waters tributary to a fraternal institution farther down-stream. (These are not the words of the chairman; but he is skilful in phrase and shrewd in academic diplomacy—qualities quite beyond

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my simple insight.) The other commands my attendance at a faculty meeting: the "space of talk" to be given to determining the minimum admission fee to intercollegiate contests compatible with the advertising value of football as an academic pursuit; the decorous mode of launching a scholastic innovation which the authorities have established without troubling the faculty with the question of its desirability; and the regulation of extravagance in social affairs among students, to which a rural editor with political ambitions has called sensational attention. By this time my "framework of small duties" looms ominously large in the daily horizon. I fear that some of the eight lectures of the week may suggest a hasty warming over from an older and more inspired preparation. The routine of my laboratory rounds becomes stale, and my research unprofitable. Yet the stroll homeward in the gathering gloom somehow fails to bring a "certain peace to the mind." The campus through which I walk, generously favored by nature, has suffered severely at the hands of man. Architecturally there is a measure of pleasing simplicity reminiscent of modest beginnings, but more of motley venture, having only in common a general unkemptness and the absence of any academic propriety.

Informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

Nondescript in style, disregarding quality; huge in proportion, emphasizing bigness; and destitute of all that reflects and makes appeal to the inner vision, of the well-groomed and unified repose that elicits personal devotion.

Professorial Reflections

IS my mood too critical to-day, or have the leisurely pages of the Cambridge don revived too keenly the Old World charms? For as a guest I have dined with the dons at the high table, chatted in the common-room, and glimpsed the even tenor of their honored way. In my hallway a group of Oxford escutcheons are assembled about a sketch of the mellow buildings among which for a time I sought my daily occupation. My book-lined study, with the modest gleanings of travel in pleasant places disposed on wall and shelf, seems indeed a pleasant retreat as I enter with weary step. No kettle sings "its comfortable song on the hearth"; but a pipe and an easy-chair at the fire invite repose and contemplation. Verily, I do not feel at all inclined to acquiesce in my disabilities; and the sound expressing my natural impulse would resemble nothing less than "the purr of an elderly cat"; it might even approach the menacing growl of an aggrieved but well-behaved collie, eager to bite, or at least to show his teeth. And yet I am not quite ready—until a pensionless old age is imminent—to exchange my college window for the alluring outlook of the Cambridge don. I am desirous that my window shall look out upon the world, and that frequently I shall step into the busy out-of-doors of an active life set in a framework of "large" duties; and believing thus, I am unwilling that so much energy shall be drained off in unprofitable driblets. Moreover, my tastes and interests lead me to broader streams where life may be felt in endless currents, and my small service added to the general flow.

The fire burns brightly; I have lighted the lamp, and the room is aglow with a cheery light. Best of all, I am no longer alone. A presence is near me bringing from outdoors the lighter contact of pleasurable intercourse, and from within the sustaining sympathy of a ready insight. The English don may make light of his prescriptive disabilities:

> But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
> And so I would not wear his shoes.

There is no constraint to talk. A deft needle weaves a patient trail of delicate tracery; my own reflections, thus supported, continue undisturbed.

My academic disabilities weigh heavily upon me, and increasingly so, even in my most optimistic and most lucid intervals. Although my score of years in academic service have brought patient tolerance of immaturity and lack of comprehension, they have not removed my constant solicitude and occasional depression. Though I am decently resigned to find the academic habitation a vale of tears, I protest against the added injury of a bad climate, and especially against those needlessly unfavorable elements in the academic atmosphere that are measurably under control: under control, that is, provided that our efforts are properly inspired and wisely directed, not imprudently compromised for lesser, lowlier, if more imme-

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diate gains. What most I envy the English don is wholly attainable, and in restricted measure is enjoyed by some of my more fortunately situated colleagues: I mean the sense of corporate affiliation and control—in law, in fact, and in spirit—of the institution in which they find a living. Naturally the form of the bond will be shaped by divergent traditions and circumstance. The term, "a living," has a peculiarly Anglican flavor; and its essential emphasis—not its more intimate associations—appeals to me. I deem it fortunate that academically as well as socially we have followed so largely the spirit of English institutions, and equally so that the following has not been a formal one; that the assimilation has been practically tempered to our distinctive needs and has been compatible with a like hospitality to Teutonic thoroughness and directness of purpose, a like receptivity to Gallic *esprit*. There is, too, in the coveted relation something intrinsically democratic—not in the vociferous Bœotian, campaigning sense, but as a discerning, Athenian devotion to principle. America is known as the land of contrasts; and the form of academic government that has found strongest foothold here would be insupportably offensive to an Old World people acquiescent to monarchical institutions. It would likewise be recognized in those more experienced civilizations as inefficient and dangerous: inefficient, because the expert insight necessary to the wise conduct of intellectual interests can be found only within the elect whose temper and attainments have fitted them for the delicate and responsible task; dangerous, because the settlement of control elsewhere means compromise of ideals, the introduction of irrelevant standards and of all the short-sighted shrewdness that makes the worse seem the better cause.

The Administration

THERE is set up within the university an "administration" to which I am held closely accountable. They steer the vessel, and I am one of the crew. I am not allowed on the bridge except when summoned; and the councils in which I participate uniformly begin at the point at which policy is already determined. I am not part *of* the "administration," but am used *by* the "administration" in virtue of qualities that I may possess apart from my academic proficiencies. In authority, in dignity, in salary, the "administration" are over me, and I am under them. They sit at the high table, on a raised daïs—each in turn elevated on a properly proportioned pedestal—while I in goodly (and, I confess, more congenial) company eat my humble fare at the homely board. My compensation I am supposed to find at the commencement season, when with "baccalaureate" solemnity the sentiment is intoned that the luminaries of the university are those devoted torch-bearers, the wise and gifted professors, though the light thus generated by a curious optical perversity ever shines upon the head of the procession. With the professor at one end of a log and the right kind of a student at the other you have a university. What avail governing boards, and presidents and deans, buildings and equipment, unless the uplifting spirit of liberalizing education animates the whole through an enthusiastic and exceptional faculty! "Deeply impressed with these noble truths, the authorities have devoted the generously increased resources to the erection of a sumptuous administration building [applause], to the enlargement of the swimming tank and the athletic grounds [great applause], and to so embellishing the summer session that no one can afford to go elsewhere. [The local allusion to a near rival elicits laughter and applause.] The authorities regret that the funds will not permit the increase of salaries of the underpaid professors or the appointment of the sorely needed assistants. For these they trust to the providential guidance of the future." It is disheartening—even after a summer's vacation enjoyed on borrowed funds—to recall how proudly we were pointed to in the metaphorical radiance of those June days: "These are my jewels!" and to realize in the sombre light of October that we are but paste, after all.

I do not advocate the summary decapitation or even the virtual deposition of the university president; yet I confess that I should like to reform him out of all semblance to his present nature and function. I object to him not for what he is, but for the system which he represents, or of which, possibly, he is but the conspicuous and innocent victim. I dislike the system with its concentration of power in a glorified "head" and a lay board—often inappropriately composed—not because I lack appreciation of what American education owes to endeavors thus furthered, but because we are paying too

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dearly for such benefit. The price is nothing less than the discredit of the academic career; for no profession can maintain itself in honor and dignity, and continue to attract the elect to its fold, that imposes such hampering relations, such subordinating dependence upon its votaries. Judgment by one's peers and by them alone and authoritatively is an indispensable privilege of every learned profession. Constant accountability to an imposed control hampers where above all liberty is vital; it restrains and sets up rituals where free initiative is the breath of life and no man can serve other master than himself.

IT is the consoling advantage of a soliloquy that one readily carries his audience with him. Not having to stop for orders, the train of thought has undisputed right of way. I seem, however, to have addressed my conclusions to my silently supporting listener; and I was promptly reminded that I had been going too fast and too far. Had I not unobservantly passed by a little way-station at which I might profitably have been reminded of such material considerations as fuel and water? Should I not be substantially aided in securing the "priceless boon of leisure" if—in the *argot* of the day—I could secure the price; if I had not to embrace every slightest opportunity to bring more nearly together the two gaping ends that with all ingenious economy still fail to meet? Unquestionably so, my Socratic mentor.

Practical Disabilities

"And, furthermore, look upon Professor A—and it's just as true of B and C and D—and note how much more human he is, and how almost presentable is Mrs. A, and how the little A's have taken on some of the outer marks of civilization since they have come into a small but accessible income. And do you think that Professor and Mrs. E (and parenthetically F and G and H) are so well and cheerful and take a prominent part in affairs for any other reason than that Mrs. E has a bank account? And you know how seriously Professors N and O and P have been criticised for giving so much of their time to suburban lots and small speculations. Why, they are not more than half professors; and N has come to look just like a bank cashier. And then consider Professor X and the tail end of the alphabet: how they toil and spin and save the basting threads, and are arrayed neither as Solomon nor any American citizen should be! I would rather have you a book-agent than be so narrow and mean as the X Y Z's. They don't live; they just pinch and camp out; they haven't a spark of generosity in them. I don't want money to talk in college circles unless it can be taught to speak a more civil and less vulgar tongue than it does outside. But you can't be decently independent and face the expenses of life sanely unless you can hold up your head and draw a proper salary, not stand in line with the janitors and sign the pay-roll."

Most decidedly and sadly true—all of it. I am as ready as anyone to prescribe temperately for the scholar in the republic the recipe of plain living and high thinking; but without further approach to high living, it is timely for the scholar and the public to indulge in some plain thinking. The simple life is a very worthy ideal, which it required no genius to enunciate. But I know of nothing that simplifies life so effectively as the possession of a little ready money. I know of nothing that so complicates matters as the everlasting balancing of accounts that will not balance and the insistent intrusion of petty dimes and cents. All this distracts and devitalizes, and in very truth interferes with the rational ordering of one's life by accepted standards. The unanimity with which it is conceded that the professor is woefully underpaid is almost alarming, as the failure of the magnaminous admission to lead to any practical measures for relief is pathetic. If I am to maintain both my household and my self-respect, I have indeed, a hard row to hoe; and while gardening as an avocation may be a very beneficial exercise, I cannot be a laborer in the fields and a professor at the same time. This is the very plain tale from the academic hills; and this is why the sun does not shine upon them more brightly, and why those who dwell long in the atmosphere succumb to its vicissitudes after the manner of their several very human weaknesses—among them that of indulging in envious comparison of views from others' windows.

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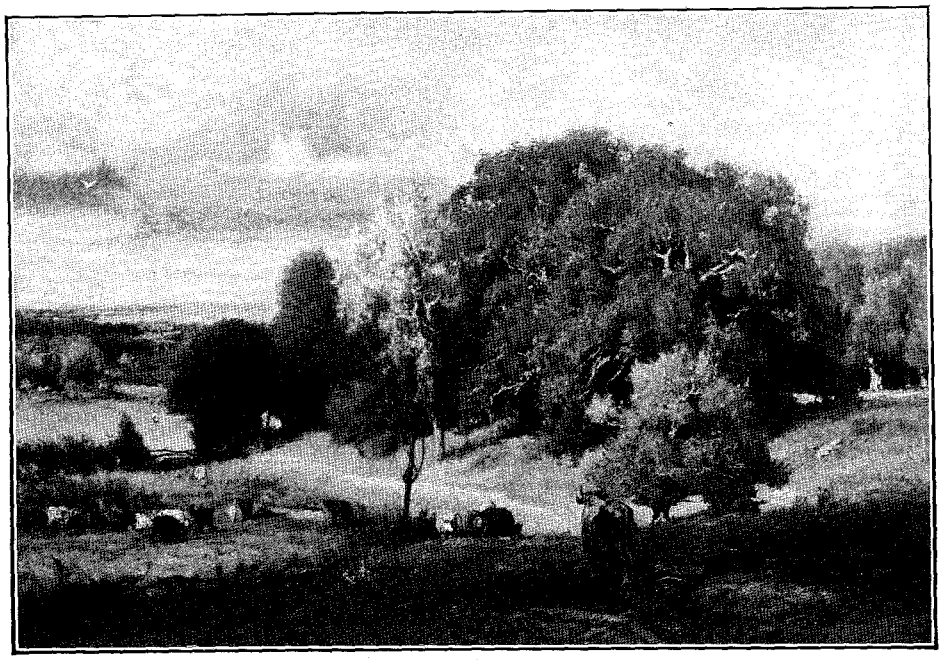
THE FIELD OF ART



From a painting by George Inness.

Autumn Oaks.

Now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL—SOME EARLY PAINTERS

IN reviewing the permanent collection of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art it will be the purpose of these papers to mention some of the more important acquisitions and to note where examples are particularly fine and where perhaps they may be advantageously augmented.

It seems very desirable to begin these comments with the American section and remark in what way, if in any, our present art is derivative. But we would differ greatly from other nations if it should be discovered that our art was of native origin. England for long years imported her painters, and it is not until the seventeenth century that one finds in that country a native painter of respectable performance.

When we reflect that in the eighteenth century America possessed Benjamin West, Copley, and Gilbert Stuart, we do not appear much younger in the art of painting than the mother country. We differ from her, however, in this respect; that the few painters of foreign origin, and they were mainly English, that painted here previous to the time of Copley and Stuart were not of the quality of the distinguished rôle of foreign artists that flourished in England before the advent of Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney. When we think of Holbein, Sir Anthony More, Vandyke, Janssens, Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Godfrey Kneller leaving numberless examples of their work there before the native eighteenth-century masters appeared, we can readily understand that the ground was well prepared to receive the seed of good art much earlier than with us.

Aside from the æsthetic value or interest in any early expression of the mind of man through the medium of art, is the hint it gives of the manners and usages of a bygone age. It is often in this spirit that one must approach the beginnings of art in any land; and

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it is in something of this attitude of mind that we become interested in the early practice of portraiture in this country. Those who worked here, although incompetent from the point of view of cultured painting, have still left in some canvases this interest to be found in the past. These represent the formal proprieties of the colonial home where family groups are distributed in filial attitudes, and they remain rather a testimony to the civilizing influence of family life than to any high proficiency on the part of the painter.

A number of painters, then, far from first rate, preceded the men from whom we date our actual history in matters of art.

Before West, Copley, Trumbull, and Stuart, many of indifferent skill—Watson, Smybert, Feke, Blackburn, and others—came from England and painted portraits here. These names are so unlike those of the splendid race of painters who formed the advance-guard in Great Britain that it is not a little surprising to find ourselves in the late eighteenth century possessed of a number of portrait painters of considerable importance.

There is in the museum a picture by Matthew Pratt, a friend and pupil of Benjamin West, though four years his senior, entitled "The American School." It is a rather stiff composition, treated with little feeling for picturesque presentation or *chiar'-oscuro*, representing West's studio in London where he instructed pupils, Americans, who had followed him there. Carefully and rather laboriously painted, it is of interest as the work of so early an American.

By West himself there are two canvases. The "Hagar and Ishmael" is a biblical subject in which Italian influences are manifest. Although much more freely painted than the picture by Pratt, it is not really largely "seen." The angel is of a corporeal and terrestrial aspect that betrays a lack of fine imagination, while the color is not remarkable.

We regret that, up to the present, the museum has not an example of Copley, that painter of real ability who has perpetuated for us much of aristocratic New England.

While the Gilbert Stuarts here are not perhaps of the finest, it is probable that the list will be enlarged in time. We will first speak of the two latest examples of this painter that have been acquired by the museum, they having been placed there as recently as April in the present year. They represent the Spanish minister to the United States, Don Josef de Jaudenes y Nebot and Doña Matilde Stoughton de Jaudenes, his American wife, and were painted in New York in 1794.

On the retirement of the minister these portraits were taken to Spain, where they have remained until recently purchased, brought here, and since become the property of the museum. These portraits were done by Stuart two years after his return from England, and display all the dexterity of a constantly practised hand. They have not the breadth or sobriety of much of his later work, but are most skilfully and solidly painted. The portrait of Washington belongs to that series of replicas which flowed from his brush in periods of indigence and which he was fond of calling his "hundred dollar bills." Overflorid and overmodelled, it is not to be ranked as a fine example of this, at his best, large and virile painter. His portrait of David Sears is, however, a really good one, with a beautiful unity of aspect through unforced and simple modelling on a high key. It is a little too much to the right and too low in the canvas, as Stuart often placed a head; but this in no way detracts from the admirable painting of the subject. It may be that he had planned for accessories which would have balanced this, and which for lack of time or through indolence he failed to carry out.

A new purchase by the Rogers Fund is the portrait of Andrew Jackson by S. Waldo. This is an unfinished work, in parts little more than a knowing preparation, begun on rich brown canvas. By the aid of this the epaulettes and the gold on the collar of the uniform are admirably suggested, while the head, more solidly painted, is marked by a good sense of large forms.

Thomas Sully is seen here in two portraits, one of a man and one of Mrs. Katherine Matthews. The male portrait is competently drawn and painted and excellent in color; the portrait of Mrs. Matthews is evidently an early work, which, while interesting in character, is in painting far from that suave and supple method which he later acquired; in fact, neither of these canvases show Sully at his best and maturest period. Would it not be desirable to secure for the museum a really representative example of this accomplished painter?

Waldo and Jewett—Samuel L. Waldo and William S. Jewett—both born in Connecticut, worked so harmoniously together for

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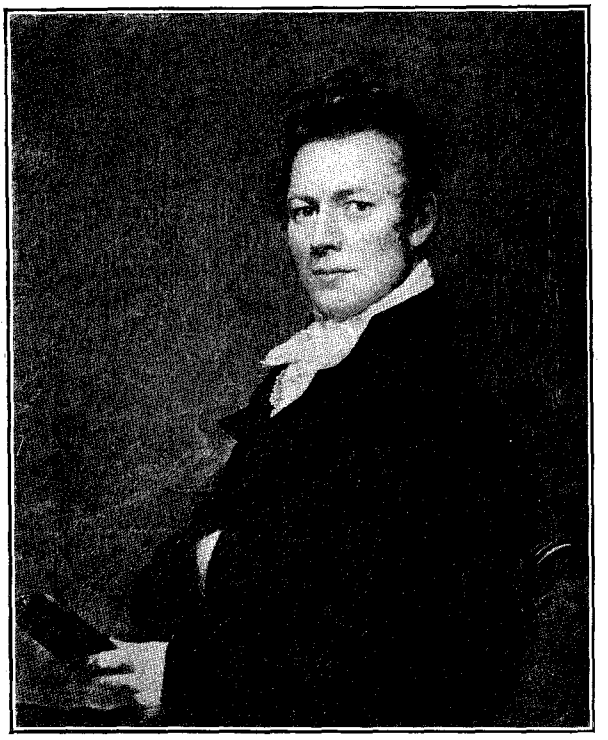
many years that it is difficult to disentangle their respective work in the portraits they produced in collaboration. A sort of Erckmann and Chatrian in pigment, they produced a long series of canvases—strange to say, portraits, in conjunction. Two are to be seen here painted under those conditions. They are catalogued, Portrait of Mr. Edward Kellogg and Portrait of Mrs. Edward Kellogg, and show good, substantial qualities of workmanship, united with a certain convincing element of characterization; in all probability these artists were regarded as safe hands in which to entrust a commission.

A striking portrait by Henry Inman is that of the actor Macready as Coriolanus—it is well drawn and well placed on the canvas, besides possessing a direct and broad method of painting. The expression is dramatic, the head being relieved against a stormy effect of sky.

Charles Loring Elliott was for many years a popular painter of portraits, in which field he was particularly successful in the portrayal of men. Elliott's vogue must have arisen from his skill in securing likenesses, for when it becomes a question of high artistic qualities this painter seems to be devoid of them. His taste in composition appears little above that of the photographer, while the attention he bestows on the superficies of the human countenance suggests what the photographer would be pleased to find in a well-exposed negative. His "Portrait of a Gentleman" is of this type of canvas—overmodelled, heavy in color, with the conventional red chair; but the head undoubtedly possesses character and this, for the period of our art in which it was painted, is about all that was likely to be looked for. Elliott lacks distinction.

A capably painted little landscape entitled "On the Hudson," by Thomas Doughty, shows the work of a sturdy progenitor of the Hudson River School, stronger in touch and observation than much that followed under that name. The painter of this must have fallen under the spell of Constable's work and Gainsborough's landscapes, so fresh and silvery and definite is the observation, and the stroke, even, with which the pigment is laid on.

By Thomas Cole there is a romantic composition, "The Valley of Vaucluse," in the traditional browns and yellows with which nature was frequently interpreted by painters of that period. Doughty was, although earlier, a more sincere observer of natural effects out of doors.



From a painting by Thomas Sully.

Portrait of Mr. William Glynn.

Now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"The Judgment of Og," by A. B. Durand, is somewhat of the Cole class of landscape. Large, dramatic, and dark, the scene is of the stage rather than of nature; but it is not without a certain pictorial power. It is a subject indicative of the taste of our imaginative Bible-reading progenitors, who, if they possessed a graphic talent, were sometimes captivated by stories to be found in the Scriptures of a former race and its vicissitudes. This, however fair a field it may be for the art of the

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illustrator, is a questionable one to approach through the medium of pigment, essaying to portray the forces of nature at play under conditions too transient to be intelligently or lovingly studied from the point of view of character or color.

"The Ægean Sea," Frederick E. Church, is of this school of illustrative and pictorial art. In this painter's hands we find good composition, although somewhat conventional, intelligent drawing and construction of his theme. What we do miss, however, is a sensitiveness on the part of the artist to the brilliancy and light of out of doors. This subject should, if truly observed, fairly vibrate with the iridescence of colored air. Instead of this, the painter, to secure some sort of prismatic effect for rainbow and distance, has plunged his foreground in a heavy gloom utterly at variance with the natural result of conditions of atmosphere he is endeavoring to portray.

Of George Inness, a more emotional painter than the accomplished Church, and one perhaps more alive to the sensations of open air, we find too little—at least of his latest and best work. Representative of this is his "Autumn Oaks," vital with the moving of clouds and the accidental falling of sun and shadow on clumps of trees. The color is fresh, quickly mixed and laid, and one is not conscious of studied deliberation in composition or execution. It is all the more vivid for this, and doubtless all the more impressive; for it stirs the feelings as out of doors does, and the painter through this canvas has contributed to the world something real. It would be desirable to increase the number of this painter's works here.

Edwin White was a historical and *genre* painter whose qualities, it seems to me, have been too little exploited. It is perhaps in *genre* that he excelled; but when we consider the good taste he infused into subjects of this character, the richness and beauty of his color, the grays of his interior scenes, as fine as those of Édouard Frère, White is seen to be, at his best, a sensitive and refined observer of nature.

"The Antiquary," by him, possesses fine color, the wall and bit of drapery relieving the figure are of a quite precious quality, and the pose of interested scrutiny of the figure logical and good. What this painter may have lacked in force he made up in sincerity.

Without adequate training, but with a real impelling talent for art, George Fuller left behind him canvases that are instinct with a sense of the poetry of nature and the haunting mystery of early New England legends, be they of witchcraft or romance. Hawthorne, in another medium, has not captivated the imagination more potently than has Fuller. His methods are those of feeling rather than of craft, as we have said; but he always strikes the right key of color, and by some wizardry of touch places the significant hue where it belongs and where it communicates itself to the feelings.

"And She was a Witch" exemplifies these remarks on the work of this artistic spirit, who, owing to circumstances, has left too little for the pleasure and refreshment of his countrymen.

Quite another temperament in art was that of William S. Mount, whose traditions were also rural, but through whom the bucolic took another channel. Mount loved his neighbors; their daily interests, duties, and pleasures, the gossip of the post-office, the amateur musician, the diversions and games of boyhood appealed to him.

The picture here by him represents "Raffling for the Goose," probably a Long Island incident of no infrequent occurrence. This is a work of real quality and merit; a well-contrived composition, painted with a solidity of pigment suggesting the Dutch school, strong and wholesome in color, and with a careful attention to detail made intelligently subservient. We cannot find that Mount had ever the advantage of foreign study, but he is a representative of the American school of which it may be justly proud.

The limits of these comments on examples of early American painting are too restricted to permit the mention of other works; but we are conscious that there are many more of interest and worthy of analysis. Such a task, if continued, would be an agreeable and instructive one, and one which might in turn serve as a kind of hand-book to the contents of the museum. For whatever will contribute to the educational value of this splendid repository of art may be welcomed.

The temper of mind and social environment of these pioneers of art are more or less discovered through these beginnings—in the main, sound beginnings—of the painters of this earlier day.

Enough has been shown, perhaps, to prove that we can claim a more than respectable heritage.

FRANK FOWLER.

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Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

OLD ROMANCE.

. . . . than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.
—Wordsworth.

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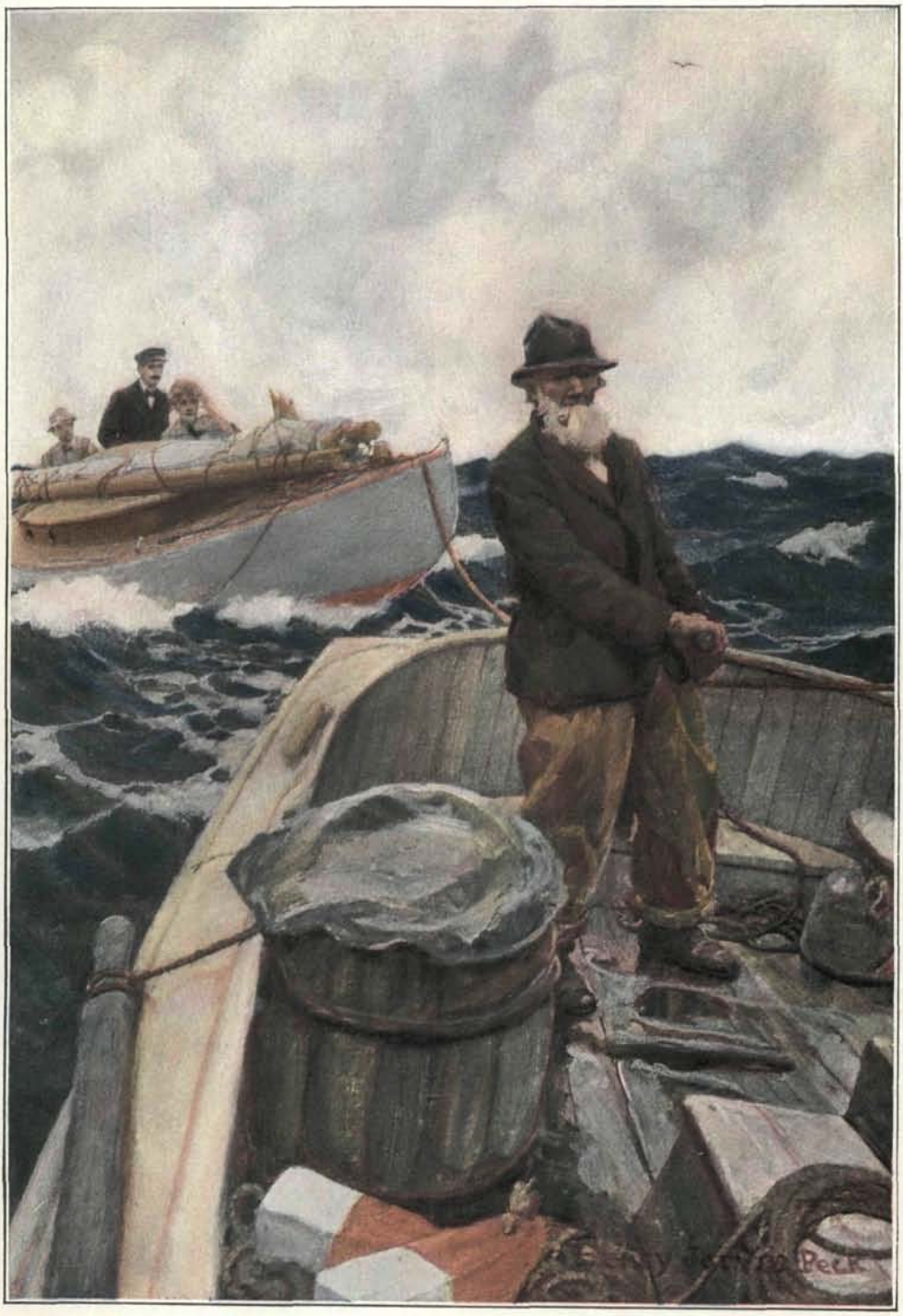

Drawn by Henry Jarvis Peck.

The Tortoise and the Hare.

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